

JULY

No. 3

10¢

CRACK

COMICS

THE BLACK CONDOR

ALIAS
THE
SPIDER

JANE ARDEN

NED BRANT



Featuring
THE CLOCK
THE RED TORPEDO • MOLLY THE
MODEL • SLAP HAPPY PAPPY • THE
SPACE LEGION • MADAM FATAL •
WIZARD WELLS & many others



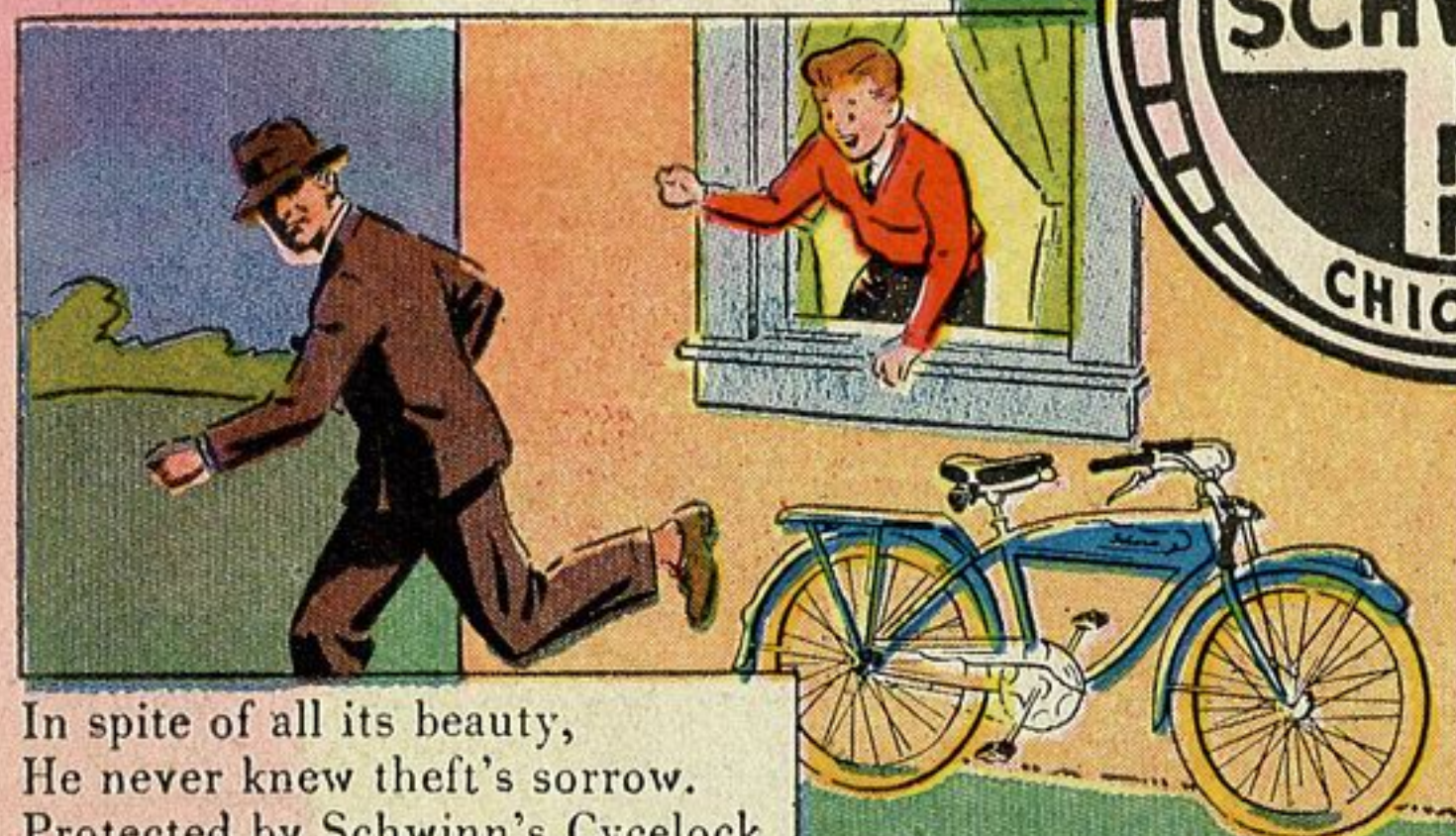
WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

FELLOWS, HERE'S YOUR BIKE!



There was a boy in our town
And he was wondrous wise,
He bought himself a Schwinn-Built bike
And *showed* the other guys!

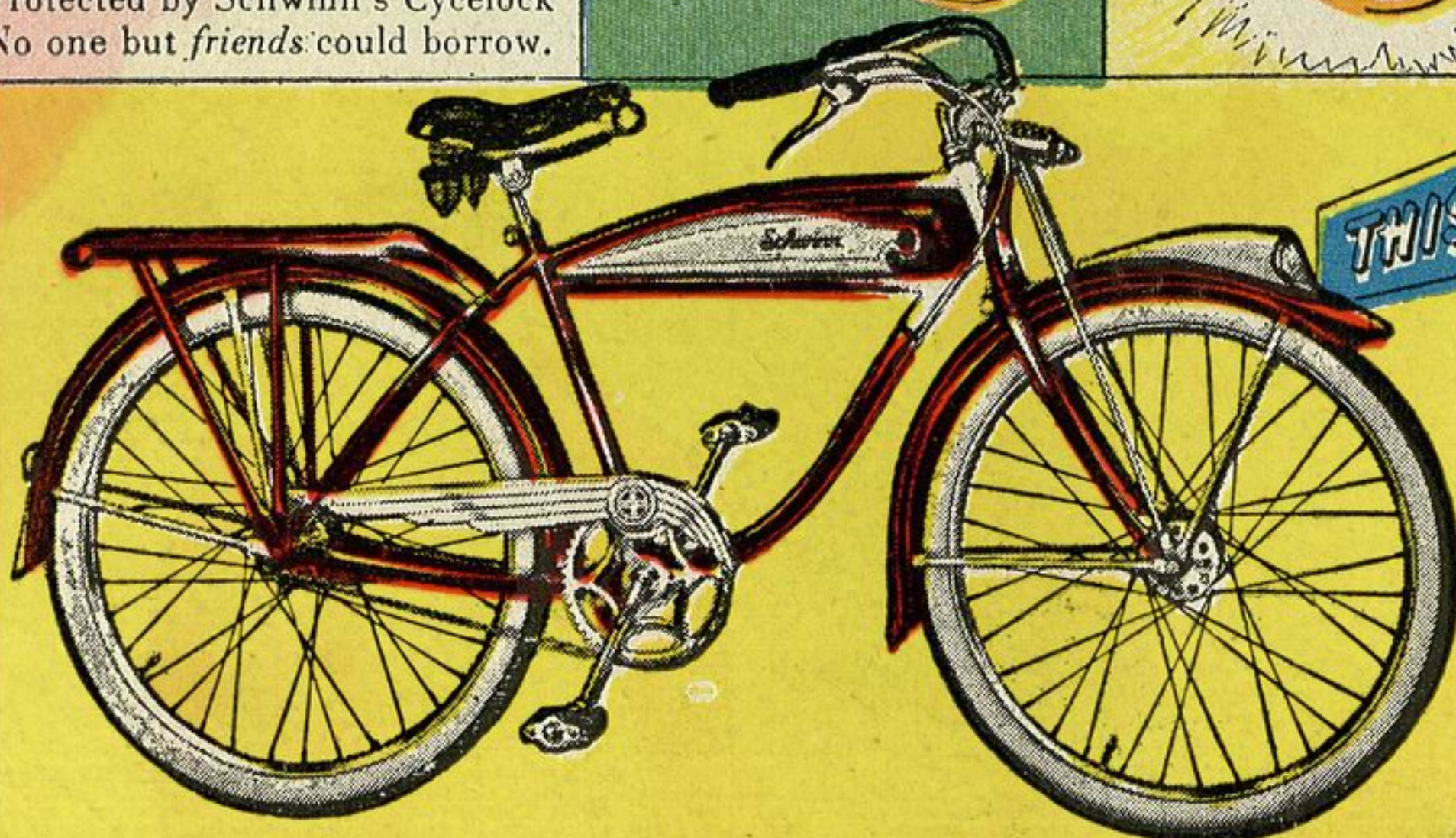
With Schwinn's exclusive Fore-Wheel Brake
And Rear Expander, too,
It was the very safest bike
That his gang ever knew.



In spite of all its beauty,
He never knew theft's sorrow.
Protected by Schwinn's Cyclock
No one but *friends* could borrow.



And so, because a Schwinn-Built bike
Will never let you down,
Just take your choice and you will be
The leader in *your* town.



THIS IS IT!

Boy! What a bike! Just think
what the gang will say when you
spring *this* one on them!

And here's how! Get the
Schwinn-Built Bicycle Buyers'
Guide and *show it to Dad!* Pic-
tures galore, in natural color! 24
pages of reasons why you *should*
have a Schwinn-Built bike! Mail
coupon for *free* copy of this valu-
able booklet **TODAY!**

ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO., CHICAGO

MAIL THIS COUPON
FOR
ILLUSTRATED **FREE** Booklet

ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO.,
1764 N. Kildare, Chicago, Ill.

Please send my copy of the 1940 illustrated **FREE** booklet
about Schwinn-Built Lifetime Guaranteed Bicycles.

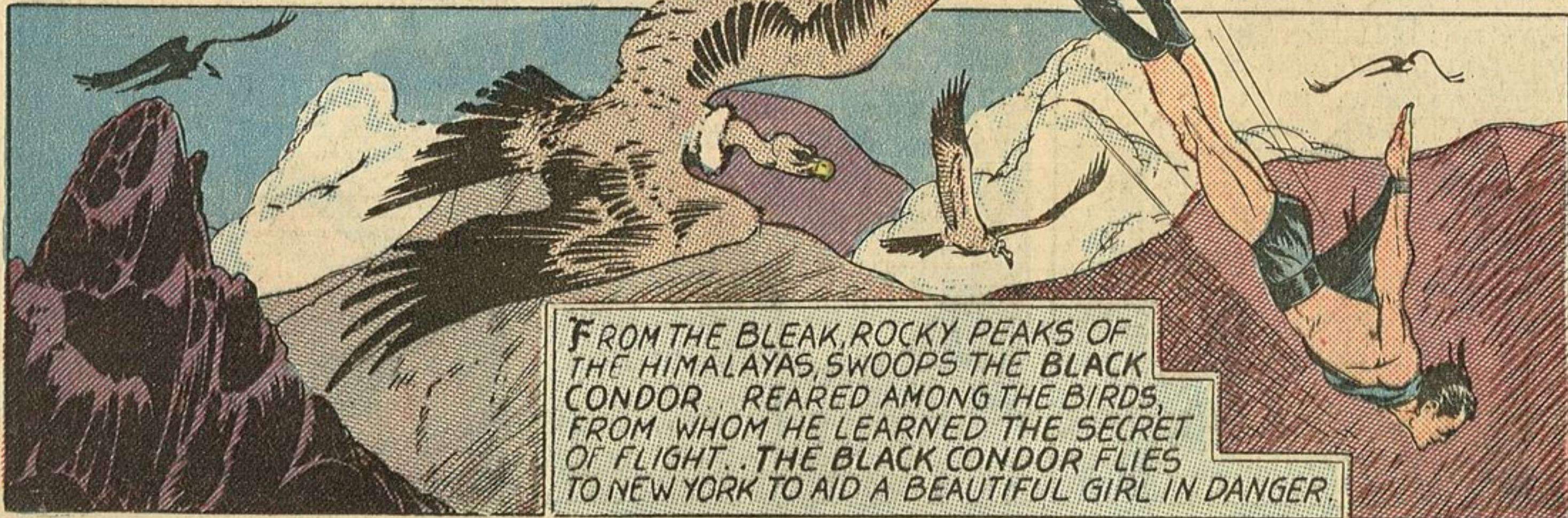
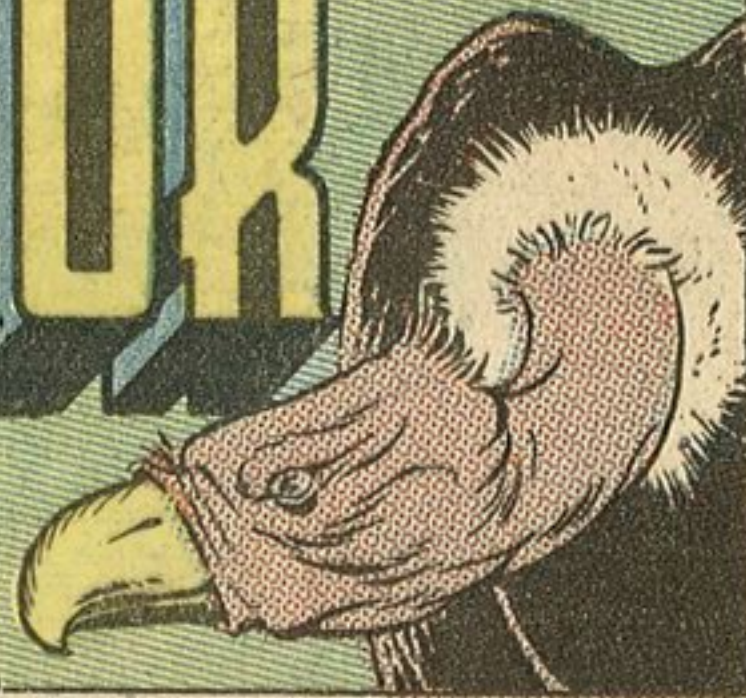
Name.....

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City..... State.....

THE BLACK CONDOR

BY KENNETH LEWIS



FROM THE BLEAK, ROCKY PEAKS OF THE HIMALAYAS, SWOOPS THE BLACK CONDOR. REARED AMONG THE BIRDS, FROM WHOM HE LEARNED THE SECRET OF FLIGHT. THE BLACK CONDOR FLIES TO NEW YORK TO AID A BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN DANGER.

AS DAWN BREAKS ON THE COFFEE-COLORED SLOPES OF DELHI, A TALL, SILENT FIGURE FASTENS A NOTE TO A HUGE CONDOR, THEN RELEASES IT.

HOURS LATER, THE WINGED MESSENGER IS HAILED BY A STRANGE FIGURE DRESSED IN BLACK.

IT'S FROM MY FRIEND, THE RAJAH OF SINGAT! HE'S SENDING HIS DAUGHTER TO NEW YORK WITH A PRICELESS RUBY. A BAND LED BY RAS GYN IS AFTER IT! HE WANTS ME TO BE HER GUARD! I'LL GO AT ONCE!

GO TAKE THE MESSAGE TO THE GREAT BLACK CONDOR! HE'S THE ONLY MAN I COULD TRUST!

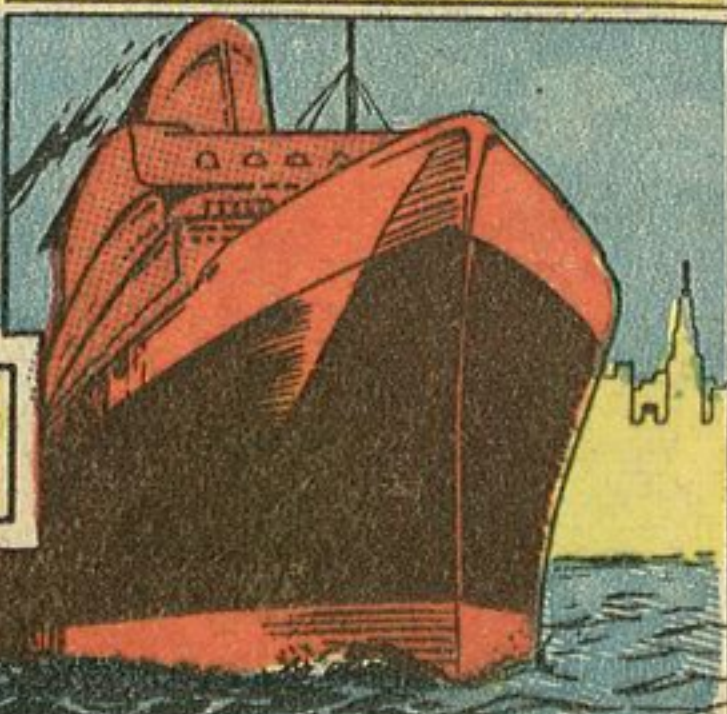
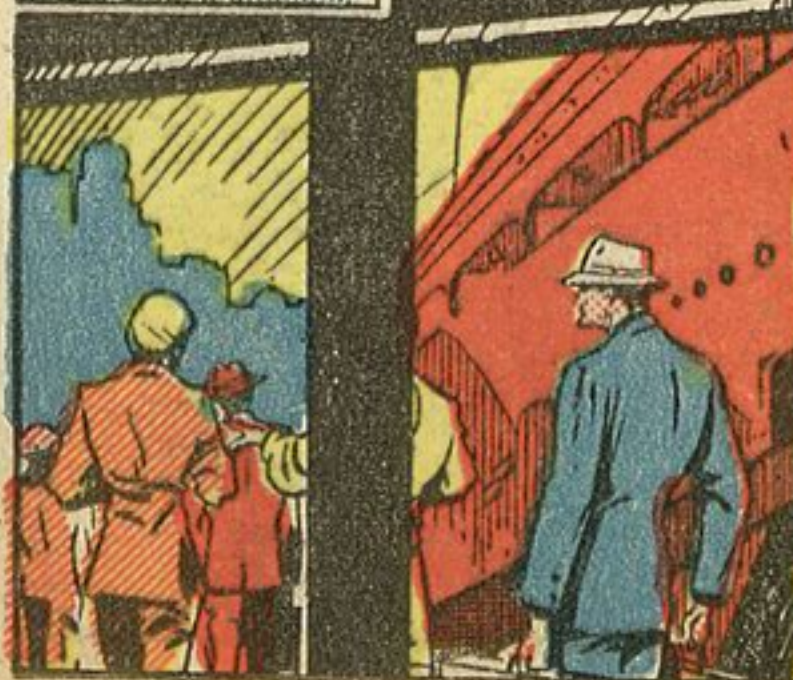
SEVERAL DAYS LATER, A STALWART YOUTH DRESSED IN AMERICAN TWEEDS, BOARDS A LINER AT CALCUTTA.

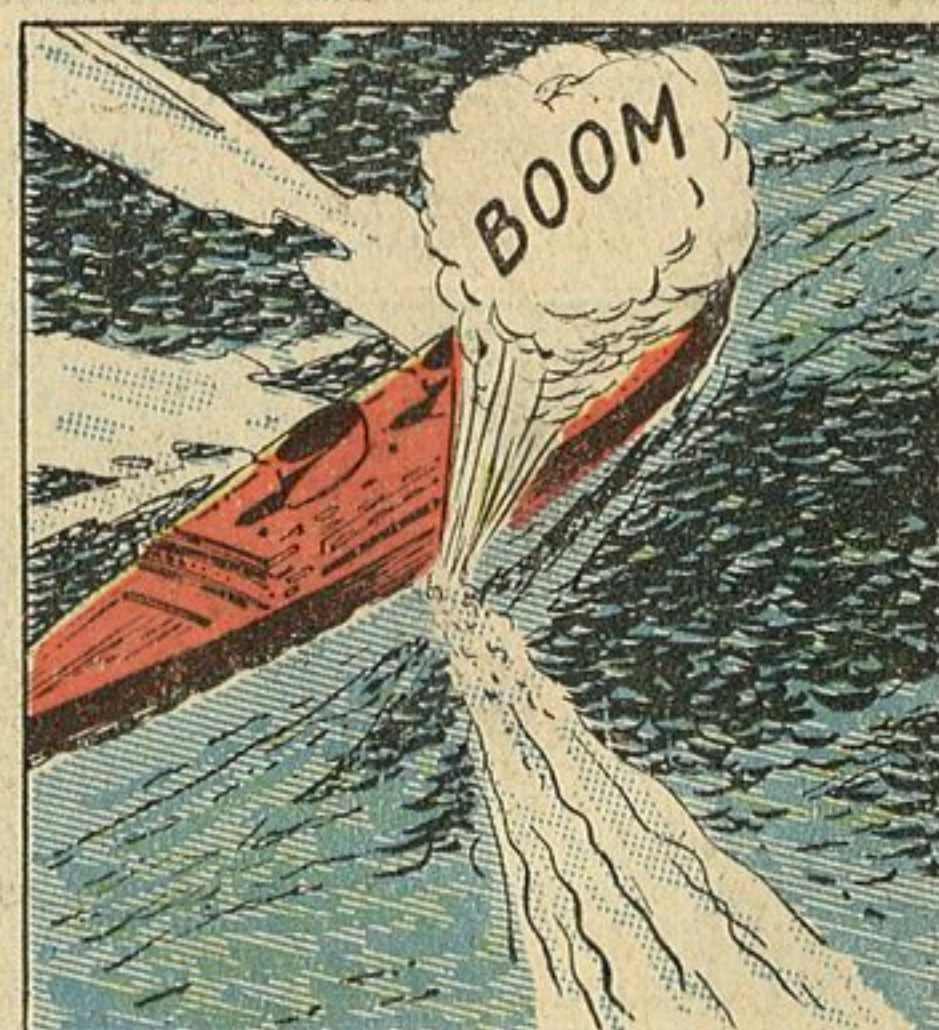
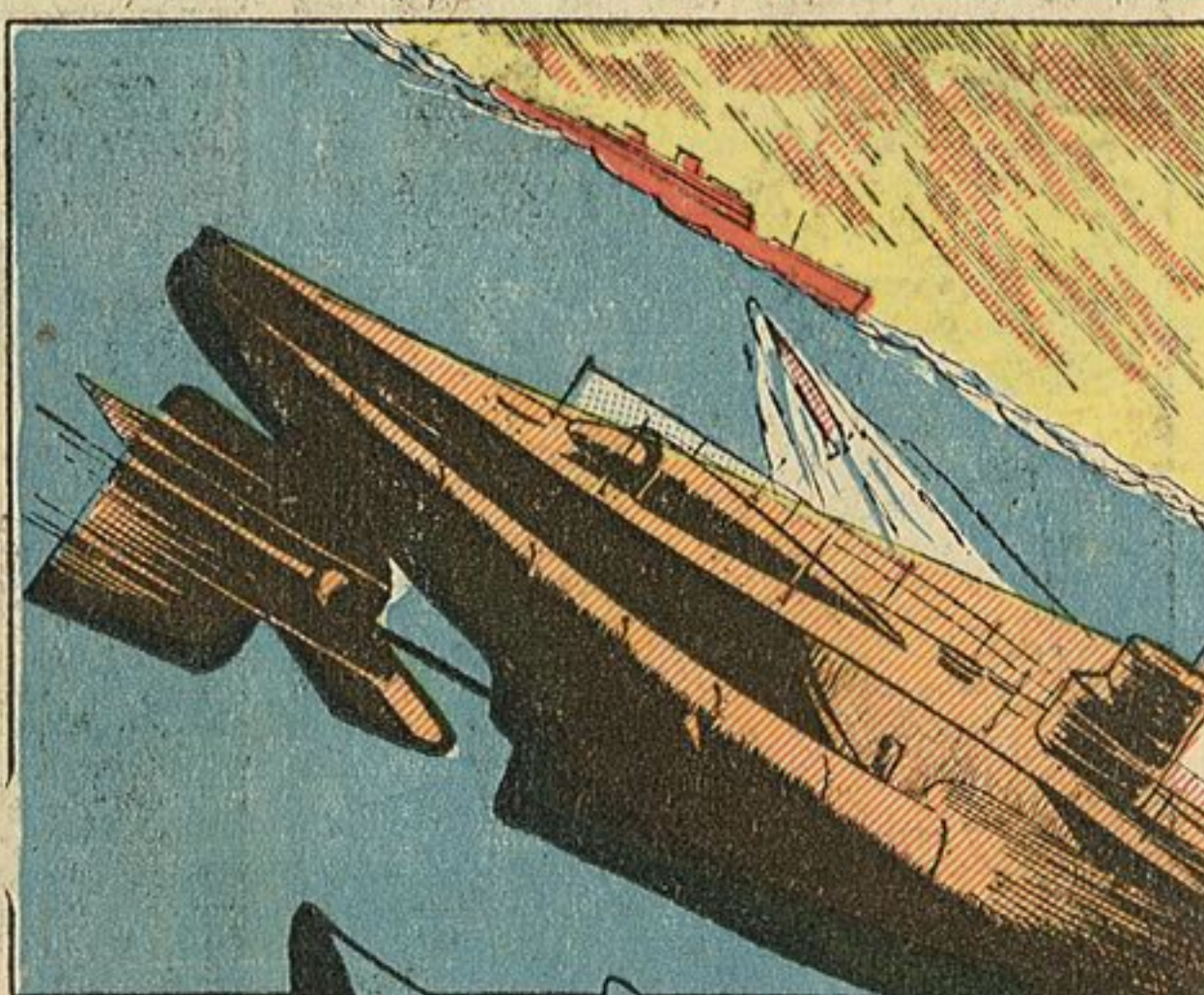
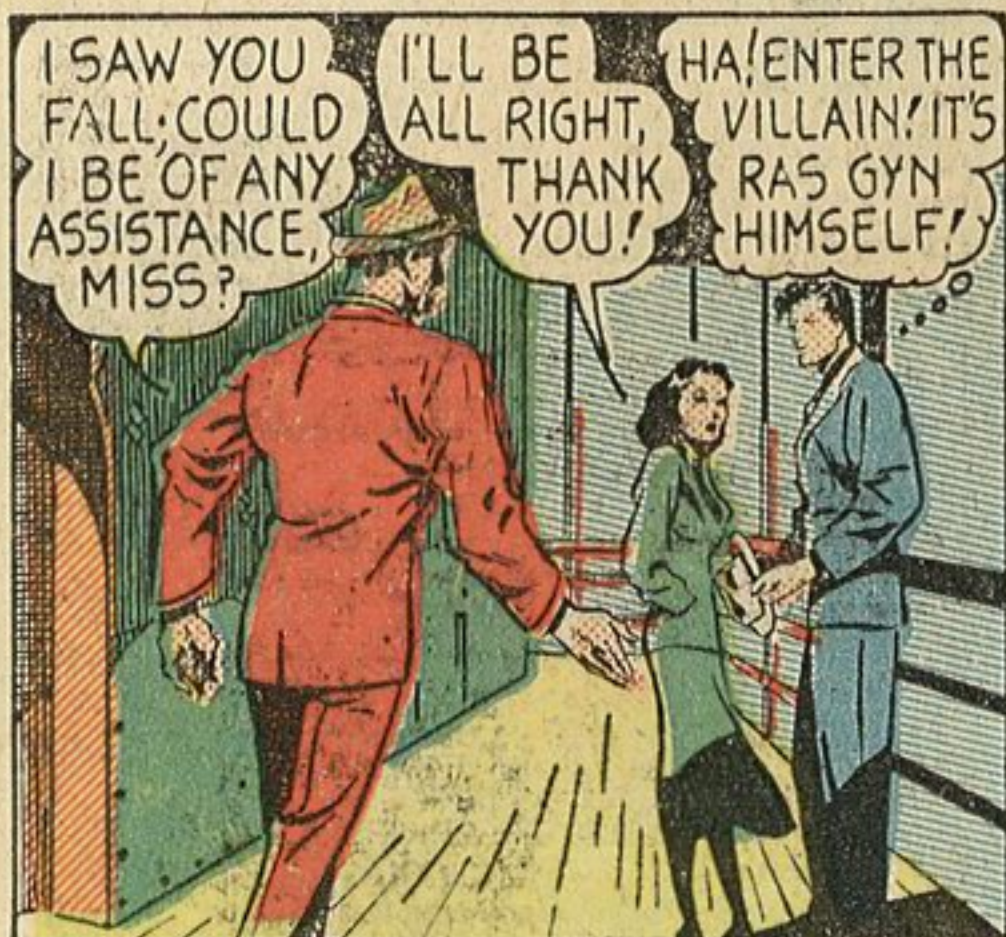
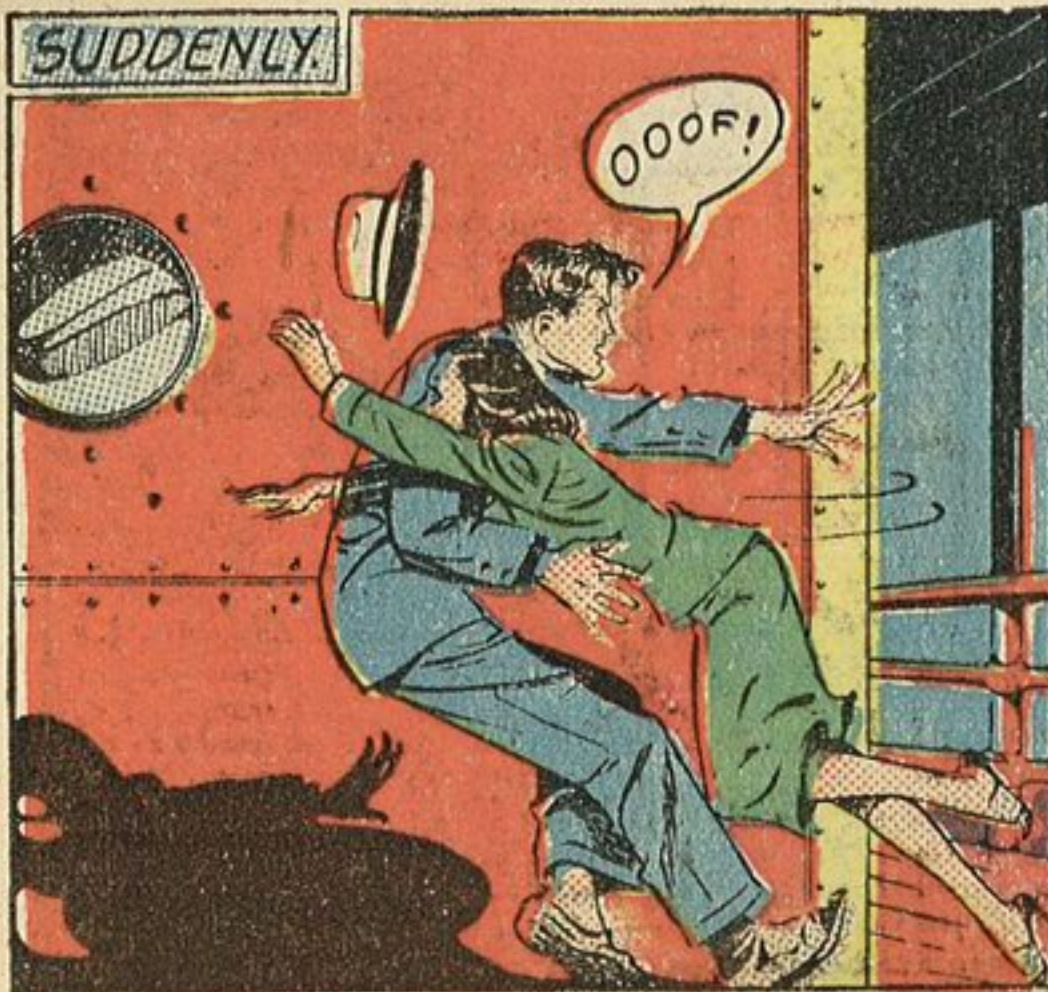
WITH LOUD SHOUTS FROM THE NATIVE STEVEDORES, THE STEAMER NOSES OUT INTO THE BAY OF BENGAL.

THE GIRL IS ON THIS SHIP! I MUST FIND HER AND WATCH HER CONSTANTLY! I KNOW RAS GYN.. SHE'S IN GREAT DANGER!



...IT IS THE BLACK CONDOR!...

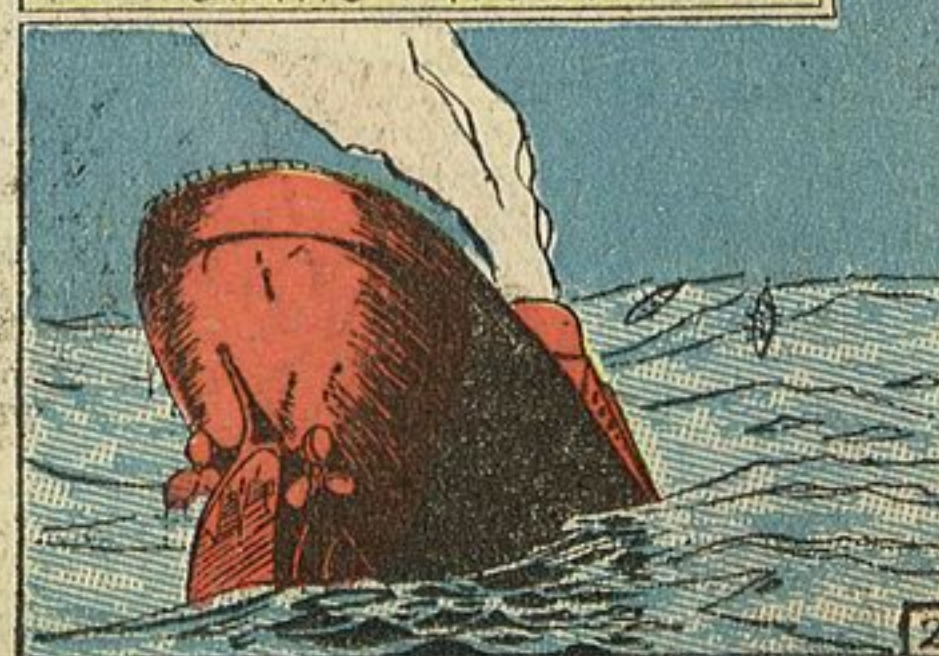




IN THE CHAOS THAT FOLLOWS, NO ONE NOTICES THE BLACK CONDOR, AS HE FLIES WOMEN AND CHILDREN TO SAFETY.



THUS, WHEN AT LAST ALL ARE SAFE ABOARD LIFEBOATS, NO ONE NOTICES THE BLACK CONDOR FLY INTO THE DARKNESS, AS THE SHIP SINKS INTO THE SEA.



A WEEK LATER, IN THE NEW YORK HOTEL ROOM OF RAS GYN.

SHE GOT AWAY FROM ME!
THIS TIME THERE MUST BE
NO SLIP-UPS! SHE'S STOPPING
AT THE WALDORF PLAZA!
YOU KNOW WHAT
TO DO!

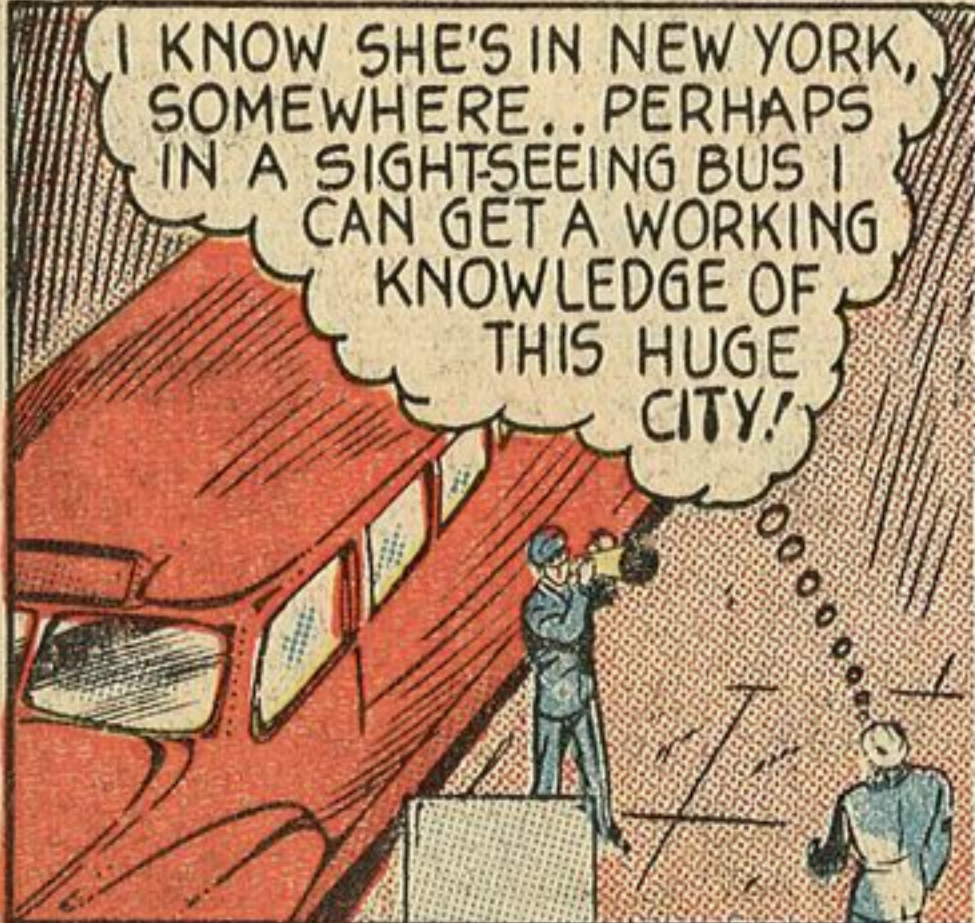


MEANWHILE, THE BLACK CONDOR IS ROAMING
THE STREETS OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS, IN AN
ATTEMPT TO LOCATE THE GIRL.

I WAS SO BUSY AIDING THE
PASSENGERS, THAT I STUPIDLY
LET THAT GIRL OUT OF MY
SIGHT! RAS WILL STOP
AT NOTHING TO GET
HIS WAY!



I KNOW SHE'S IN NEW YORK,
SOMEWHERE... PERHAPS
IN A SIGHTSEEING BUS I
CAN GET A WORKING
KNOWLEDGE OF
THIS HUGE
CITY!



SHE MUST HAVE HAD
LOTS OF MONEY!



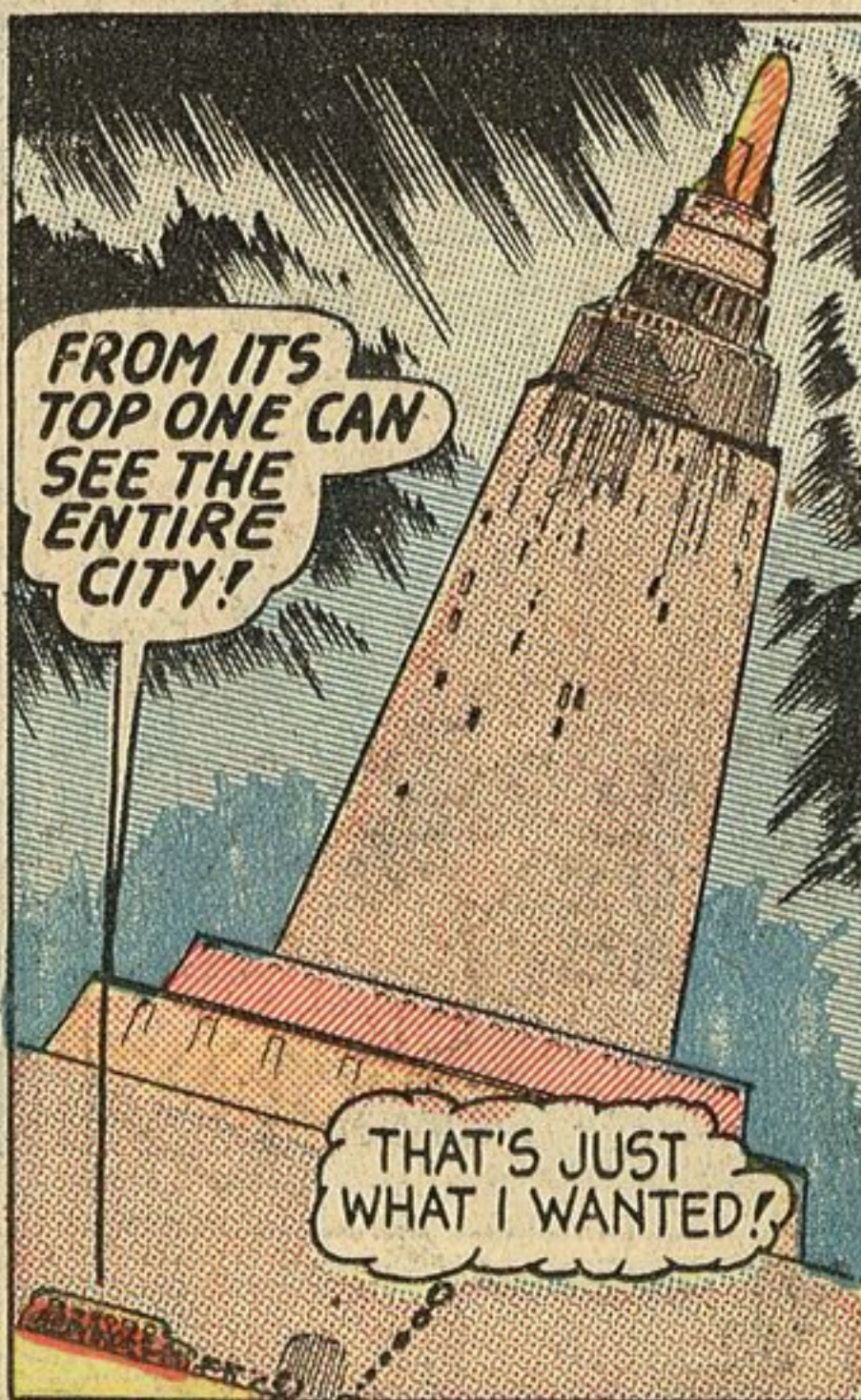
THEREFORE, SHE'D
BE STAYING AT
SOME GOOD
HOTEL!



APPROACHIN' THE
TALLEST EDIFICE IN THE
WORLD, THE EMPIRE
STATE
BUILDING!

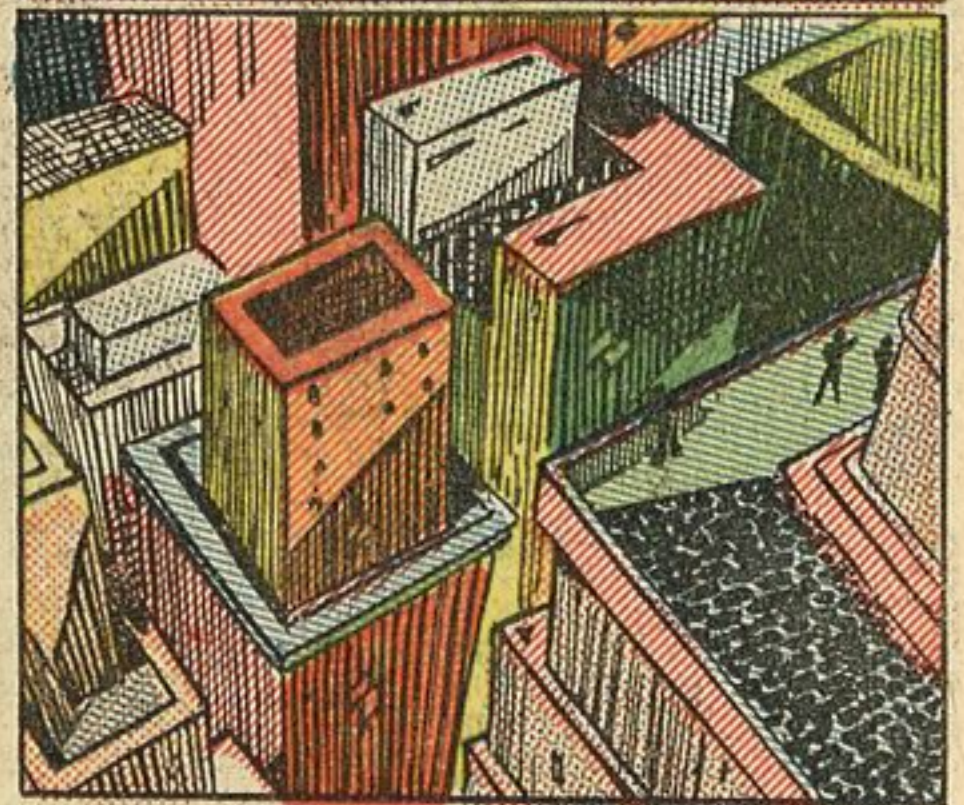


FROM ITS
TOP ONE CAN
SEE THE
ENTIRE
CITY!



THAT'S JUST
WHAT I WANTED!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE
BLACK CONDOR PEERS OVER
THE RAIL OF THE EMPIRE STATE...



LOOKIT THAT
RUBE GAWKIN'
AT THE
SIGHTS!

HAW! IF HE
LEANS OVER ANY
FARTHER, HE'LL
GO OVER!



SUDDENLY, THE BLACK CONDOR
STRAIGHTENS UP AS HIS KEEN
EYES FASTEN THEMSELVES ON...

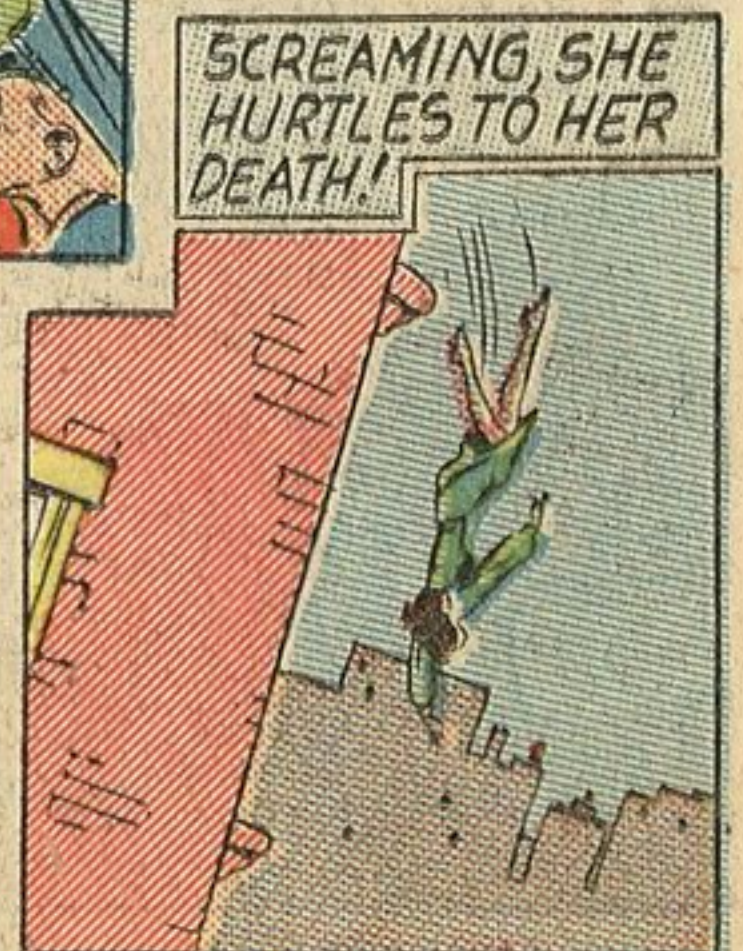


A HOTEL WINDOW...

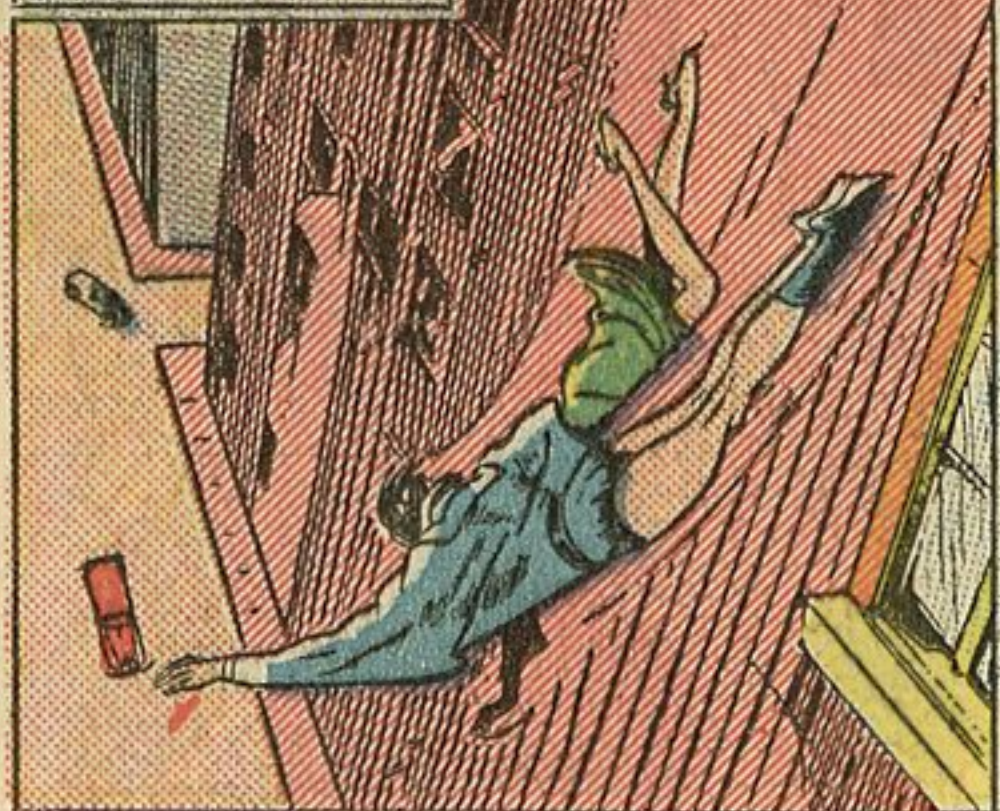




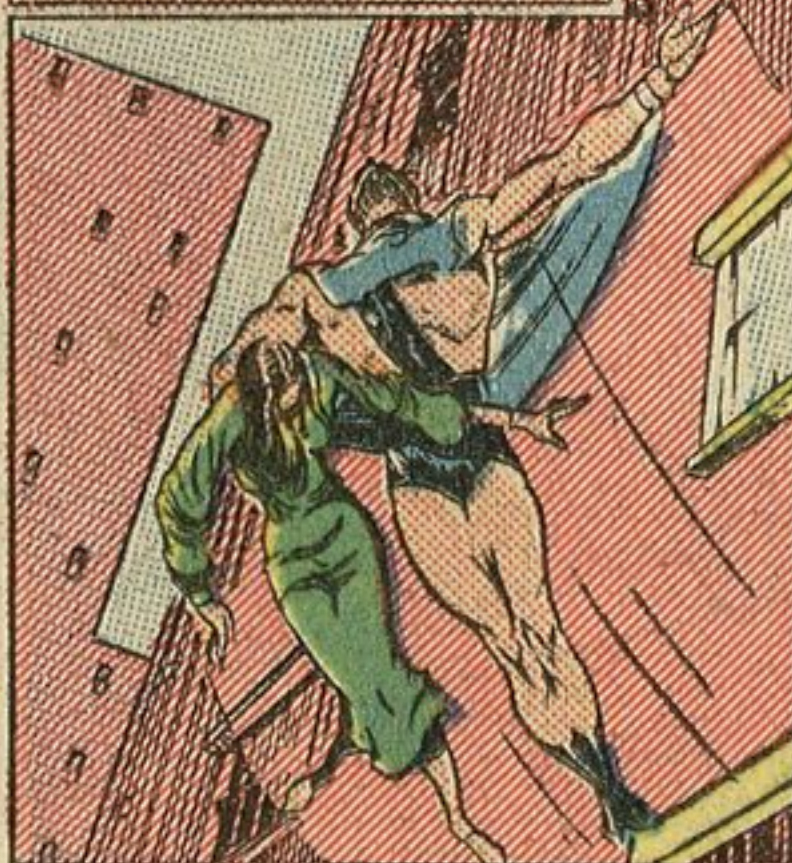
LEAVING AN ASTOUNDED, SPEECH-LESS AUDIENCE!



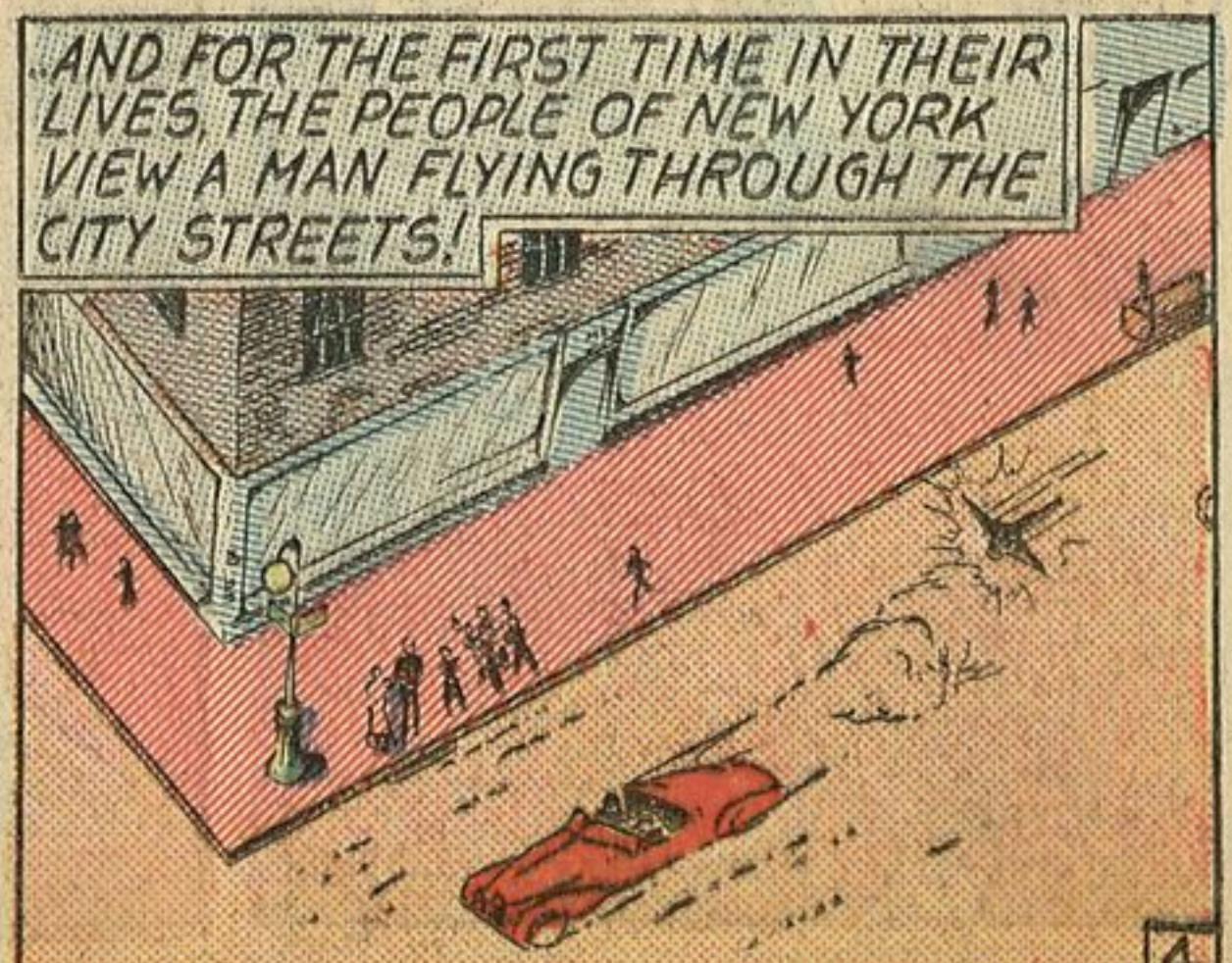
SUDDENLY FROM ABOVE, A SLEEK FIGURE SWOOPS TOWARD THE FALLING GIRL.



AND CLUTCHING HER IN HIS ARMS, STREAKS UP!

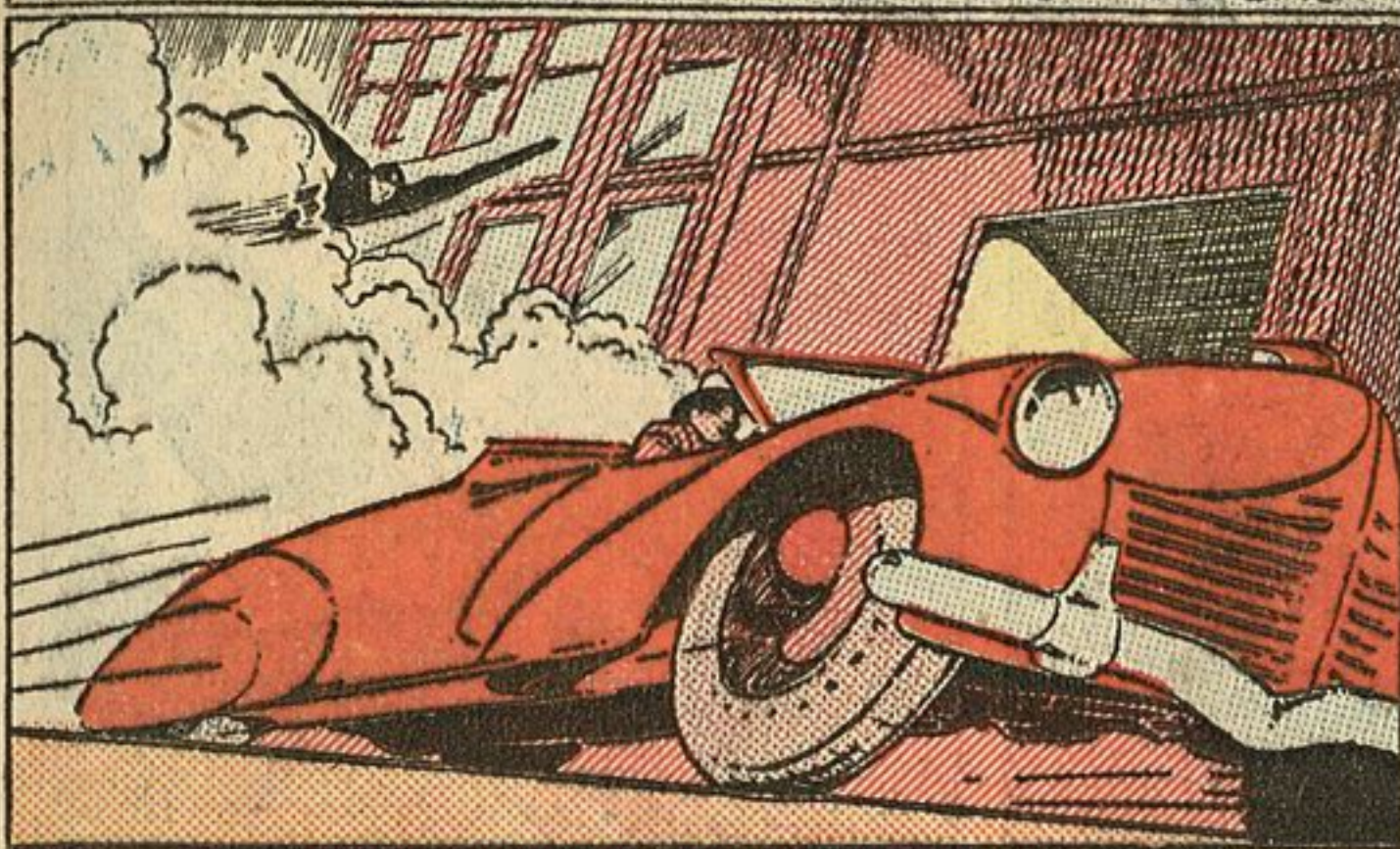


YOU'RE SAFE NOW! TELL ME... WHERE'S THE RUBY?



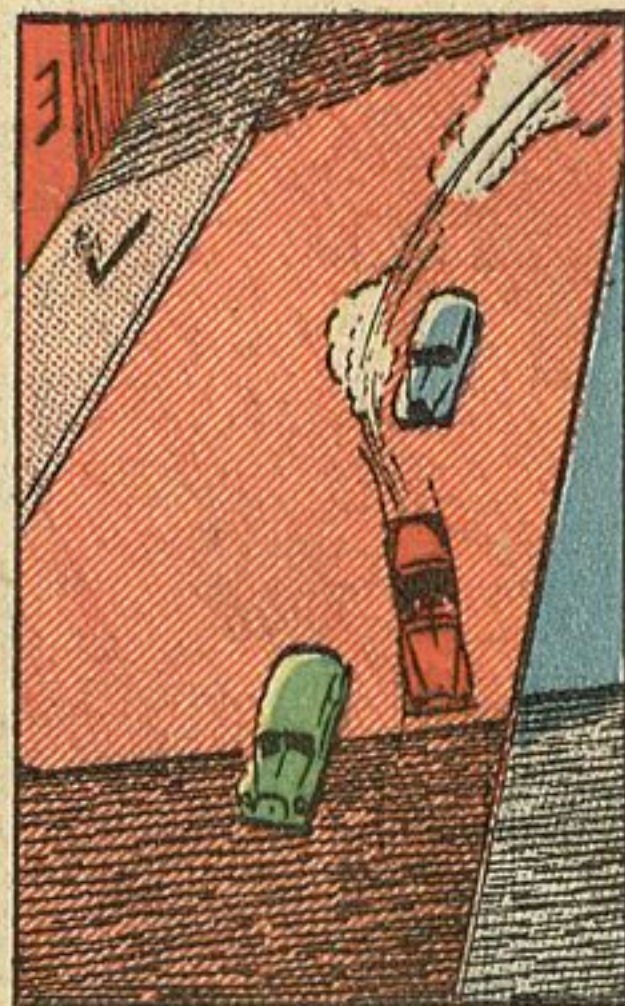
AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THEIR LIVES, THE PEOPLE OF NEW YORK VIEW A MAN FLYING THROUGH THE CITY STREETS!

FASTER THAN THE SPEEDING CAR, THE BLACK CONDOR SOON LOOMS ABOVE THE GANGSTERS.



A FLYING MAN! I'M DREAMIN'! IT'S A GHOST!

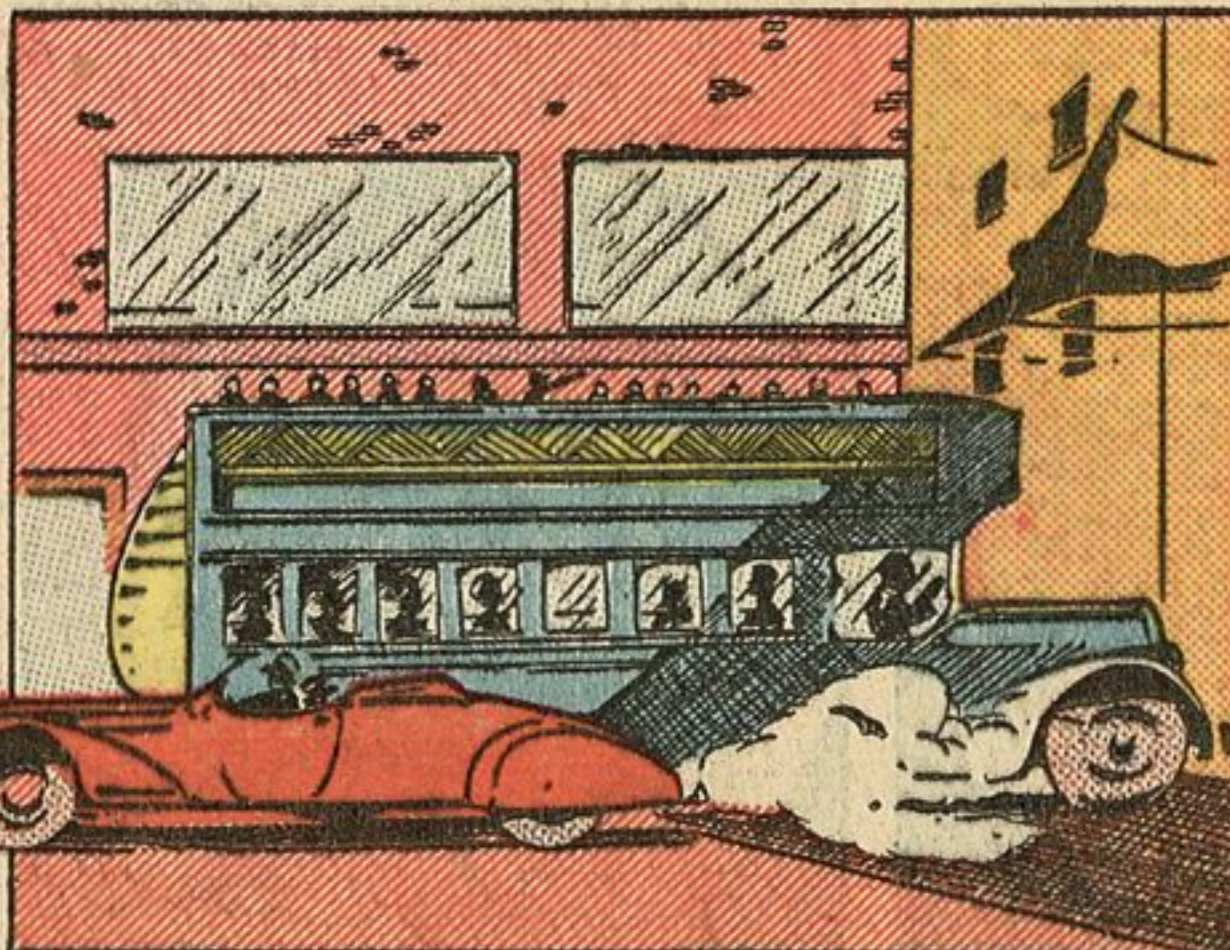
I'LL SHAKE HIM, IF I HAFTA BUST THIS BOILER WIDE OPEN!



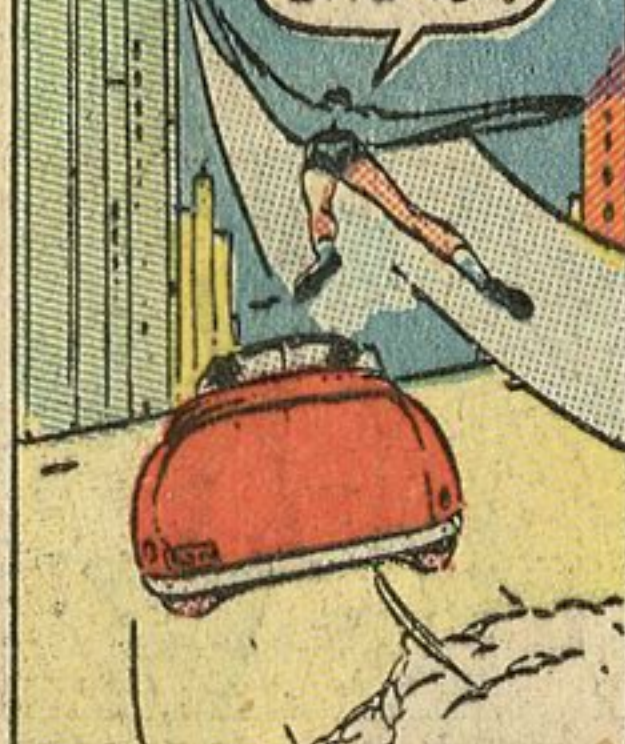
HE'S STILL ON OUR TRAIL!



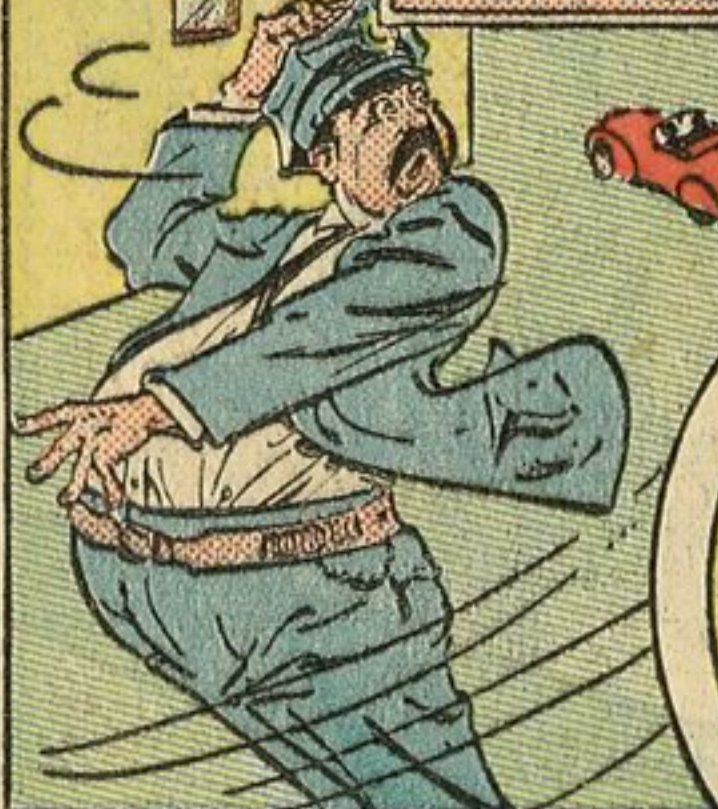
AND HE AIN'T NO GHOST! HE'S REAL!



YOU BOYS ARE JUST WASTING ENERGY!

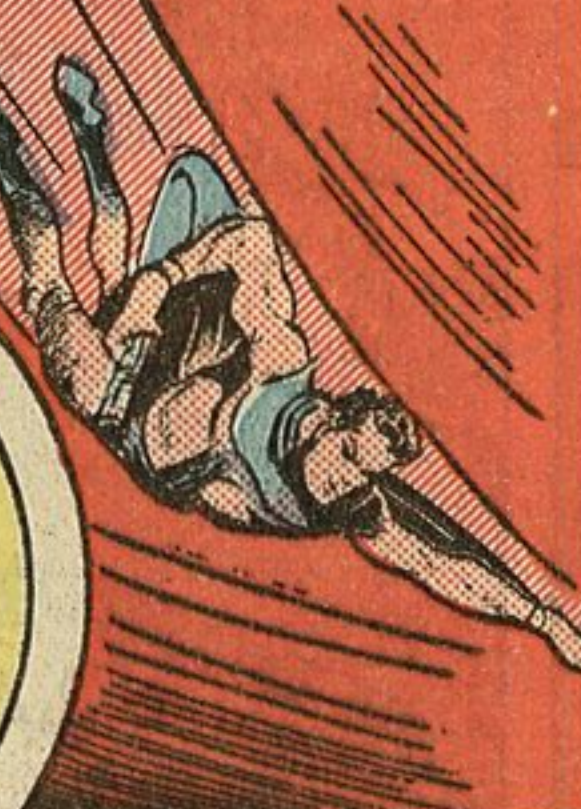


UP FIFTH AVENUE, ACROSS CROWDED TIMES SQUARE, THEY FLEE.

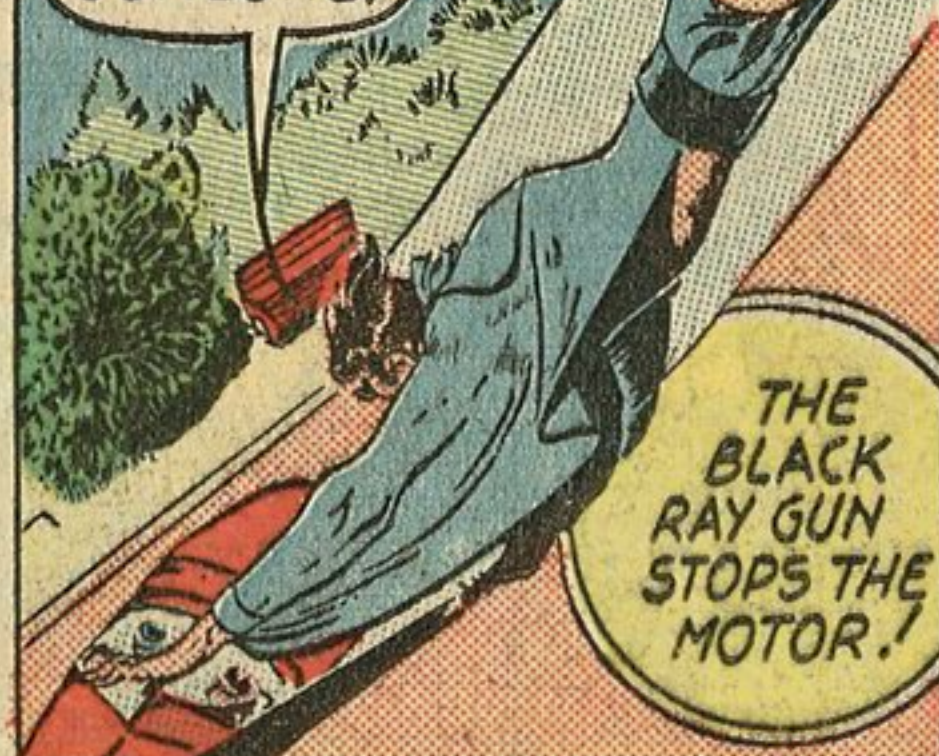


RELENTLESSLY PURSUED BY THE BLACK CONDOR.

A FLYIN' MAN! SAINTS BE!



I'LL HAVE TO STOP THIS, BEFORE THEY RUN OVER SOMEONE!



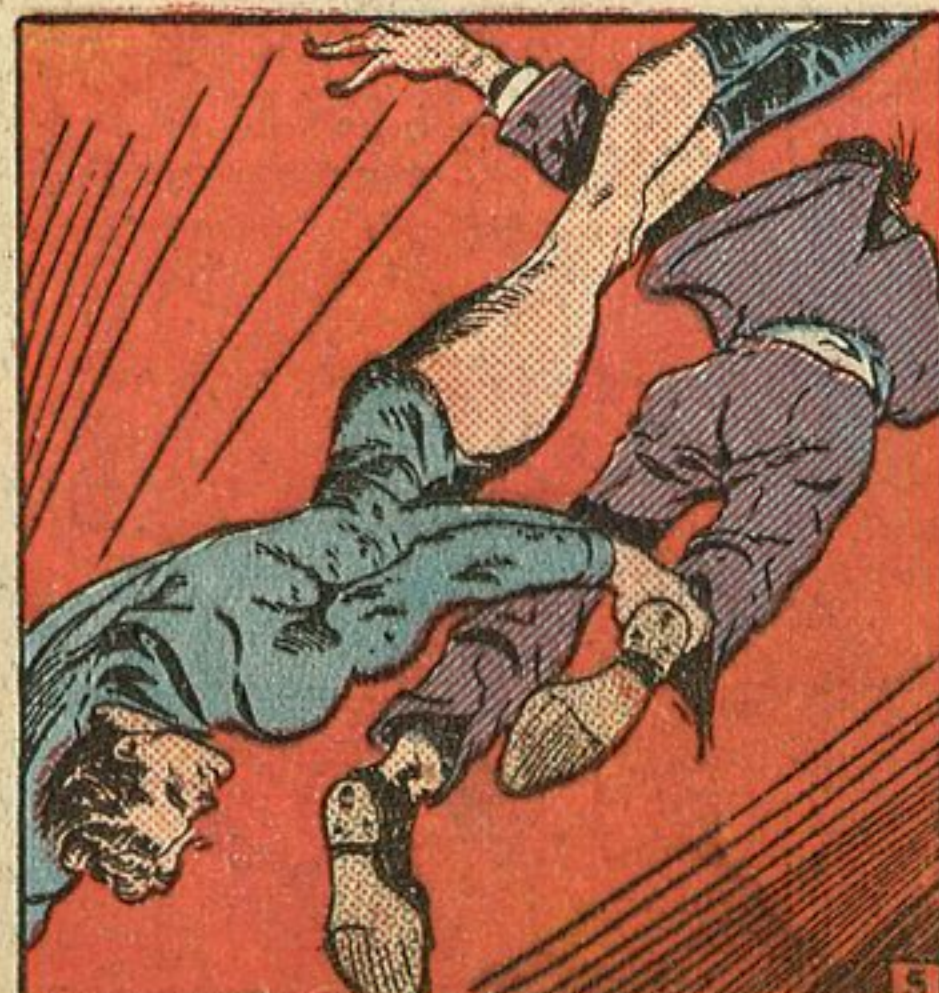
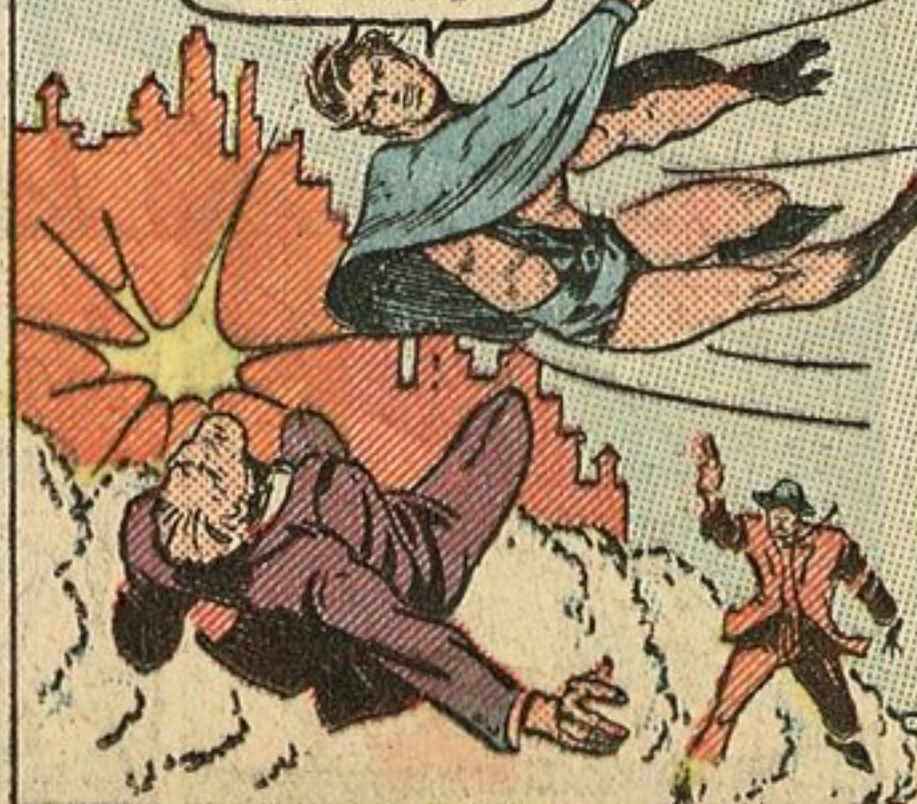
THE BLACK RAY GUN STOPS THE MOTOR!

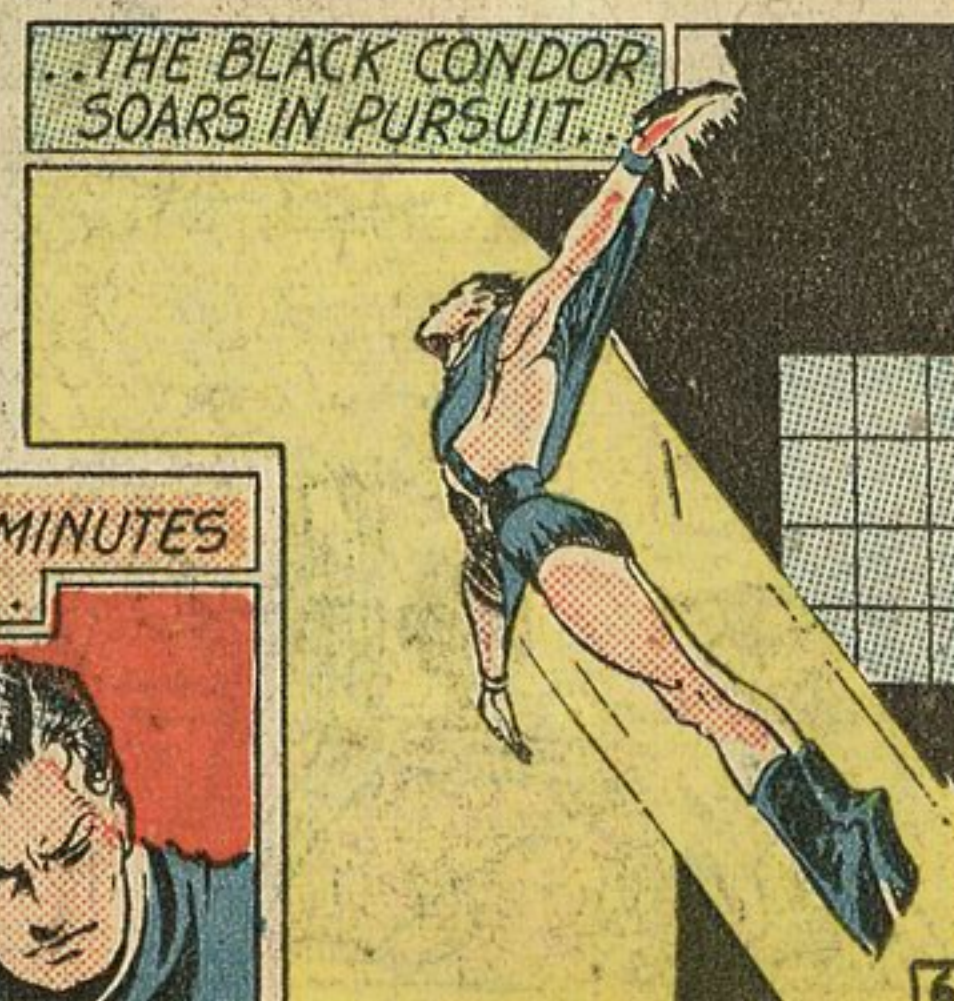
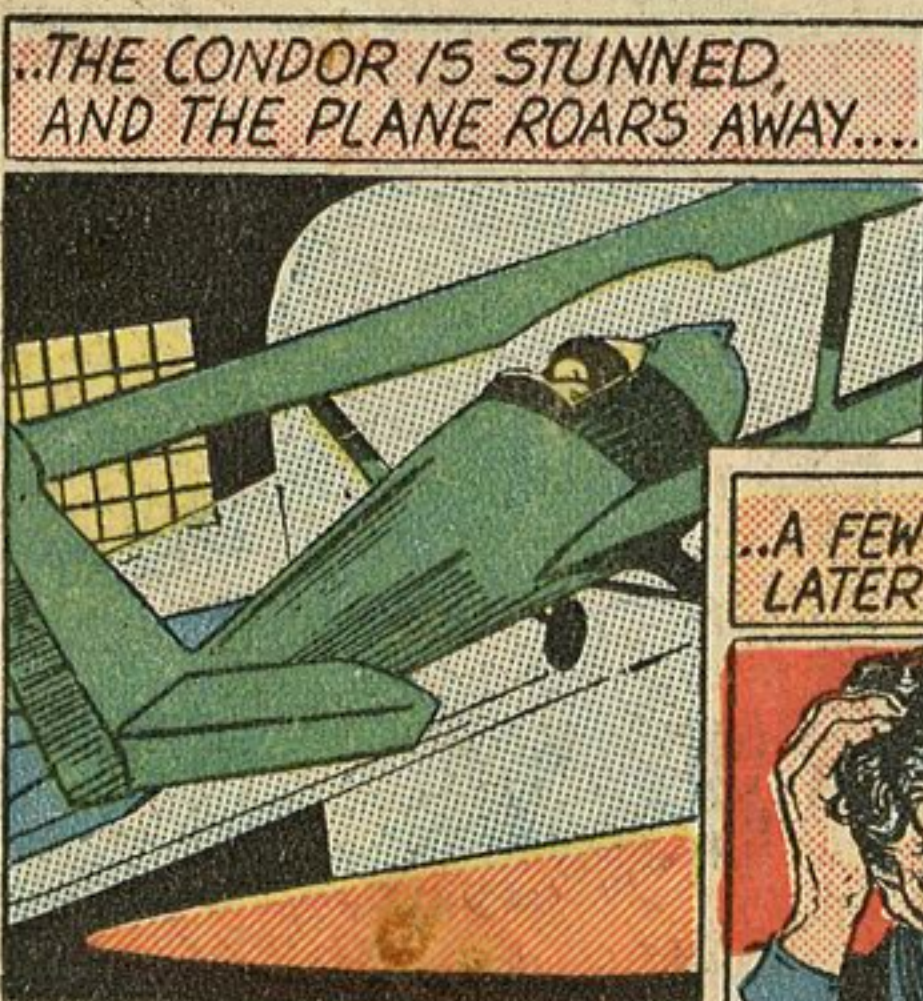
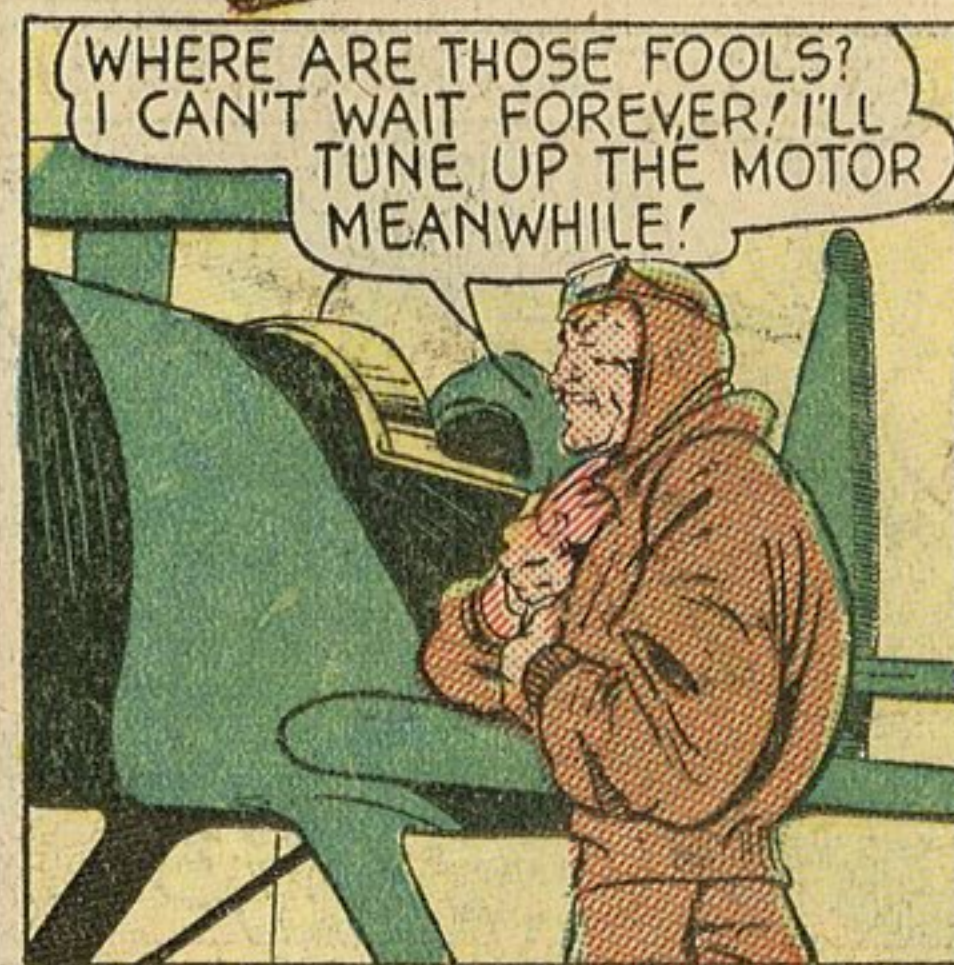
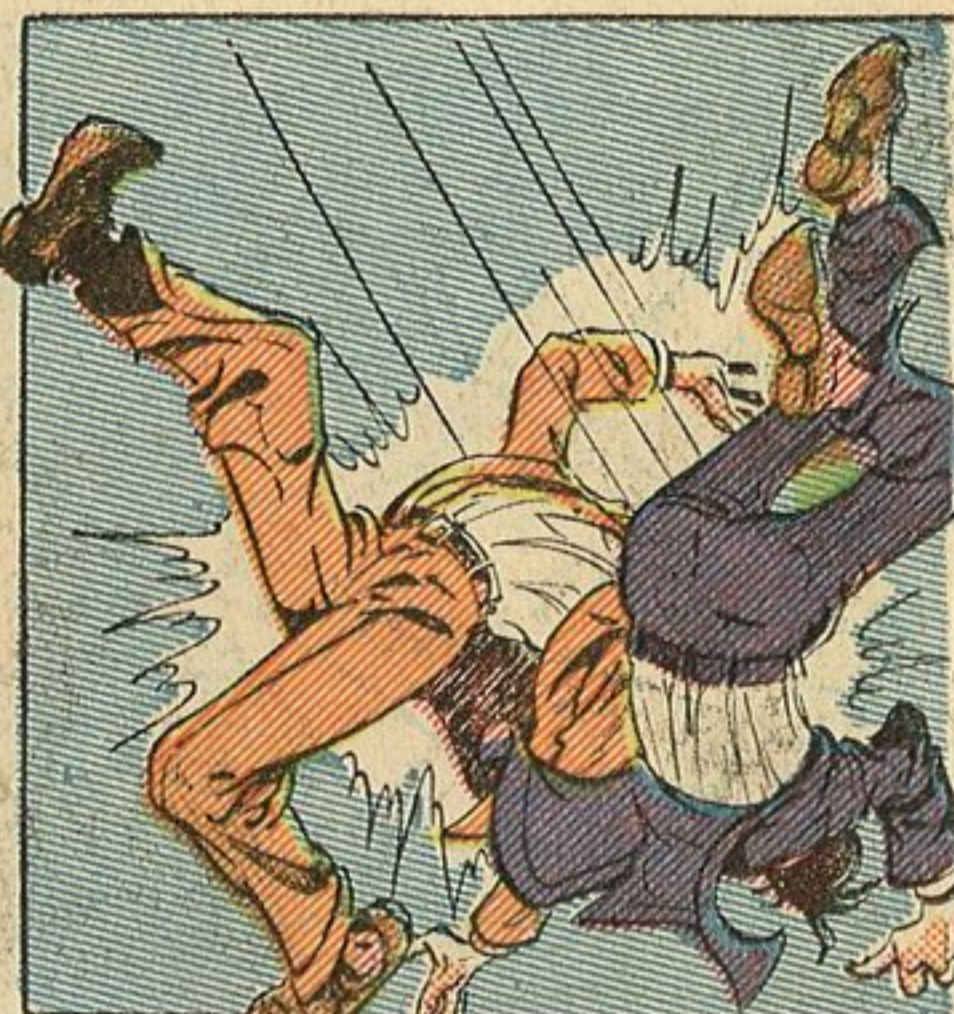
HERE HE COMES! SHOOT!

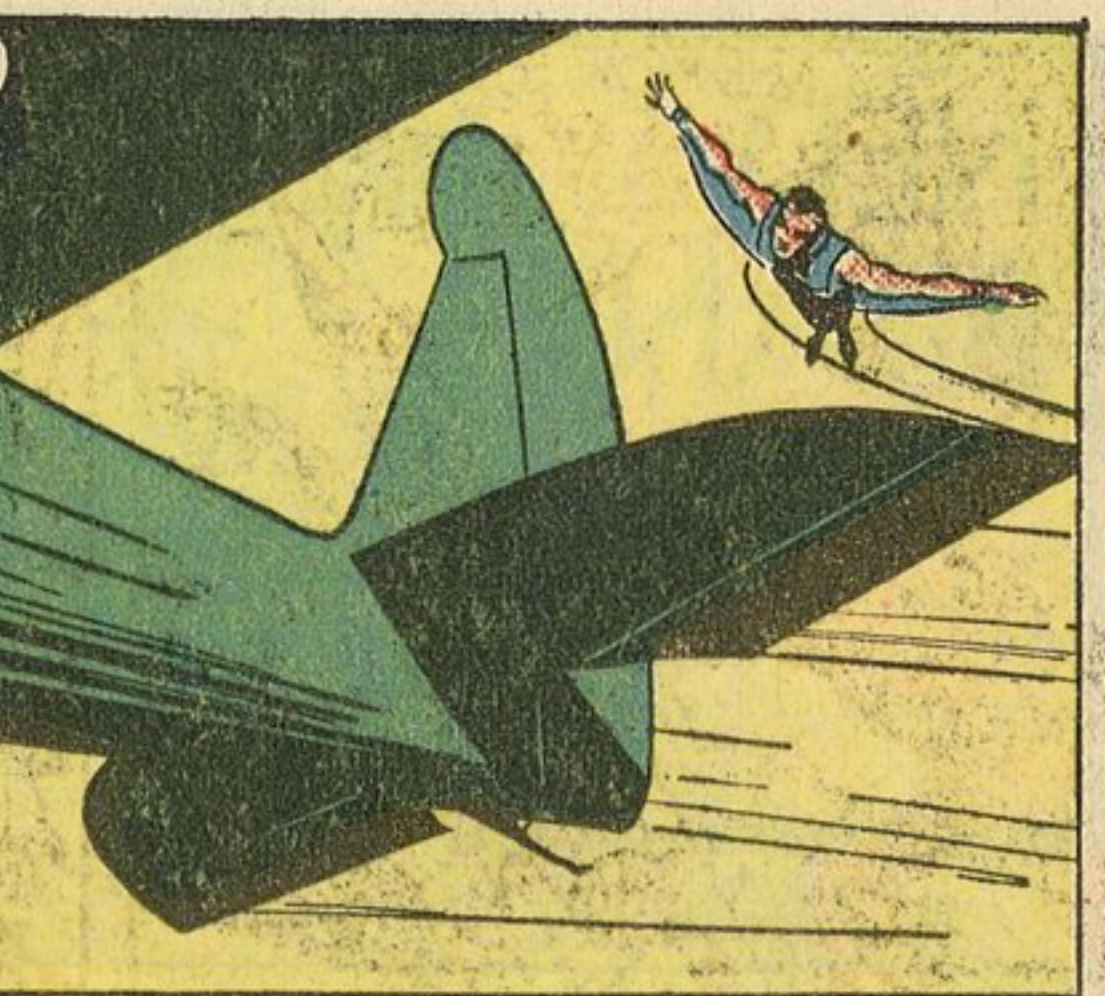
I'M LEAVIN' PRONTO!



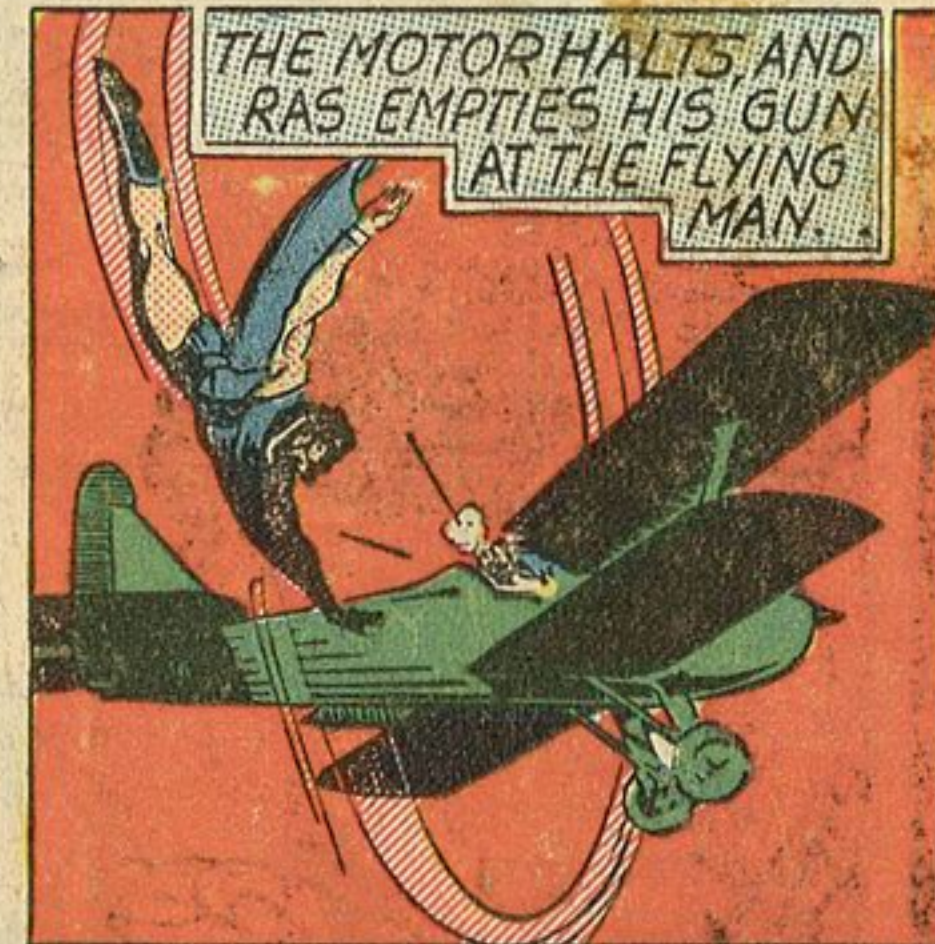
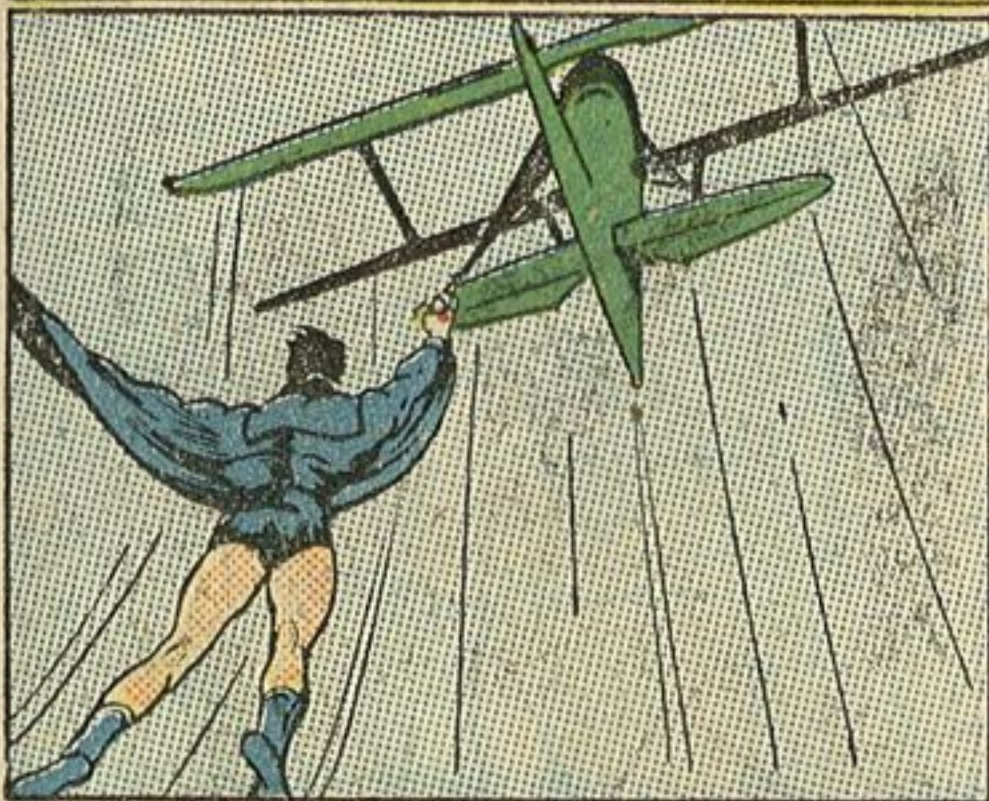
NO, MY FRIEND, YOU'RE STAYING FOR THE FINISH!



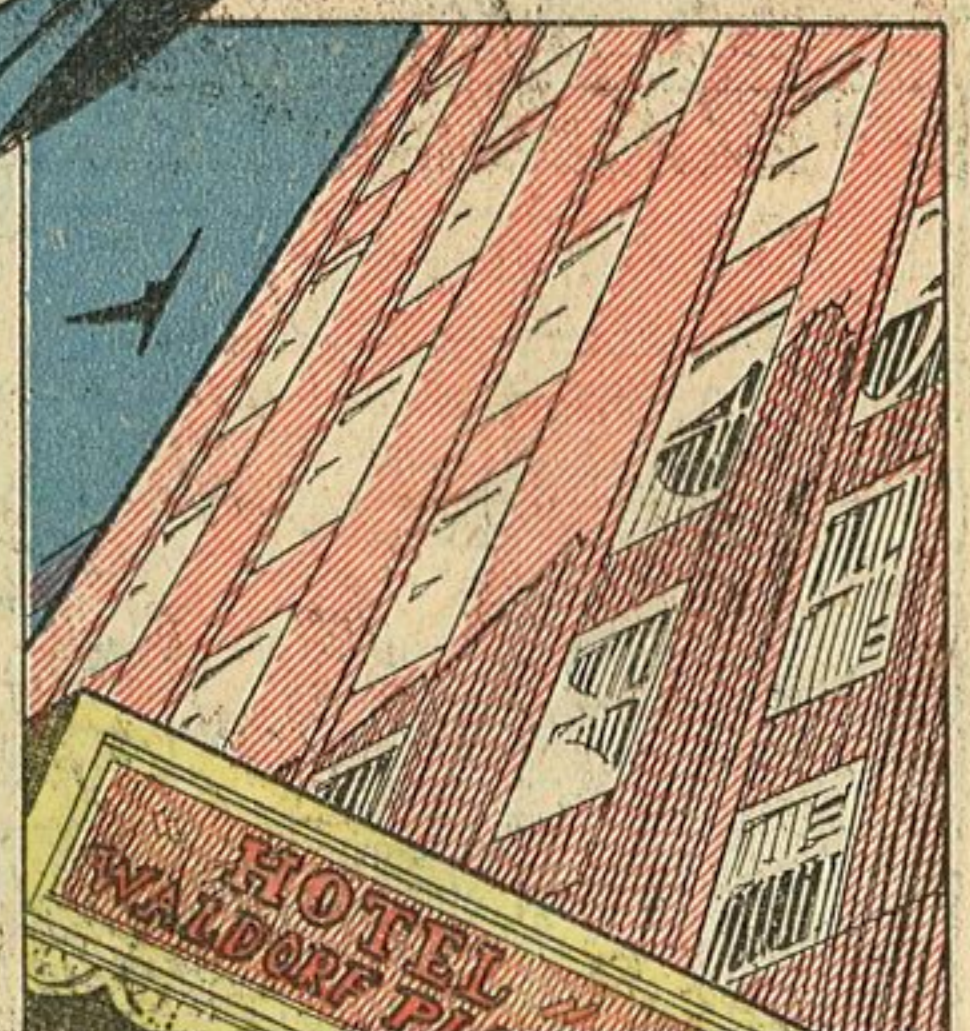
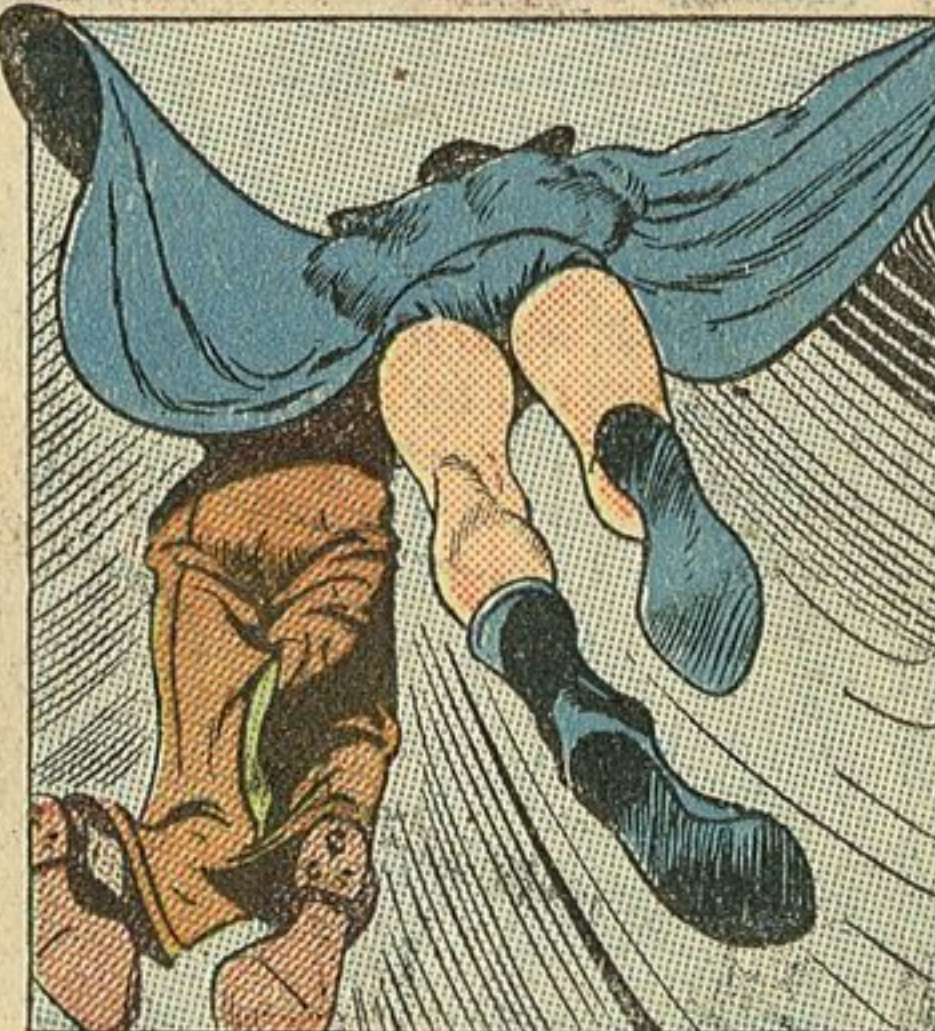
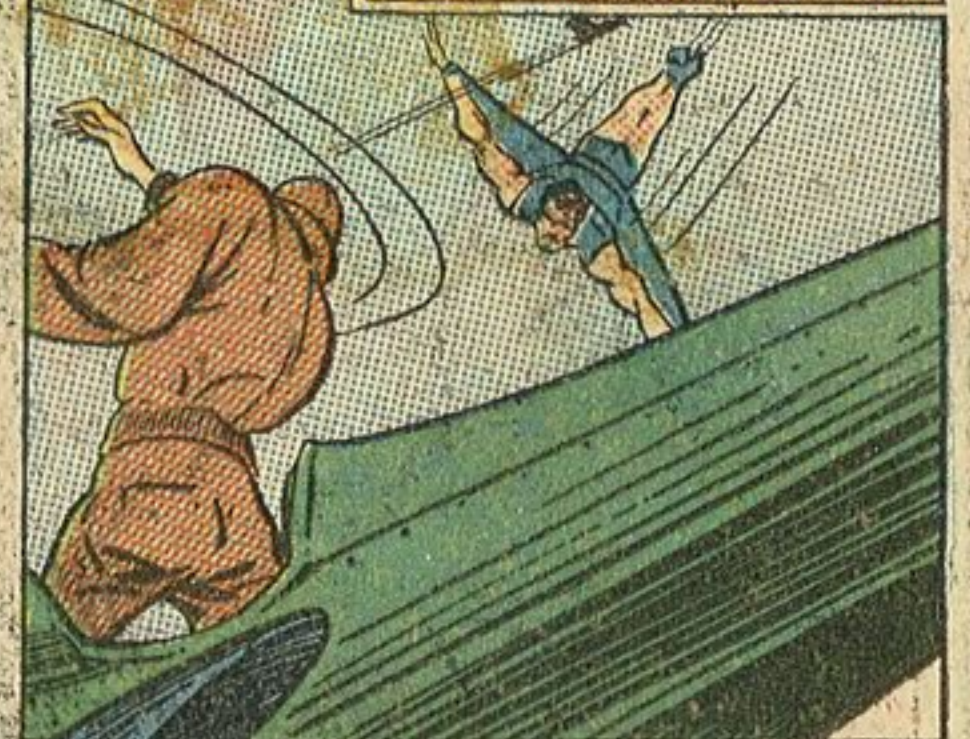




THE BLACK RAY PISTOL FLASHES
INTO THE CONDOR'S HAND.....



IN DESPERATION, RAS HURLS
THE EMPTY PISTOL AT THE
ONCOMING CONDOR.



NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

COME ON! A BUNCH OF STANDISH PLAYERS OVER AT THE CHOCOLATE SHOP ARE LOOKING FOR TROUBLE!

SWELL! LET EVERY MAN DO HIS BEST TO ACCOMMODATE OUR DEAR RIVALS!

GUESS THEY COULDN'T WAIT UNTIL WE PLAY THEM, NED!

WHAT NERVE! I'LL SHOW ONE OR TWO OF 'EM WE HAVE SOME BEAUTIFUL SOCKS ON THE NOSE IN CARTERVILLE!

HOW ARE THESE WALLS—PRETTY GOOD?

I'LL GIVE ONE OF THEM A SHAMPOO WITH A STRAWBERRY SUNDAE!

CHOCOLATE SHOP

Carter's Rendezvous

WE'LL JUST WAIT UNTIL THEY START SOMETHING

BRING ME A PINEAPPLE SODA, WAITER—WITH A CLUB IN IT!

I DON'T LIKE YOUR SUIT, NED BRANT!

WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO, BREAK INTO TEARS?

PRETTY SMART, AREN'T YOU?

NO—WE'RE SMARTEST ON THE BASEBALL DIAMOND—AS YOU'LL SEE TOMORROW!

YEAH! LISTEN, BRIGHT EYES—YOU STANDISH PLAYERS SHOULD GO HOME AND GET LOTSA REST—FOR TOMORROW CARTER WILL SHOW YOU HOW BASEBALL IS REALLY PLAYED!

AH!! WE'LL DRUB THOSE CARTER SET-UPS!

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

C'MON CARTER—
NOW WE'LL OPEN UP
AND TROUNCE
STANDISH!!

The grudge game between Carter and Standish goes scoreless into the last half of the ninth inning.

And here's the reason for that deafening Carter cheer—Slugging Ned Brant!

START IT OFF, NED!

I FEEL LIKE I'M GOING TO GIVE IT A RIDE!

I SUPPOSE YOU THINK YOU'LL GET A HIT, EH, BRANT?

YOU TOOK THE WORDS RIGHT OUT OF MY DICTIONARY, BIG BOY

TIME OUT!

A hush falls over the crowd as the ball knocks Ned cold with a sickening noise.

GET BACK, EVERYBODY—THIS BOY NEEDS AIR!

HURRY WITH THAT WATER!

KEEP BACK, BOYS—IT WAS PURELY ACCIDENTAL!

ACCIDENTAL MY FOOT! HE THREW IT RIGHT AT HIS DOME!

NED'S ALL RIGHT—HE'S DOWN AT FIRST BASE, WAITING FOR YOU TO SEND HIM AROUND—HIT THE FIRST BALL PITCHED, BUD—THAT STANDISH PITCHER IS SCARED—HE'LL PROBABLY GROOVE IT

TRY THAT ONE ON YOUR EMBROIDERY HOOPS!

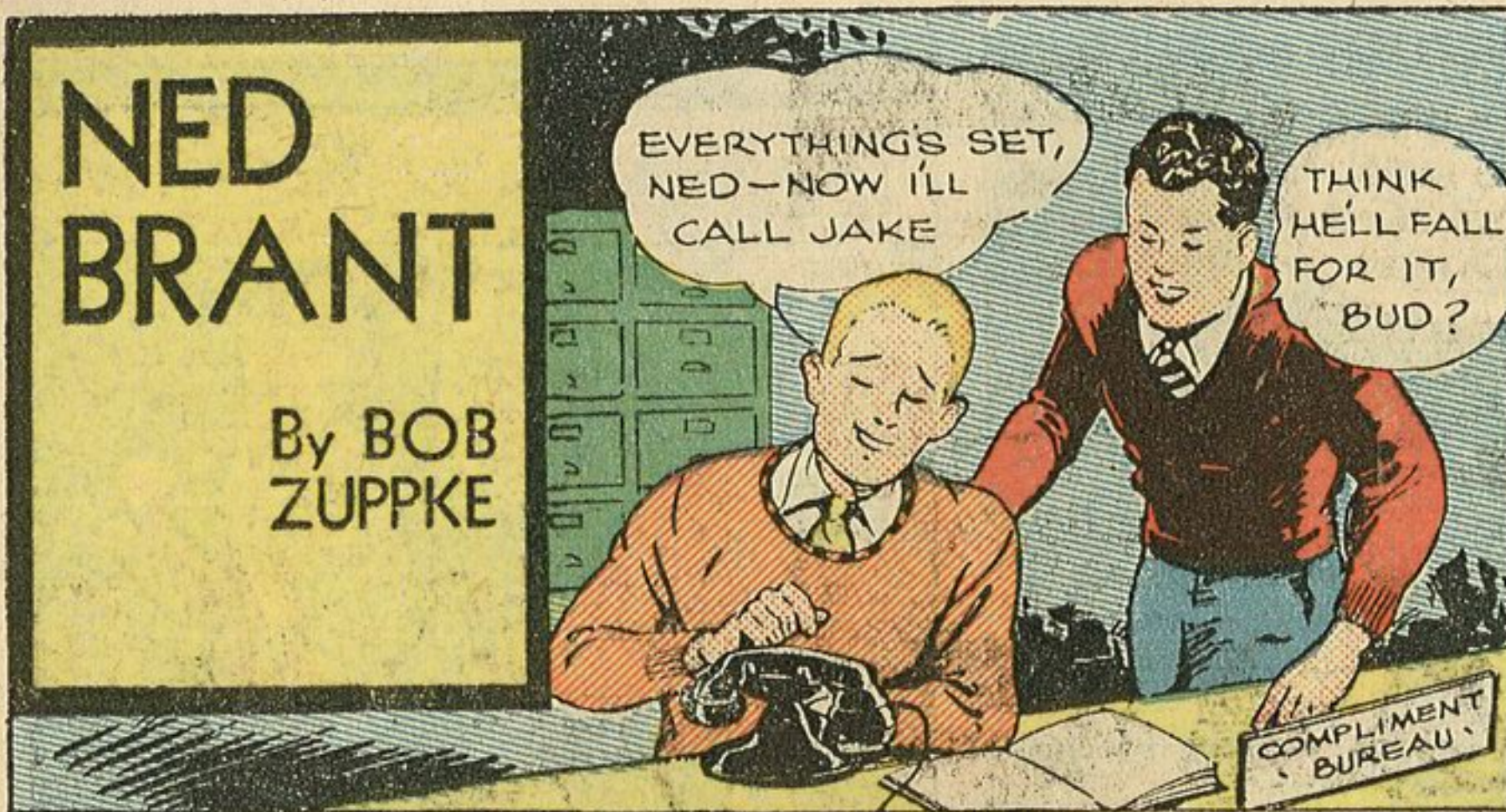
The fans fairly gasp at the speed Ned is circling the bases. And now they hold their breath as he rounds third and starts for home. The ball is almost back to the infield!

BEAT THAT THROW, NED—HIT HOME PLATE AND ANYTHING IN FRONT OF IT!

SAFE!

HE SCORED! CARTER WINS!

And Bud Shekels did smack that first pitch—a line drive between center and right fields.



NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

TIME YOU TWO LADS WERE THINKING ABOUT SUMMER VACATION

I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT IT SINCE LAST SEPTEMBER, JAKE

I MEAN A JOB—YOU EXPECT TO WORK, DON'T YOU?

NOT I—I HAD AN UNCLE WHO WENT TO WORK ONE DAY—WE'VE NEVER SEEN HIM SINCE!

I'M GOING TO WORK, BUD—I'VE GOT TO—AND I WANT TO BE IN SHAPE FOR FOOTBALL NEXT FALL

NED, ALL I DO TO GET IN SHAPE FOR FOOTBALL IS TO PRACTICE SITTING ON ROOTERS SHOULDERS

BUT I'LL SHOW YOU I'M NO SOFTIE—I'M GOING TO GET A JOB!

HAW! YOU WON'T WORK AS LONG AS YOUR DAD KICKS IN WITH THOSE CHECKS

NED, I'LL DARE YOU TO WALK DOWN THE STREET WITH ME AND ASK THE FIRST GUY WE MEET FOR A JOB!

IT'S A GO!

WHAT'LL YOU DO IF WE MEET A PIANO MOVER, BUD?

PRETEND I DON'T SEE HIM

HERE COMES SOMEONE, BUD—

HE LOOKS A LITTLE DAINTY—BUT HERE GOES—

MISTER—YOU COULDN'T HIRE A PAIR OF COLLEGE BOYS OF SOUND MIND AND BODY, COULD YOU?

DELIGHTFUL! THERE ARE TWO OPENINGS AT MY RIBBON COUNTER

NOOOO! I'M AFRAID NOT—ONLY RIBBONS WE KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ARE THE ONES LIKE WE TORE THE TAMARACK LINE INTO LAST FALL

WELL—I MUST SAY!

HERE COMES ANOTHER ONE—I'LL ASK HIM

BROTHER, YOU MAY HAVE HIM!

I HAVEN'T EATEN FOR THREE DAYS, LADS—

I'VE NEVER EATEN THAT LONG EITHER, BUT YOU CAN EAT ABOUT A HALF HOUR ON THIS

ALIAS the SPIDER

by Paul Gustavson

AN EXCITING HEAD-LINE FAIRLY POPS FROM AN EVENING PAPER'S FRONT PAGE...

CHRONICLE
THOMAS ANDREWS
KIDNAPPED BY
THE SPIDER
MERCURY REALTY CORPORATION
STOCKS DROP 10 POINTS
OVERNIGHT DUE TO
THE KIDNAPPING OF
THOMAS ANDREWS,
CONTROLLING STOCK-
HOLDER OF COMPANY.
IN THE RANSOM NOT
THE SPIDER DEMANDS
A HALF MILLION AN
STATED THAT UNL
PAID HE
REW

IN THE OFFICE OF THE BIG, SHAKY MERCURY BOARD....

IT MEANS RUIN FOR US ALL UNLESS THEY FIND ANDREWS! HE CONTROLS THE STOCK AND WE CAN'T TOUCH A CENT OF OUR MONEY WITHOUT HIS ORDERS!

...BUT I'M SELLING OUT MY STOCK RIGHT NOW—EVEN IF I DO LOSE MONEY! I'LL TAKE WHAT I CAN GET AND BE GLAD!

I'M DOING THE SAME!

WHILE IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY AN EXCITED CHAUFFEUR BURSTS IN UPON HIS YOUTHFUL EMPLOYER

HEY, BOSS! DID YA SEE THIS? WHAT HARRY?

HMM...VERY INTERESTING!! PRETTY CLEVER THAT SPIDER!

STOP KIDDIN' ME, BOSS! I KNOW THAT YOU'RE THE REAL SPIDER!

AND YOU'RE RIGHT, HARRY! IT'S A CASE OF SOME BIRD IMPERSONATING ME!

WELL, KIN I DO ANYTHING TO HELP YA, BOSS?

YES... THE MERCURY BOARD MEN ARE SELLING THEIR STOCK FAST.. FIND OUT WHO'S BUYING IT...

BUT, HOW'LL I DO THAT?

GO TO THE STOCK EXCHANGE AND ASK... IF THEY DON'T TELL YOU.. WELL... USE YOUR OWN METHOD! THEN MEET ME AT ANDREWS' HOME!

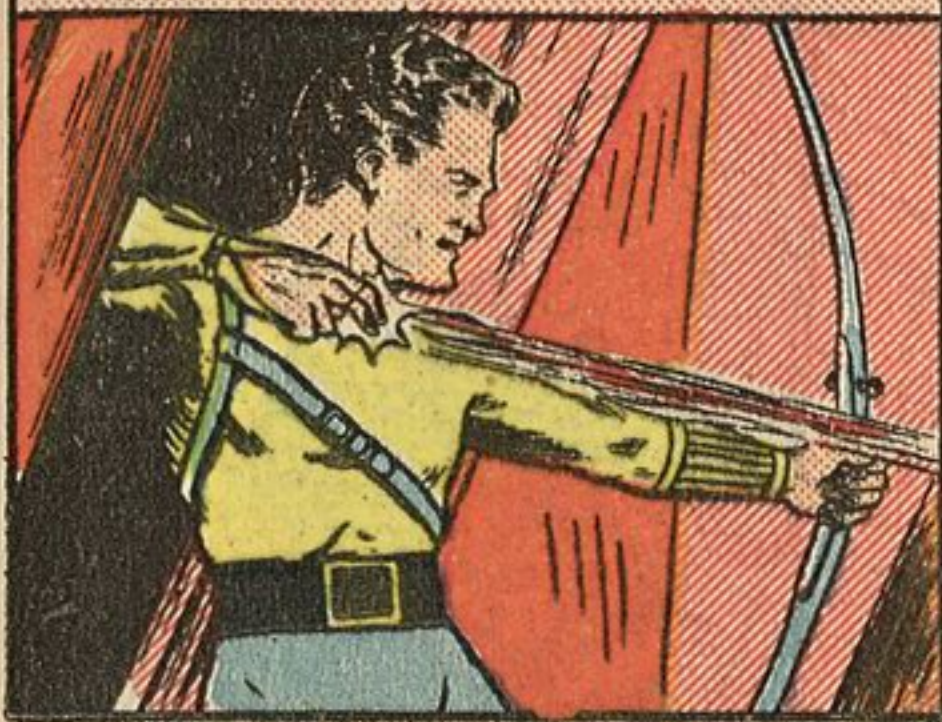
USE ME OWN METHOD, EH? I GET'CHA BOSS!

THAT EVENING... THE REAL SPIDER APPEARS NEAR THE ANDREWS ESTATE...

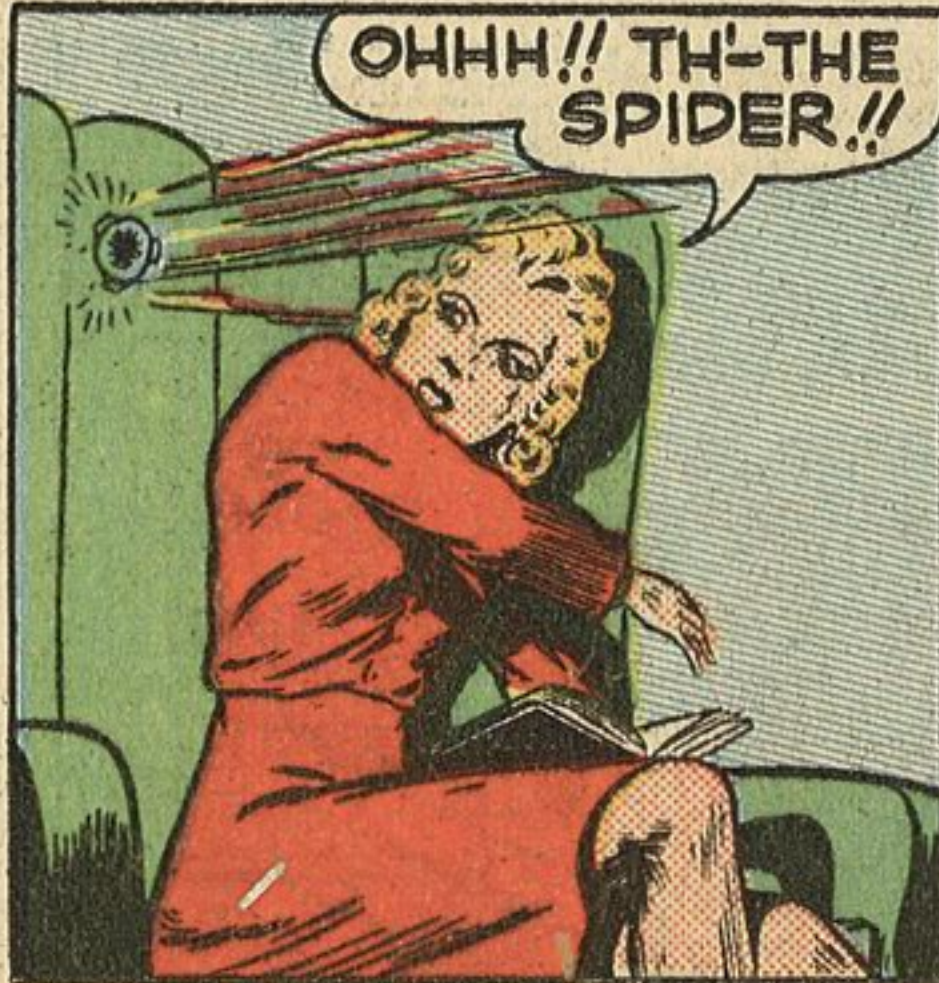
I GUESS THIS IS THE BEST PLACE TO BEGIN CLEANING UP THIS MESS!

OOPS! SORRY, MR. GUARD!! THIS HURTS ME MORE THAN IT DOES YOU!

CATLIKE, THE SPIDER SLIPS INTO THE ANDREWS HOUSE.. SOON, A FLAMING SEAL STREAKS THRU THE AIR!



OH!! TH'-THE SPIDER!!



W-WHAT DO YOU W-WANT? THE HALF MILLION DOLLARS RANSOM THAT I DEMANDED... OR YOUR HUSBAND'S LIFE!



BUT, I---I--- HAVEN'T--- I'LL GIVE YOU TILL MIDNIGHT TO HAVE IT HERE ---DON'T FAIL!!



AS THE SPIDER LEAVES..

H-HE DOESN'T BLUFF... Y-YET HOW DOES HE KNOW THAT MY HUSBAND IS..



A SHORT TIME LATER, THE SPIDER'S CHAUFFEUR REACHES THE ANDREWS ESTATE..

LOOK, GUARD... ME KID BROTHER IS A MESSENGER BOY AN' I'M DELIVERIN' HIS STUFF FER HIM WHILE HE'S SICK.. KIN I GO IN?

OKAY!!



PSSTT!! HARRY! HERE I AM!!

HUH?? OH-- OKAY!!



HERE'S TH' DOPE.. ANDREWS' OWN BROKER IS BUYIN' UP THAT MERCURY REALTY STOCK... I HADDA SOCK A GUY TO FIND OUT...

HMMM! ANDREWS' OWN BROKER, EH? WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK!



POLICE SIRENS! SO MRS. ANDREWS DID CALL THE POLICE... SAY! IT'S NEARLY TWELVE O'CLOCK.. I HAVE A VISIT TO MAKE!

HEY!! D'YA HEAR THAT?



Y-YOU!! YOU'RE BACK??

YES! FOR THE RANSOM MONEY!!



WELL--I-- ER--YOU SEE--I--I--

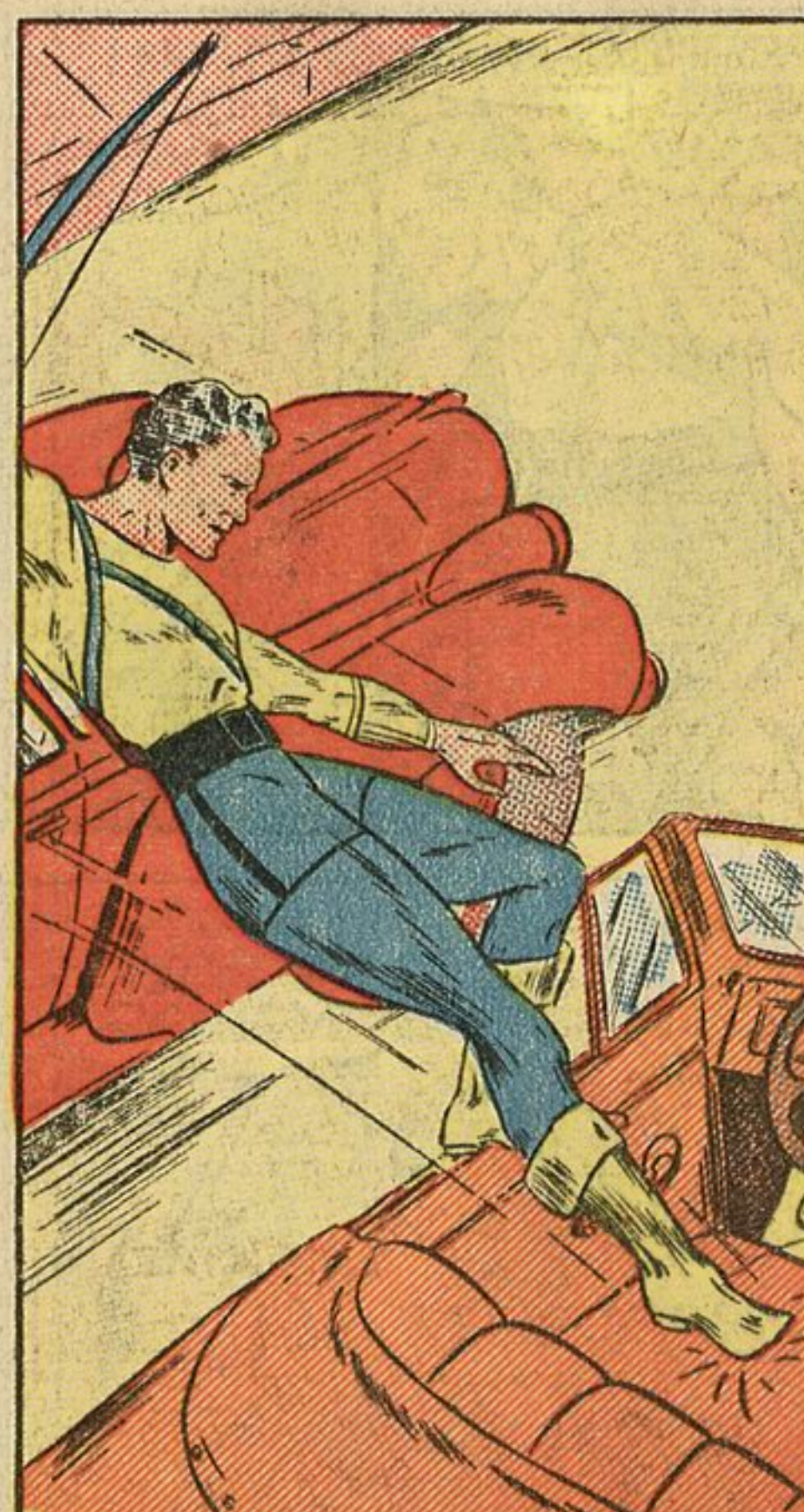
I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN... YOU DON'T HAVE IT!!



POLICE BURST INTO THE ROOM

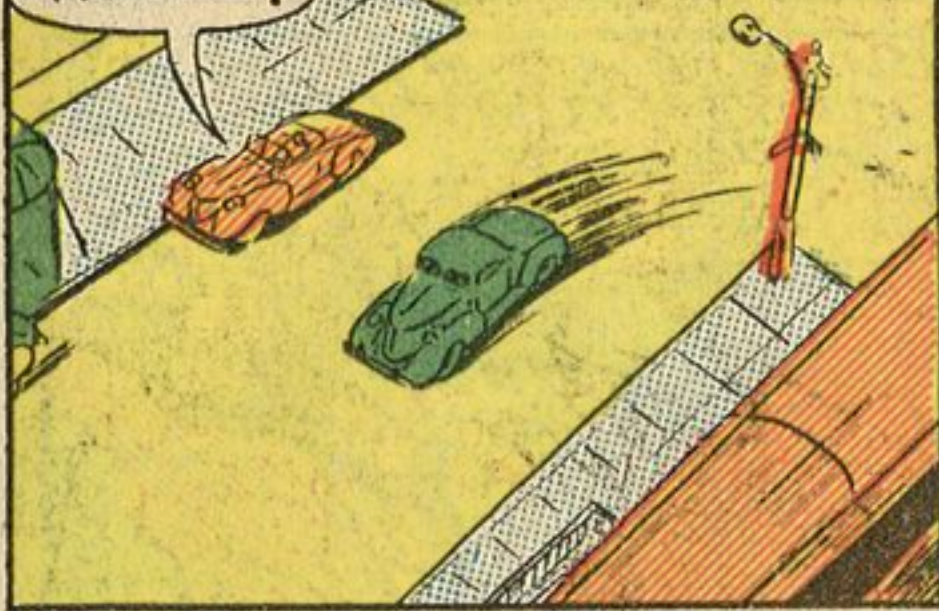
LOOK OUT! IT'S THE SPIDER'S SEAL... HE'S HERE!



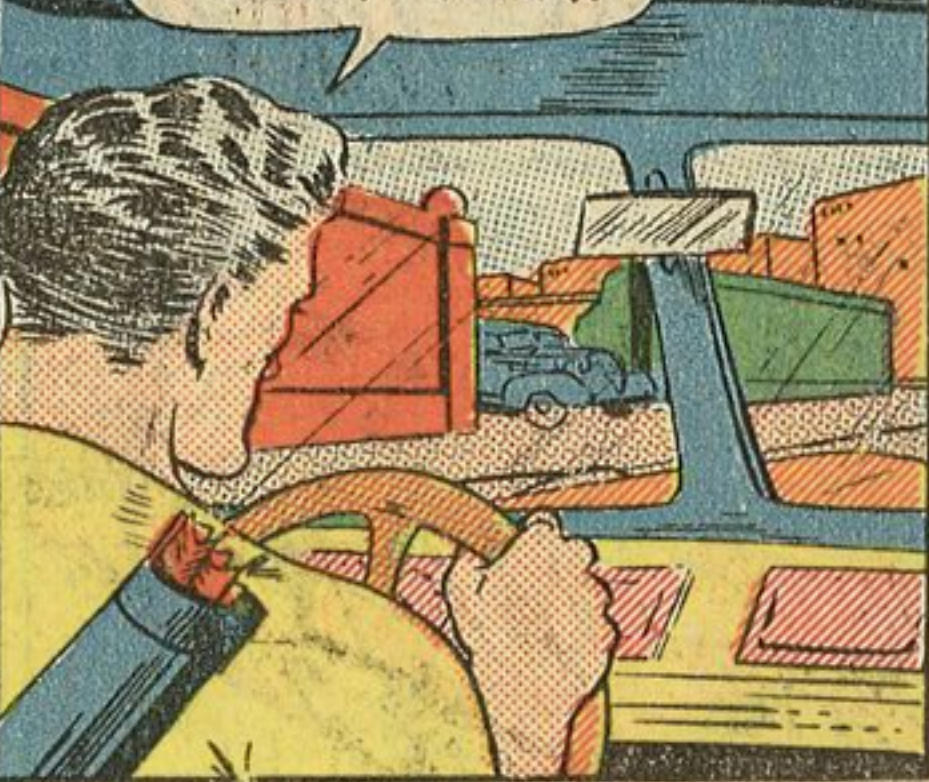


AS THE POLICE MADLY PURSUE THE SPIDER'S FIRST CAR....

I GAVE 'EM THE SLIP! NOW TO GET BACK TO ANDREWS' HOUSE!



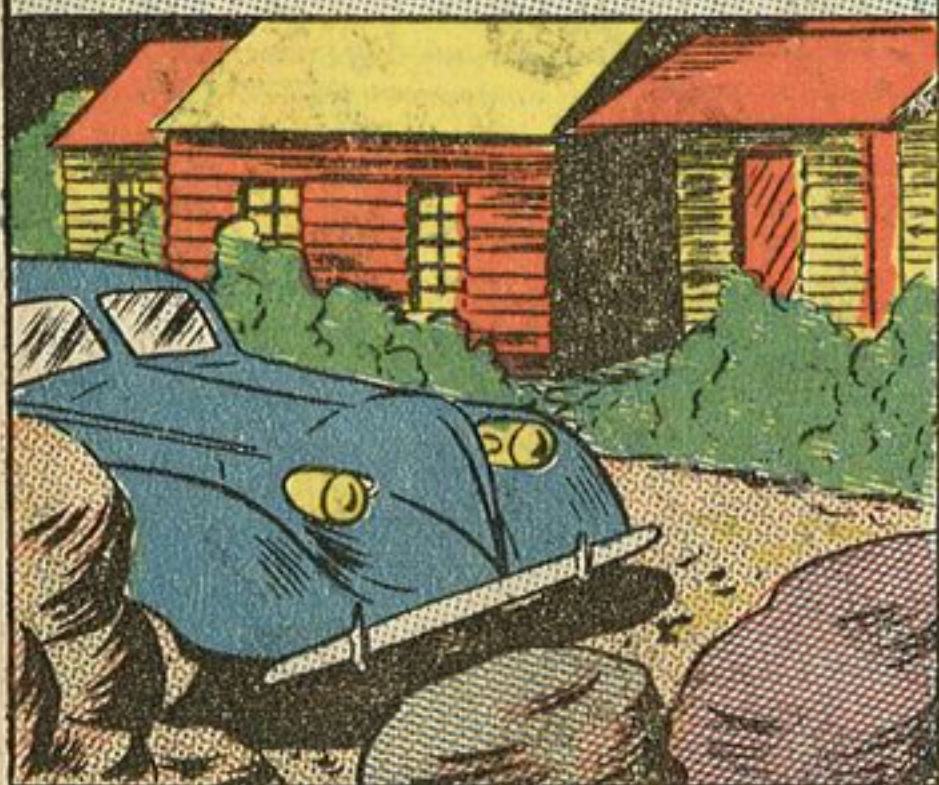
AH! A CAR LEAVING!...IT'S MRS. ANDREWS...SHE'S IN A HURRY TOO!!



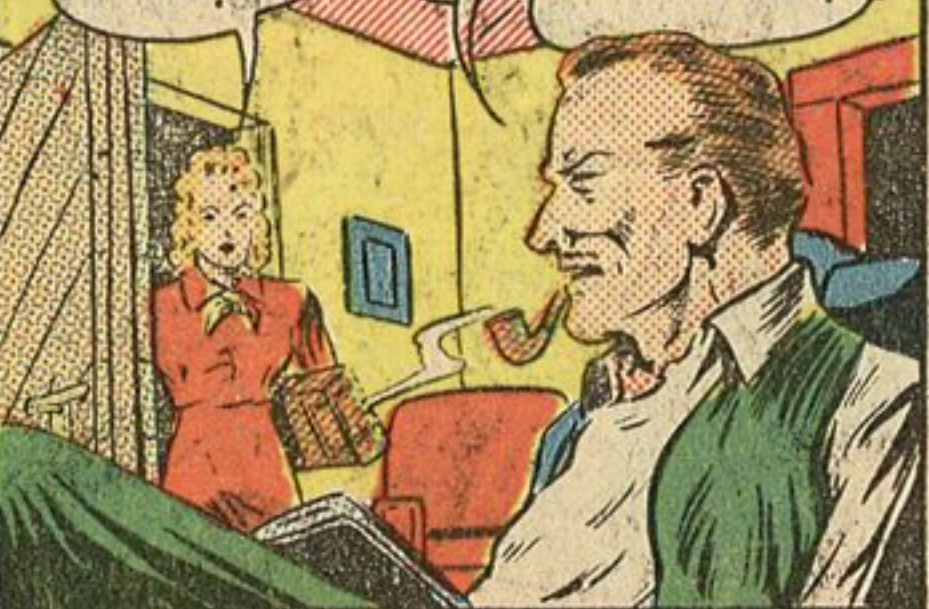
LOOKS LIKE MY HUNCH IS WORKING OUT RIGHT.... I'LL FOLLOW HER!



AFTER A LONG DRIVE, MRS. ANDREWS STOPS BEFORE A SECLUDED CABIN...



DARLING! OHH... I WAS AFRAID I WOULDN'T GET HERE BEFORE THE SPIDER REACHED YOU!



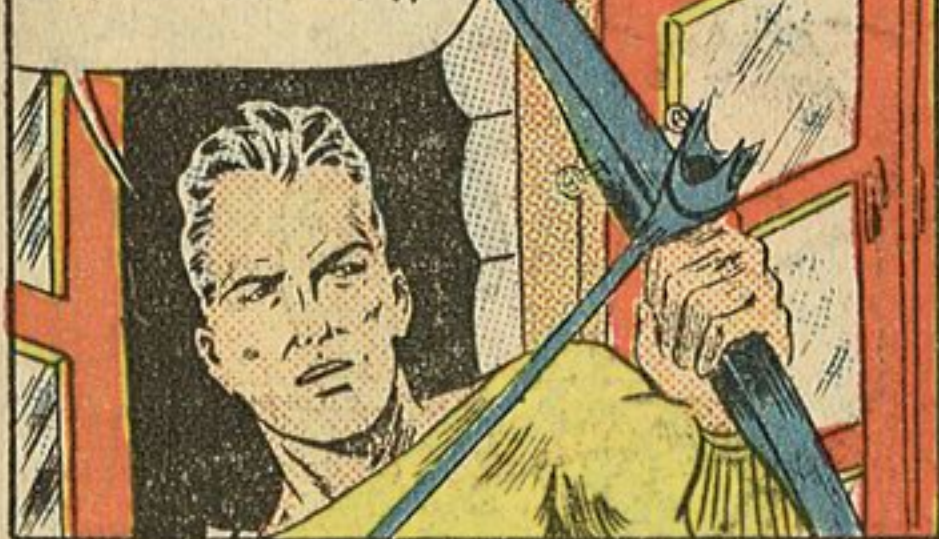
THE SPIDER REACHED ME? SAY, ARE YOU KIDDING?

N-NO..HE SAID HE WAS GOING TO KILL YOU!...HE WANTED THE RANSOM MONEY... SO I BROUGHT IT!



FOOL!! HE TRICKED YOU...I'VE NEVER SEEN THE REAL SPIDER!

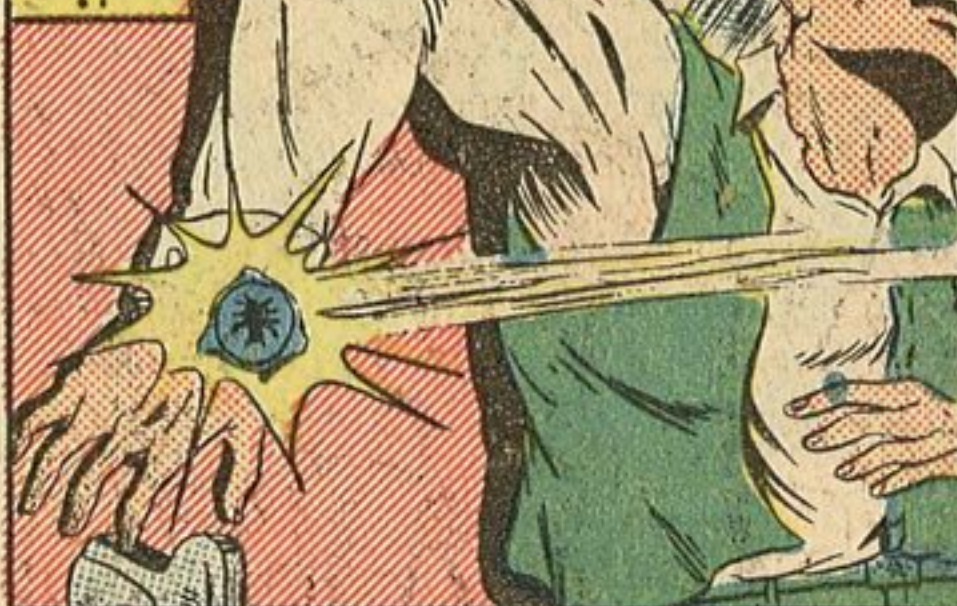
NO, ANDREWS! AND YOU MIGHT HAVE GOTTEN AWAY WITH THIS IF YOUR WIFE HADN'T KNOWN YOUR HIDING PLACE AND LED THE REAL SPIDER HERE! YOUR GAME IS UP!!



ANDREWS WHIPS OUT A GUN..



BUT HE SCREAMS AS A WHIZZING SEAL DIGS INTO HIS GUN HAND!!



NOW THAT YOU'VE HAD YOUR FUN OF SCARING THE MERCURY STOCKHOLDERS INTO SELLING THEIR STOCK TO YOU FOR NOTHING, YOU CAN GIVE ME THAT RANSOM MONEY... OR DO YOU WISH ME TO EXPOSE YOUR SCHEME!



FINE! THANK YOU.. NOW I'D ADVISE YOU TO TAKE A NICE LONG VACATION, ANDREWS!

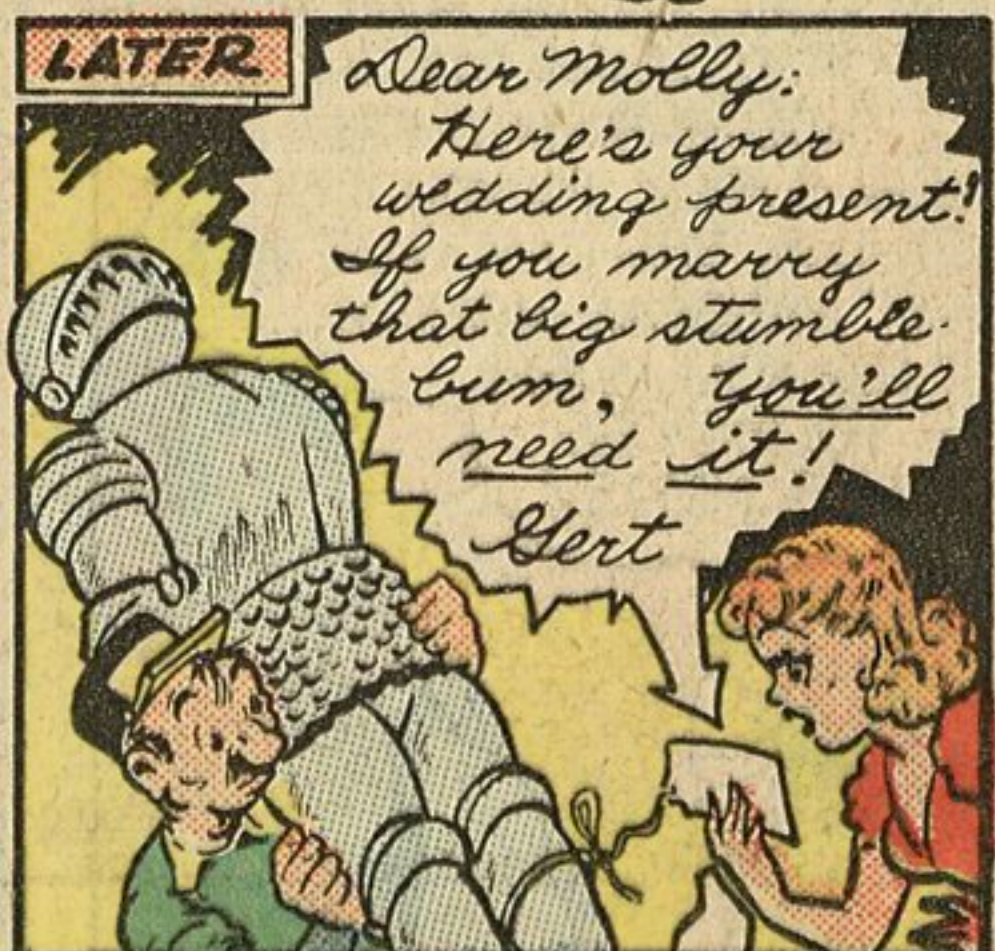
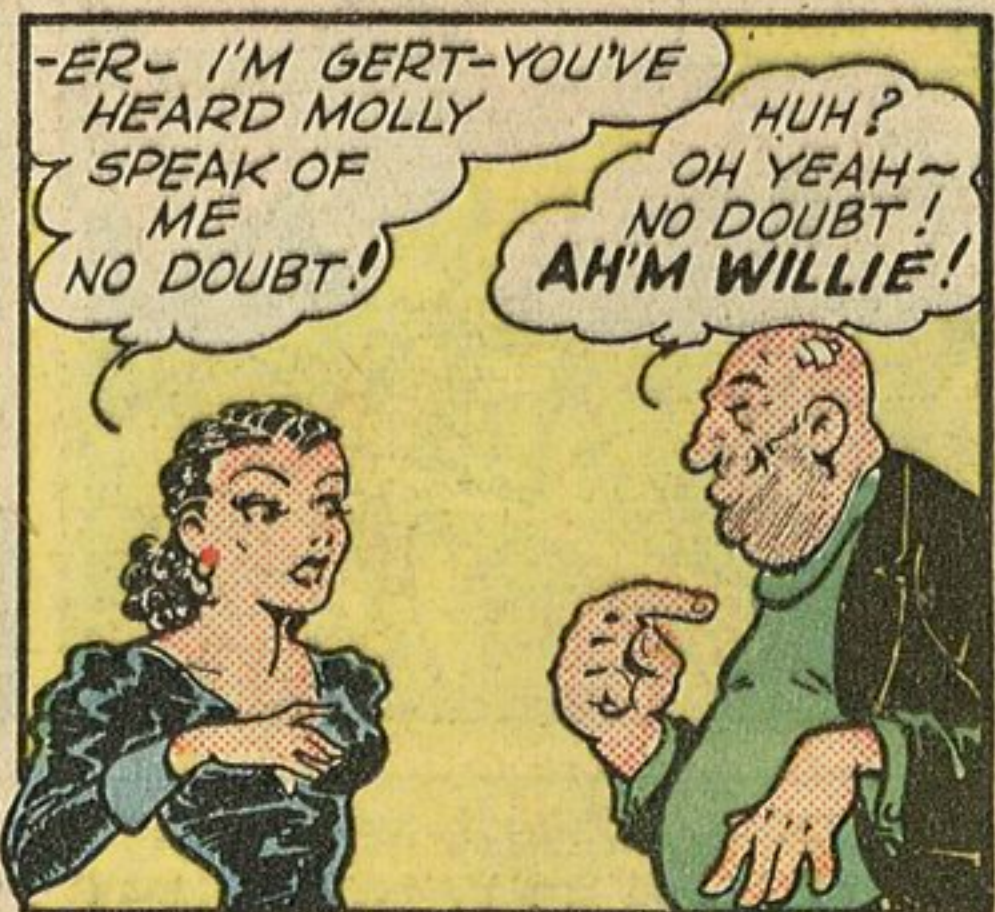
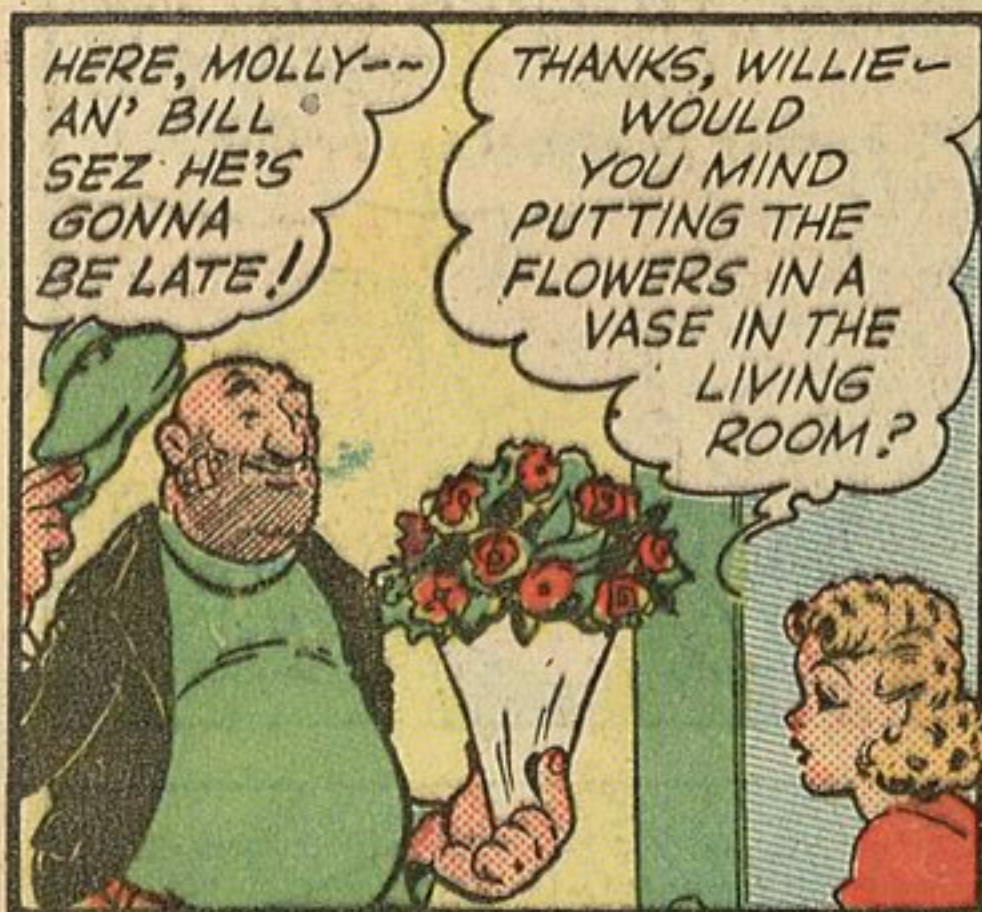
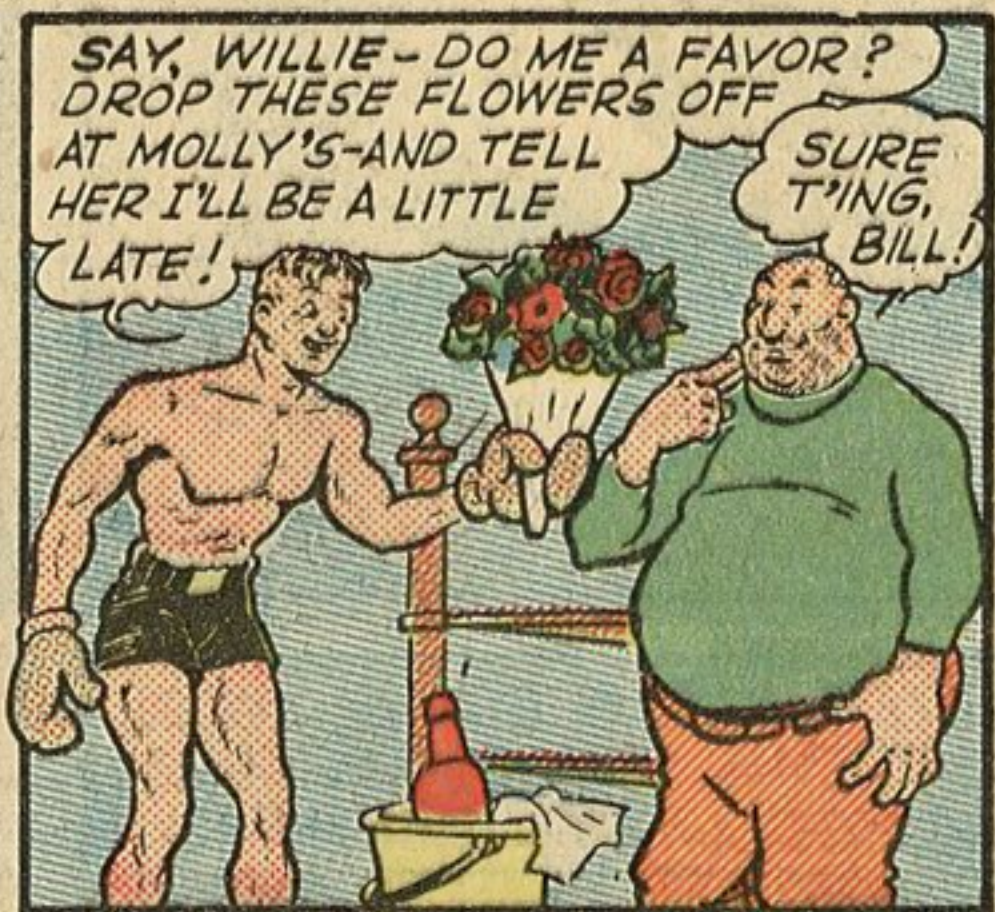


A SHORT TIME LATER.....

HARRY, HERE'S HALF A MILLION DOLLARS... I WANT YOU TO DISTRIBUTE IT AMONG THE MEN WHO LOST MONEY ON MERCURY STOCK... JUST SAY IT'S A PRESENT FROM THE SPIDER!

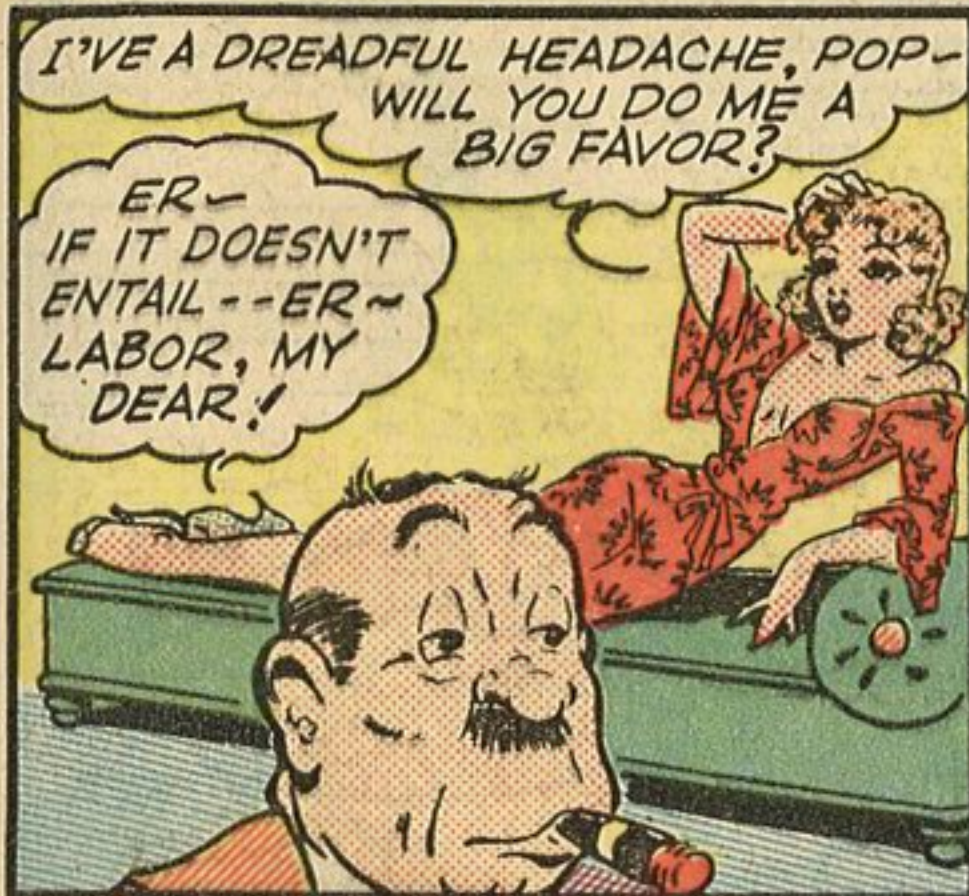


MOLLY THE MODEL



Molly the Model

OKAY, MOLLY,
I'M
COMIN'!



I'VE A DREADFUL HEADACHE, POP—
WILL YOU DO ME A
BIG FAVOR?

ER—
IF IT DOESN'T
ENTAIL --ER--
LABOR, MY
DEAR!



GO UP TO MISTER
BORISOFF'S STUDIO
AND TELL HIM
I CAN'T POSE
TODAY --
AND POP, PLEASE BE
CAREFUL --



-- HE'S VERY TEMPERAMENTAL!
NO MATTER WHAT HE SAYS
HUMOR HIM, AND
ABOVE ALL,
**DON'T TALK
OR ARGUE!**



A PARTY BY D'NAME
OB MALONEY
T'SEE YUH,
SUH!

YES,
OF
COURSE--
MY
MODEL--
**COME
IN!**



SILENCE!
CAN'T YOU SEE
I'M SEEKING
AN
INSPIRATION!

ER--



THIS WILL BE MY MASTERPIECE--
I CAN FEEL IT--SEE IT!
I MUST CONCENTRATE!



AH! I HAVE IT! QUICK, GO
BEHIND THE SCREEN AND
PUT ON THE COSTUME --!



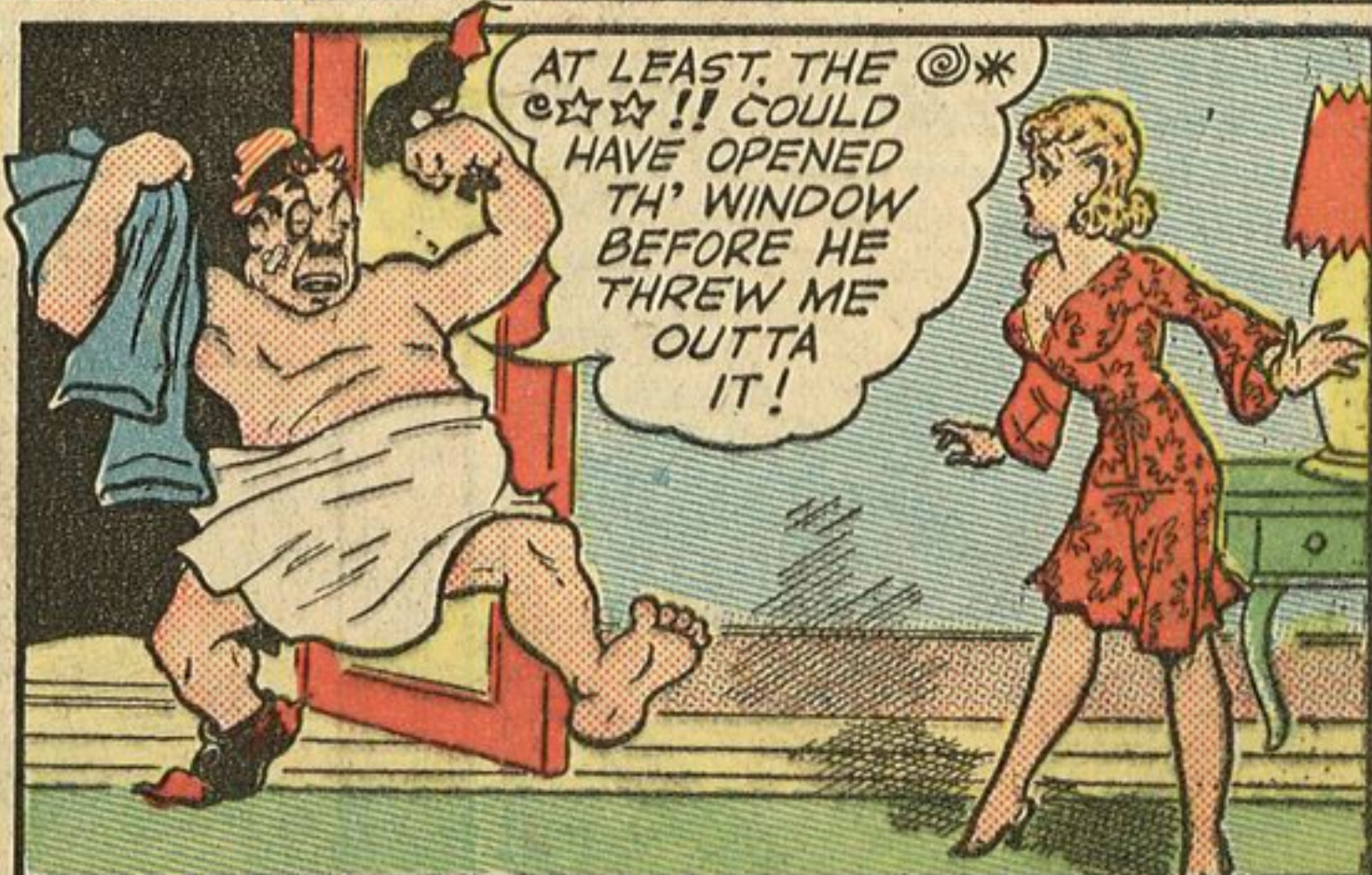
HE'S AS WHACKY AS A
CUCKOO -- BUT
MOLLY SAID TO HUMOR
THE NUT --



SOON THIS CANVAS WILL
GIVE LIFE TO THE
**GREATEST
ARTISTIC
CREATION
OF THE
AGE!**

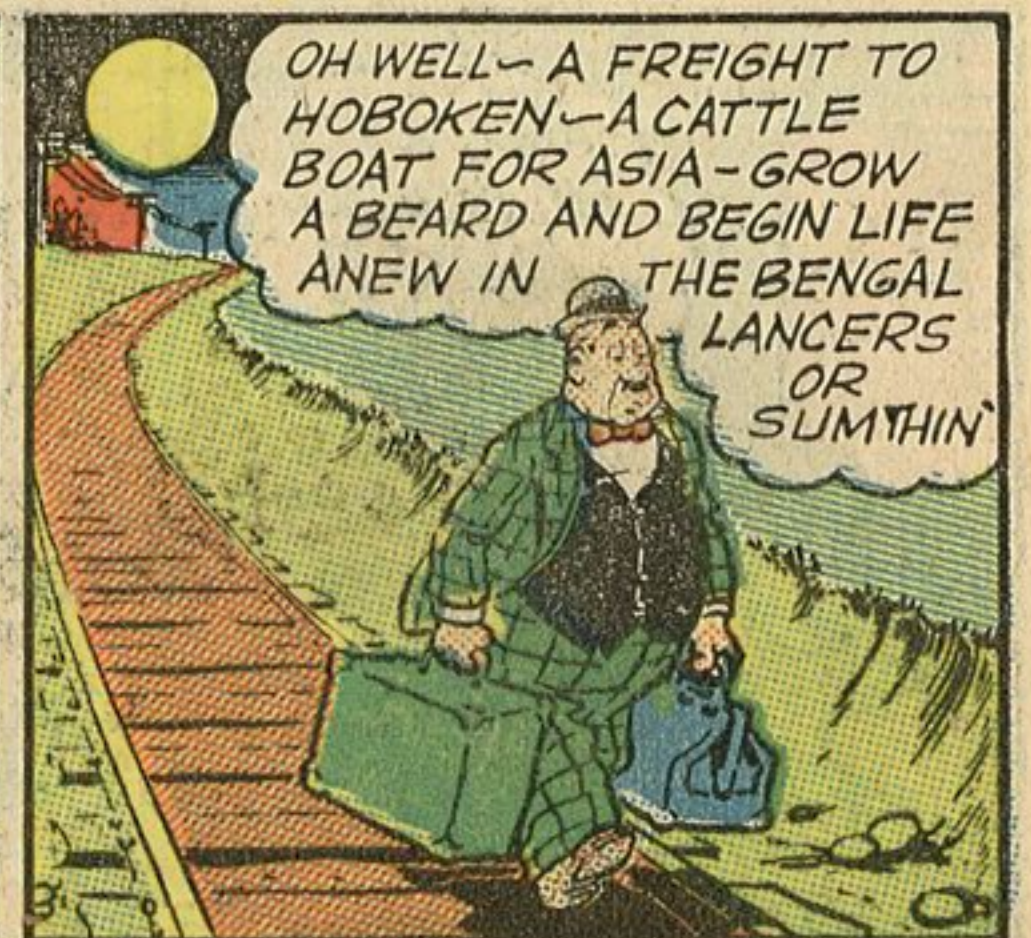
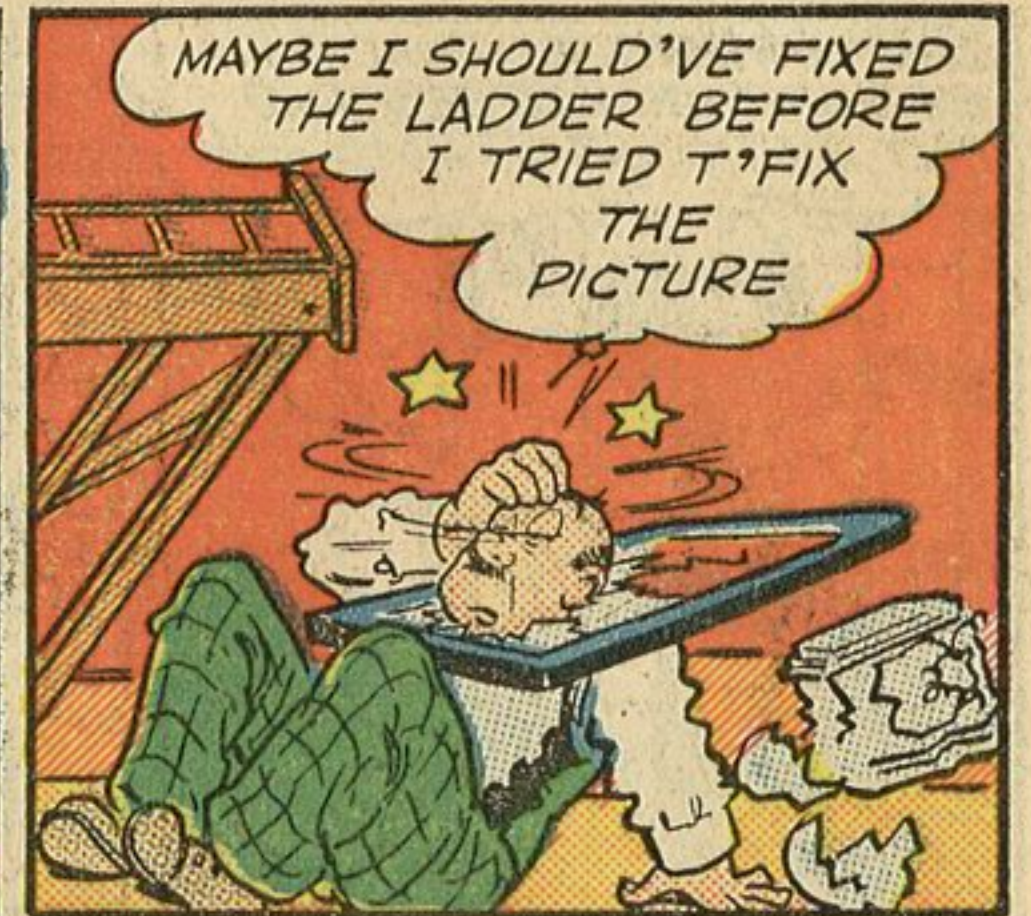
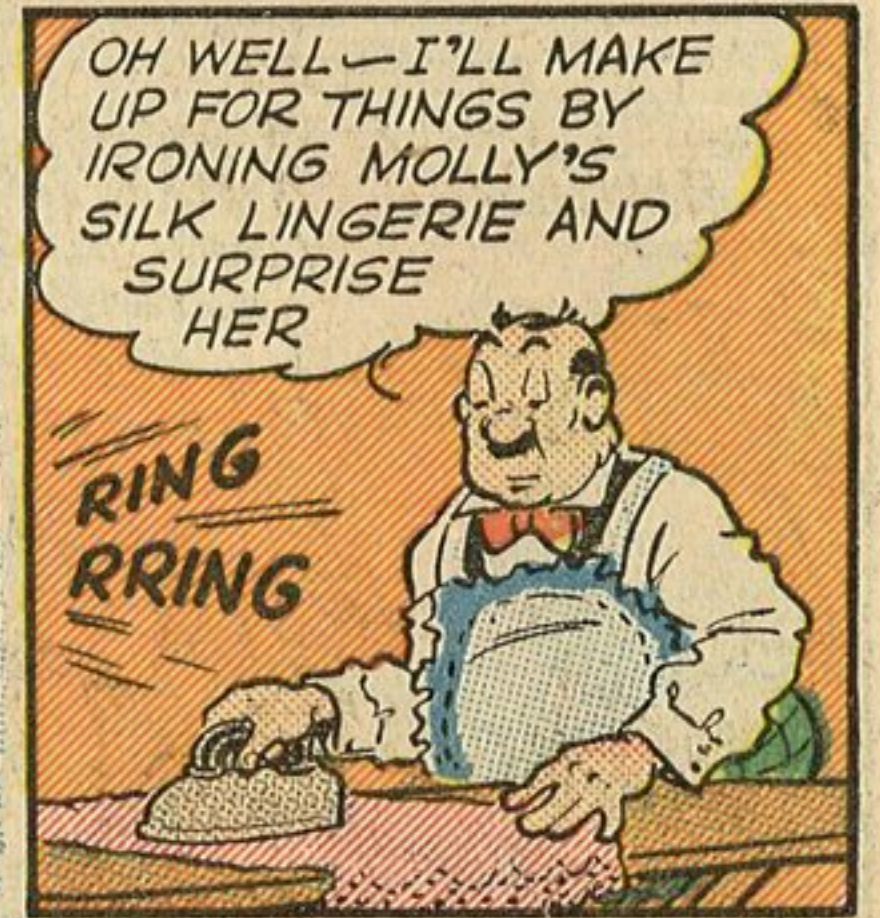
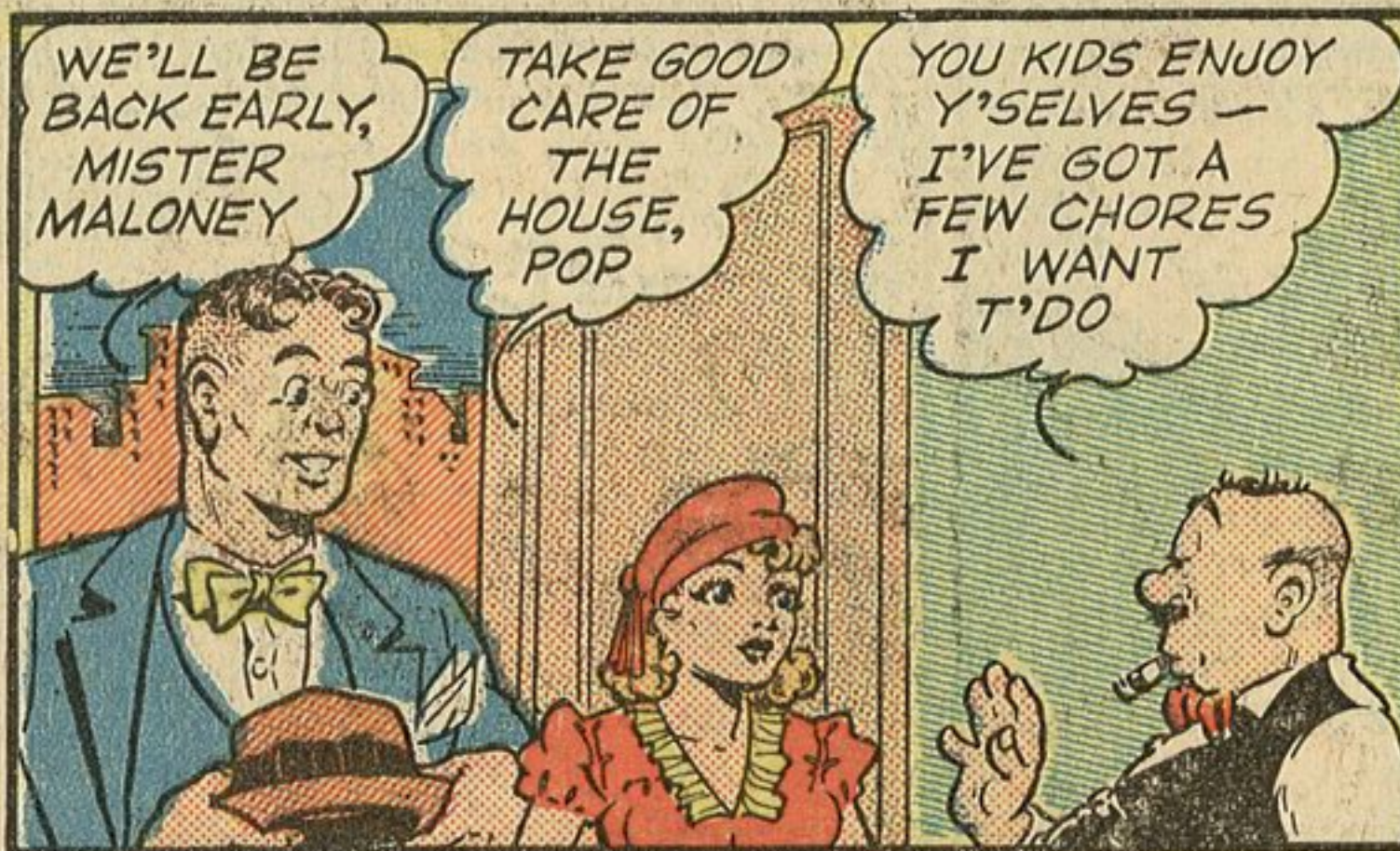


AND NOW,
TO WORK--
--AWK!!

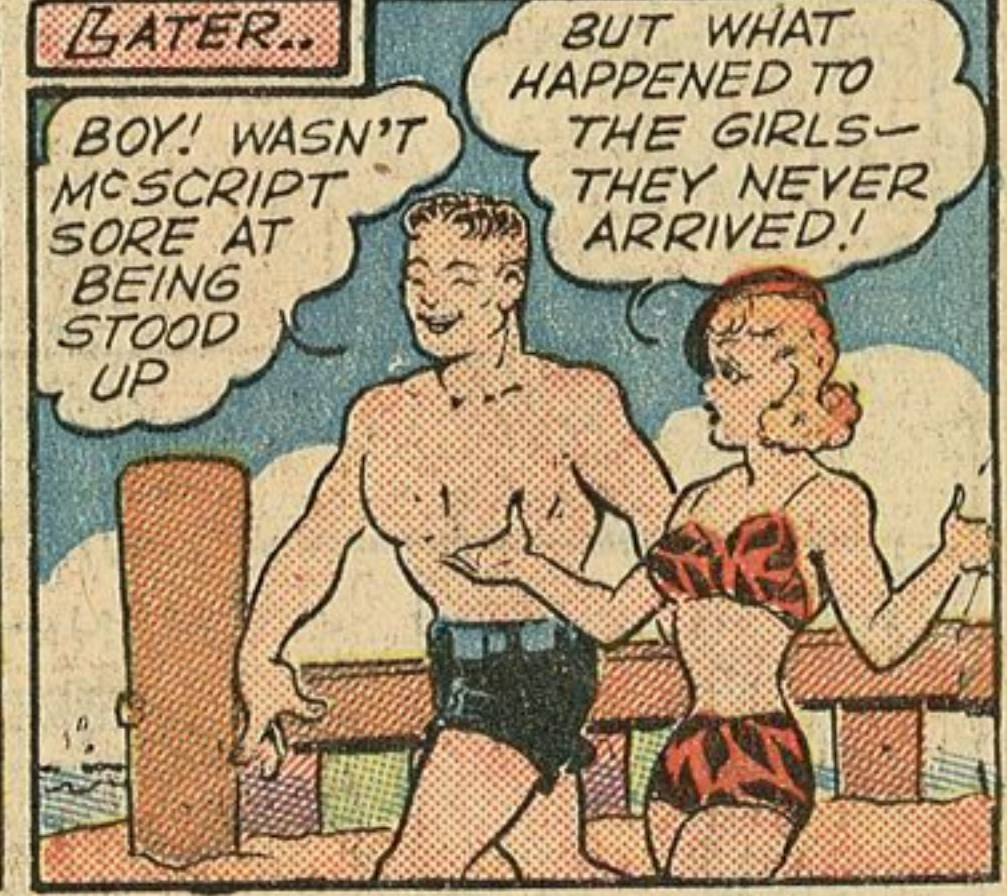
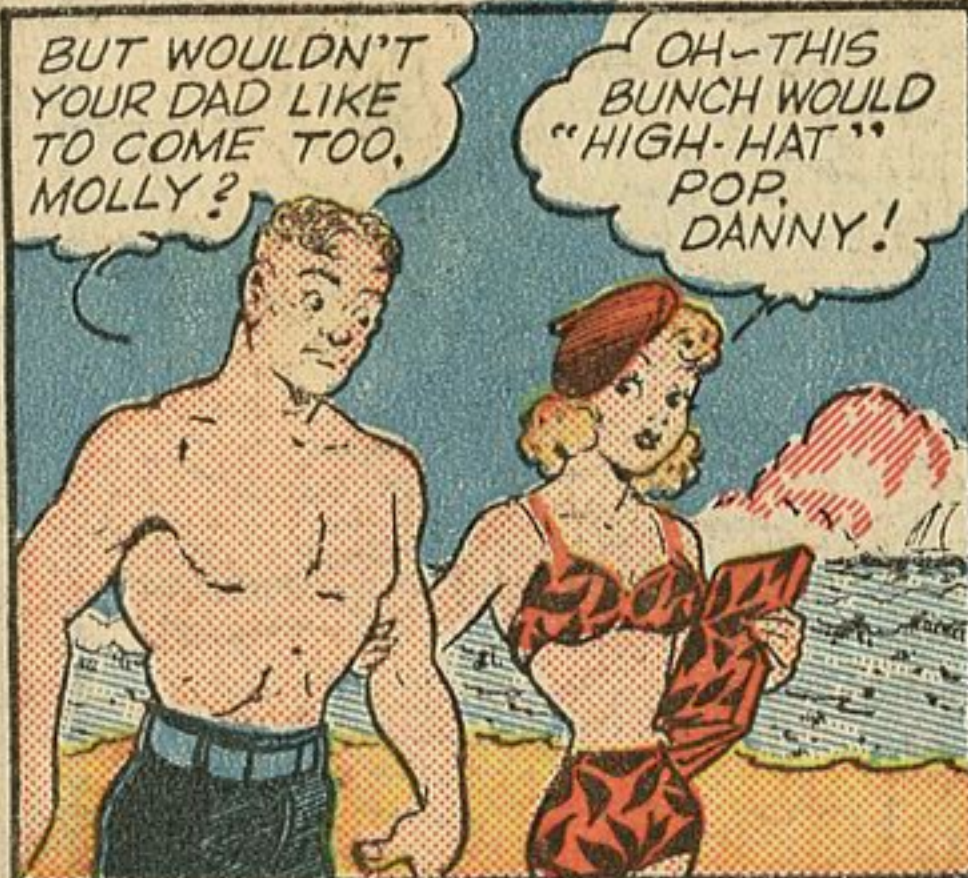


AT LEAST, THE ©*
©☆☆!! COULD
HAVE OPENED
TH' WINDOW
BEFORE HE
THREW ME
OUTTA
IT!

MOLLY THE MODEL



MOLLY the MODEL

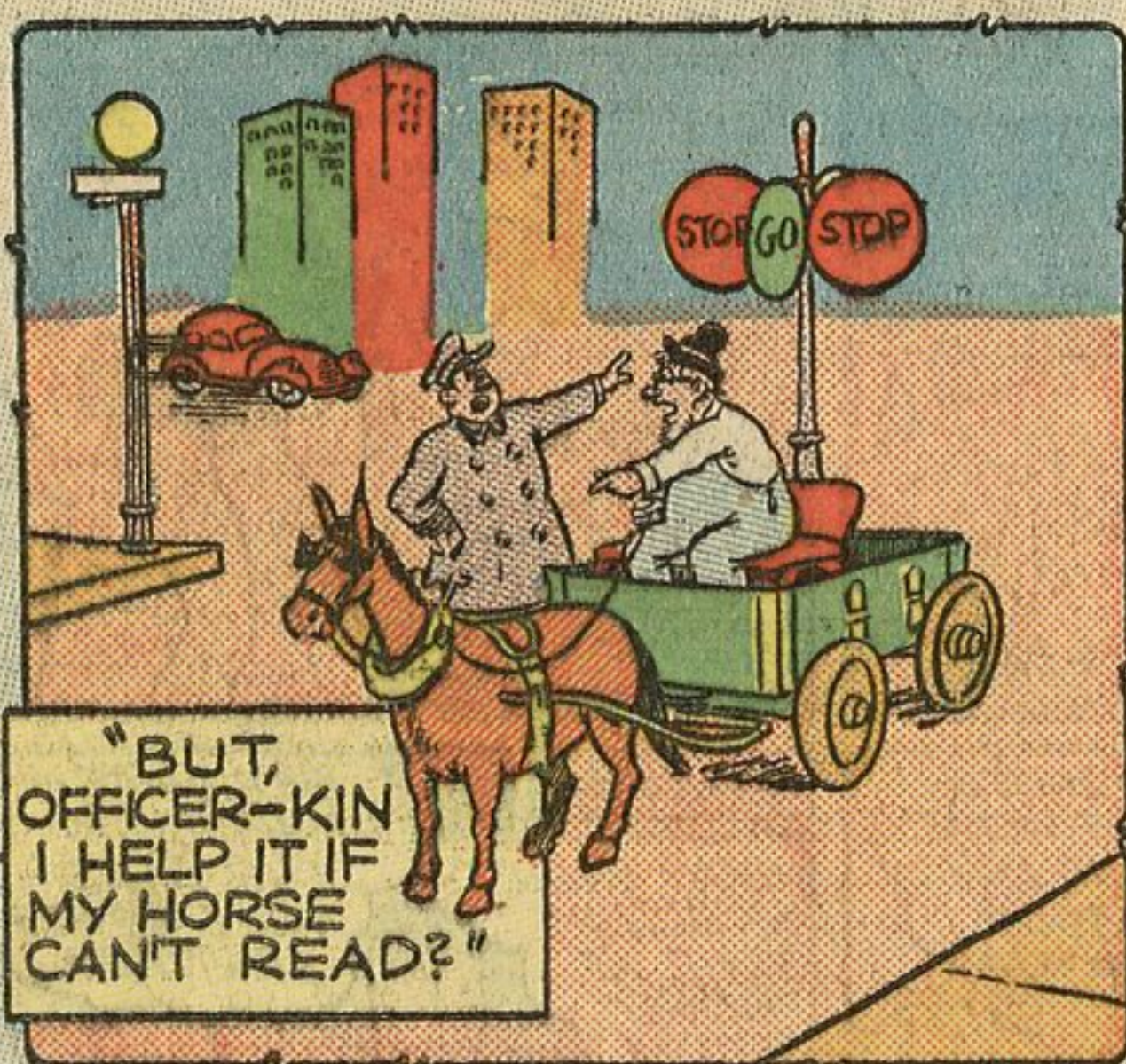
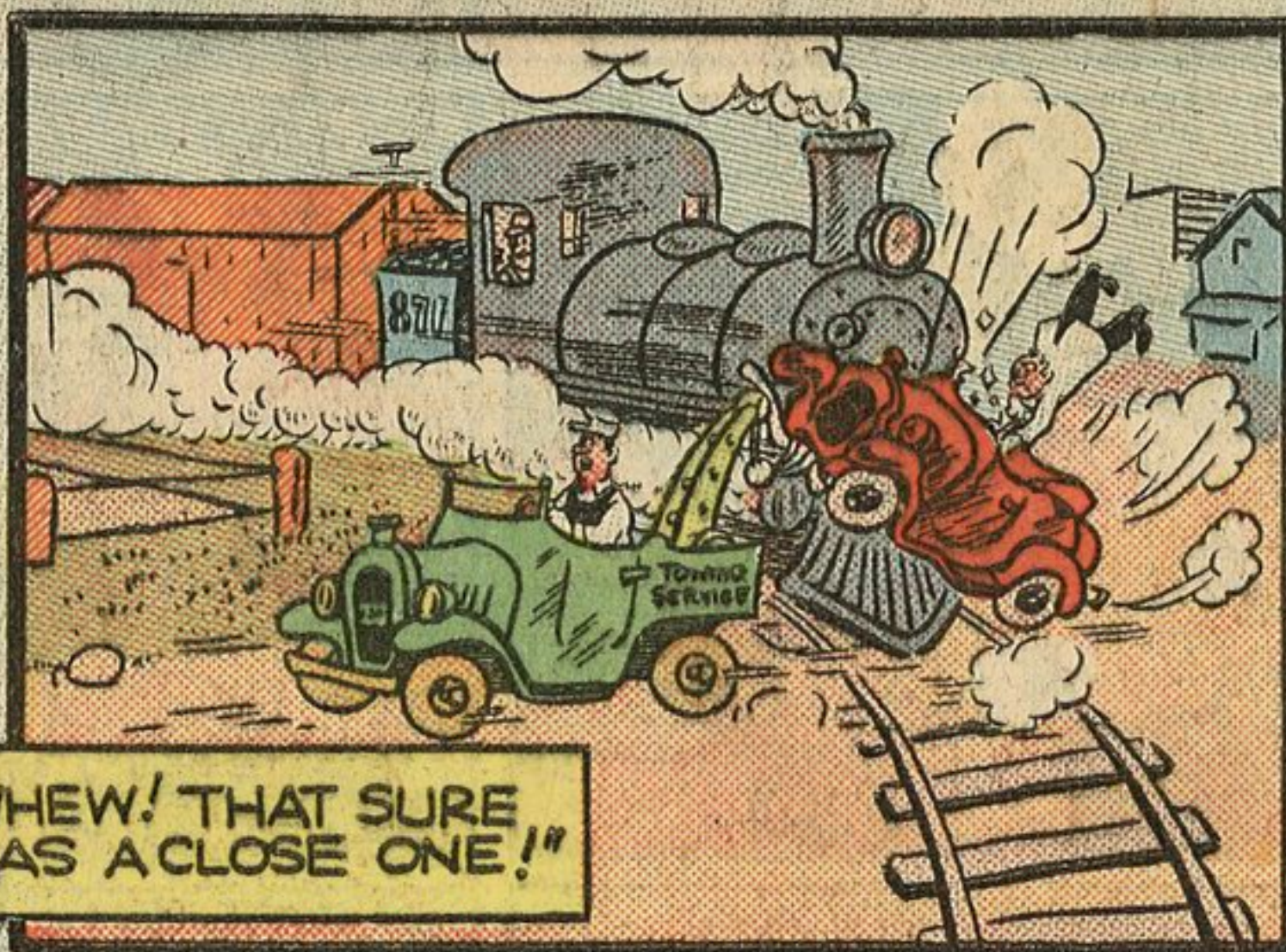


OFF THE RECORD *By ED REED.*

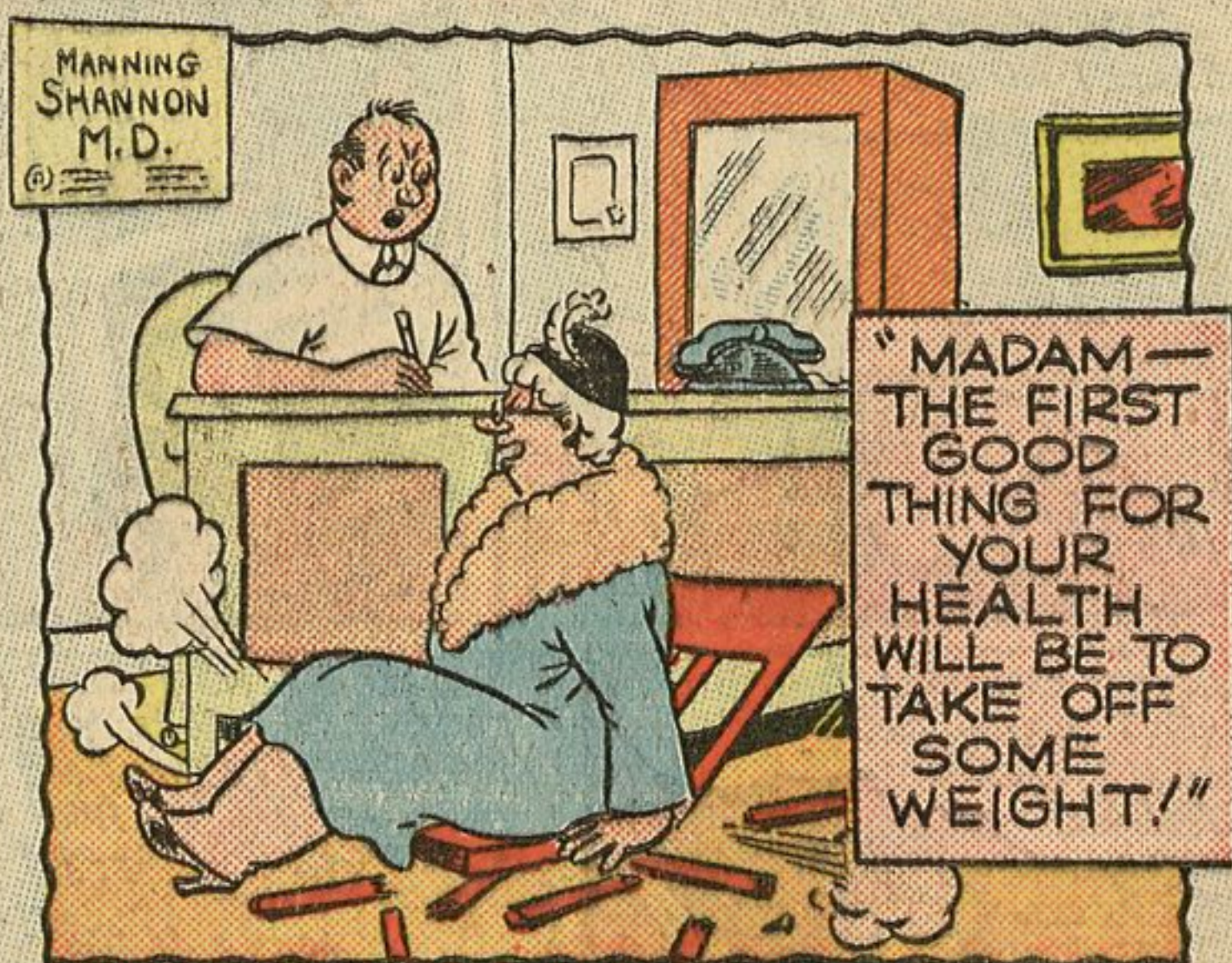
"YOUR PIANO HAS A NICE TONE, NEIGHBOR—MAY I TRY SOMETHING ON IT?"



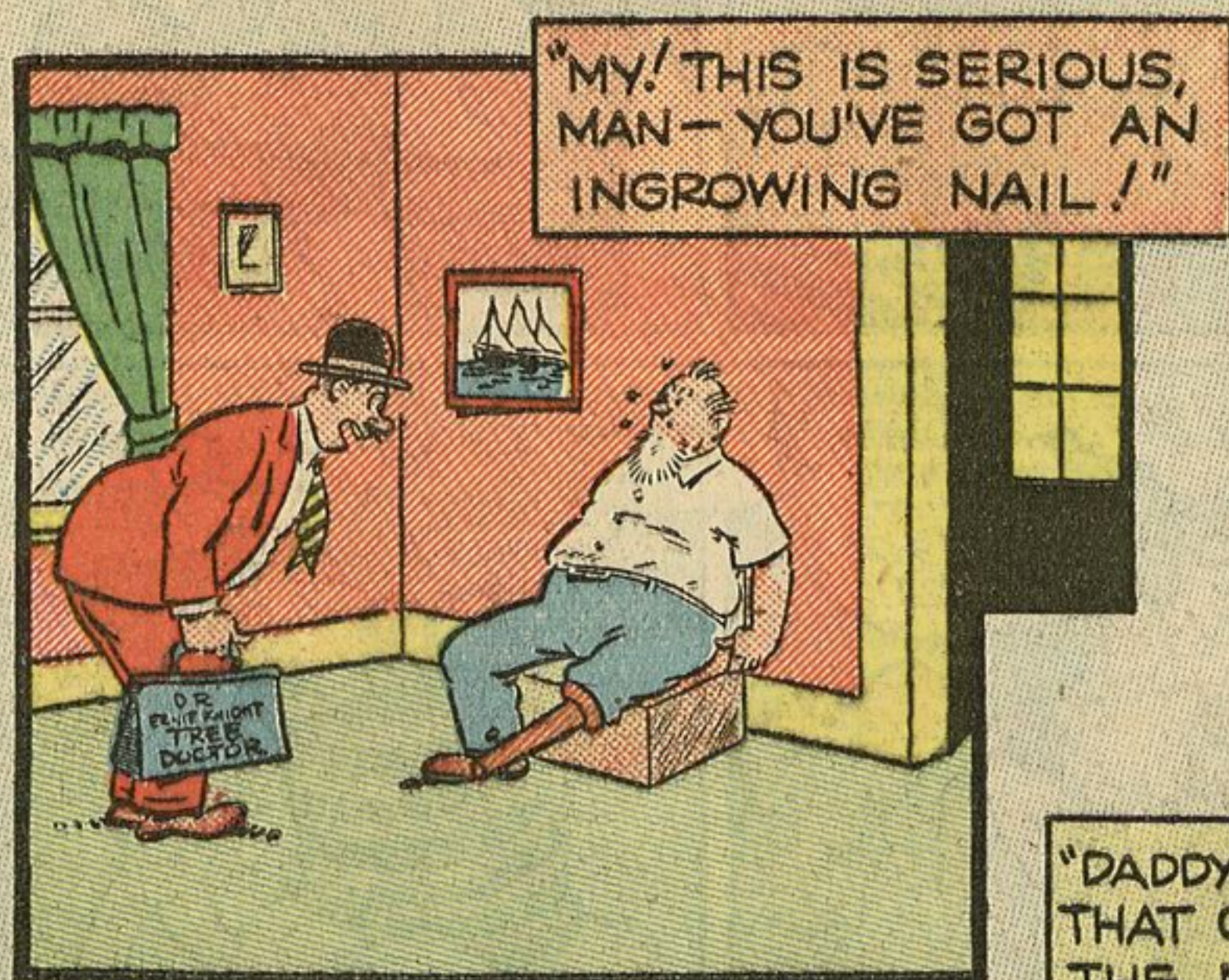
"WHEW! THAT SURE WAS A CLOSE ONE!"



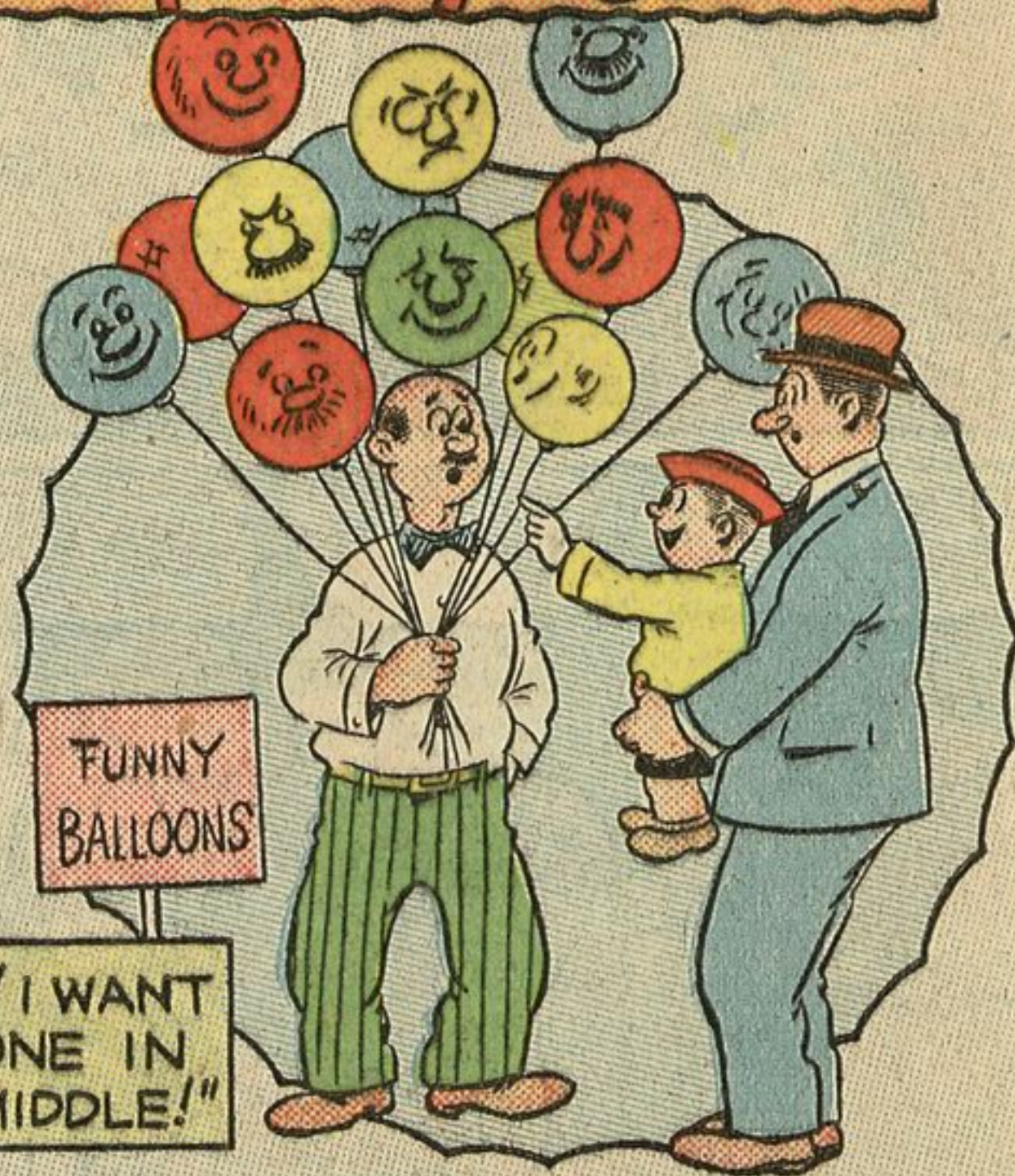
"BUT, OFFICER—KIN I HELP IT IF MY HORSE CAN'T READ?"



"MADAM—THE FIRST GOOD THING FOR YOUR HEALTH WILL BE TO TAKE OFF SOME WEIGHT!"



"MY! THIS IS SERIOUS, MAN—YOU'VE GOT AN INGROWING NAIL!"



"DADDY! I WANT THAT ONE IN THE MIDDLE!"

THE RED TORPEDO

BY
ROY LARKIN

THIS VERITABLE ROBIN HOOD OF THE DEEP RIDES A NAVIGABLE TORPEDO, THE MOST DEADLY WEAPON AFLOAT. MASKED AND MYSTERIOUS, HE SAILS THE SEVEN SEAS. A TERROR TO ALL MARITIME EVIL DOERS.

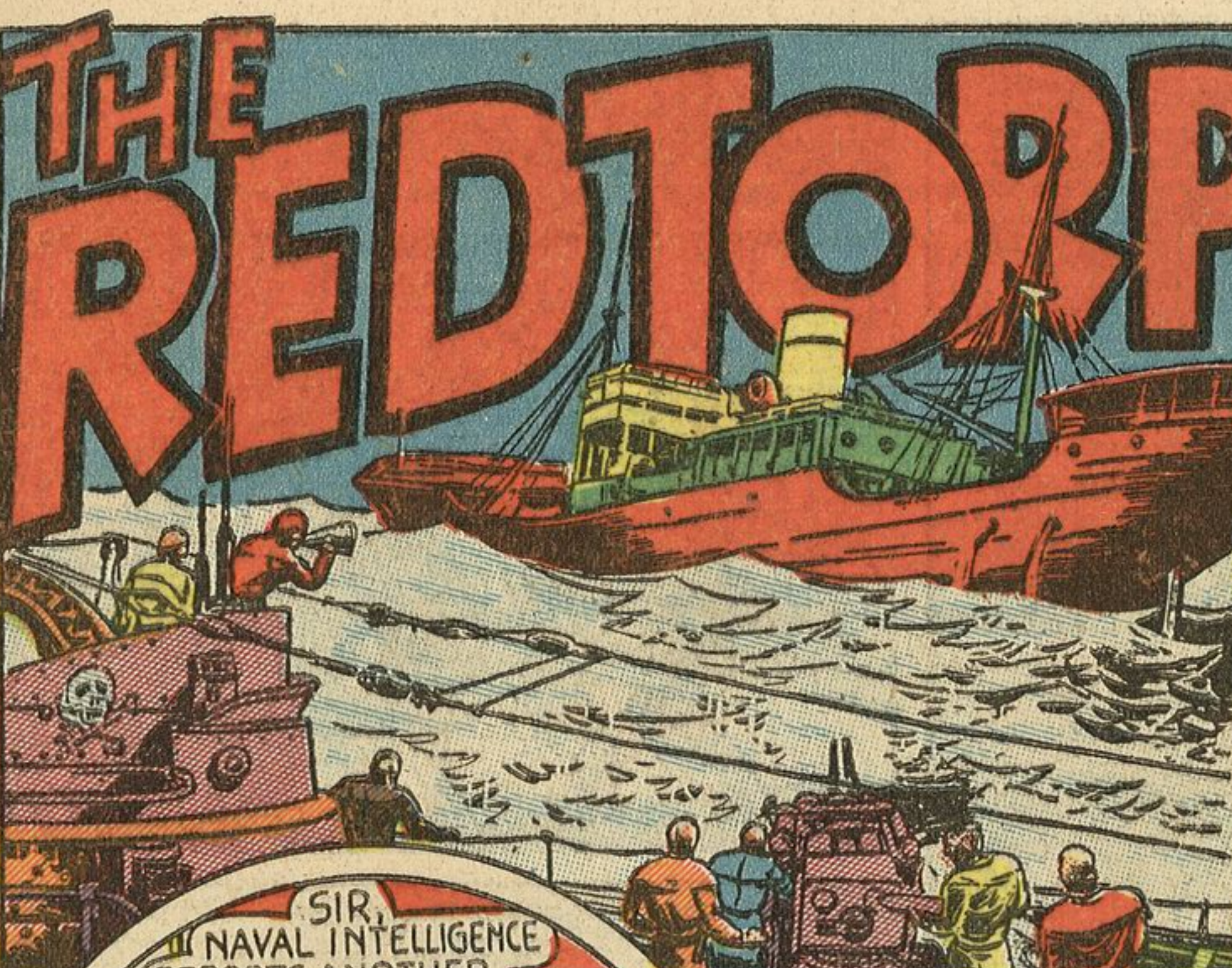
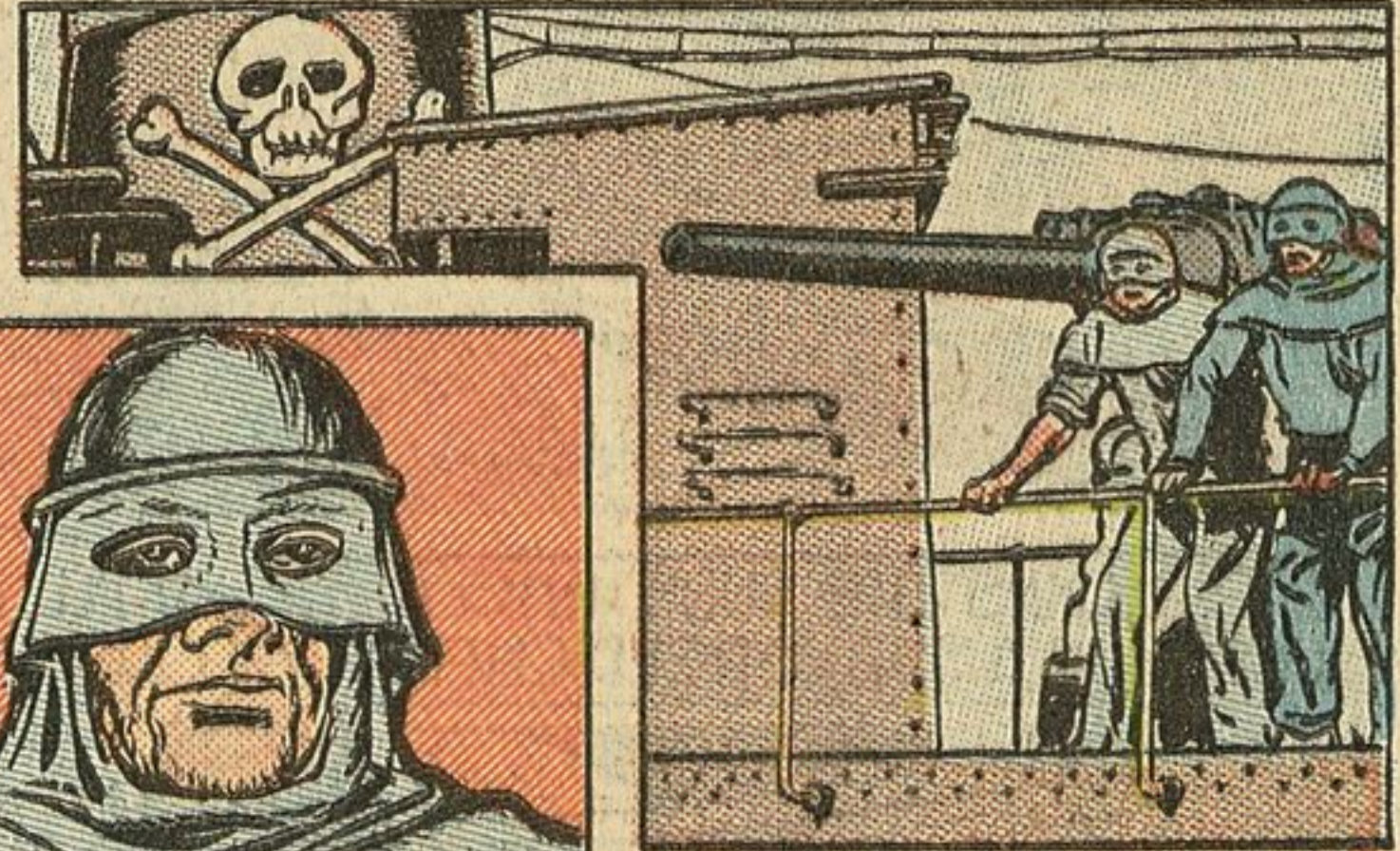
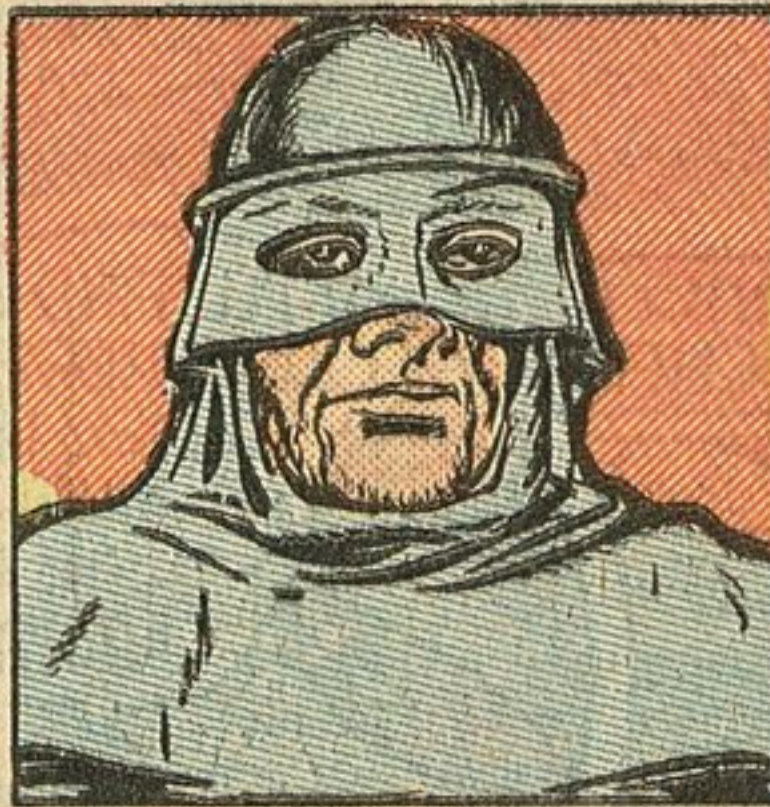
SIR, NAVAL INTELLIGENCE REPORTS ANOTHER PIRACY BY AN UNIDENTIFIED SUBMARINE FLOTILLA!

AND, GENTLEMEN, THESE PIRATE SUBS ARE FASTER THAN ANY OTHER SHIP! WE CANNOT FOLLOW THEM TO THEIR SECRET BASE!

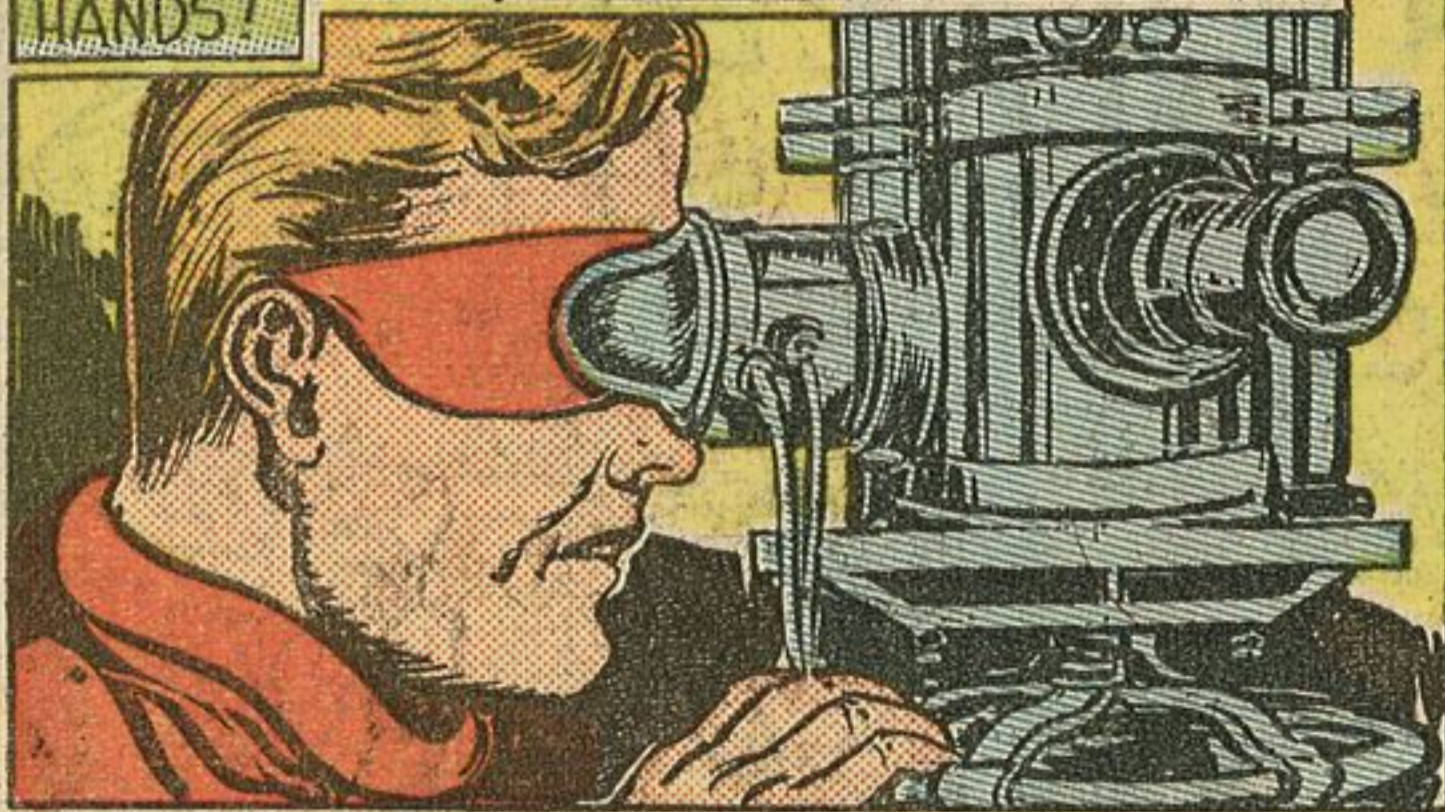
FROM ALL REPORTS THEY ARE MARKED ONLY BY A SKULL AND CROSS-BONES, AND THE CREW IS COMPLETELY MASKED!

THE RED TORPEDO DECIDES TO MAKE HIS OWN INVESTIGATION OF THESE MYSTERIOUS MARAUDERS.

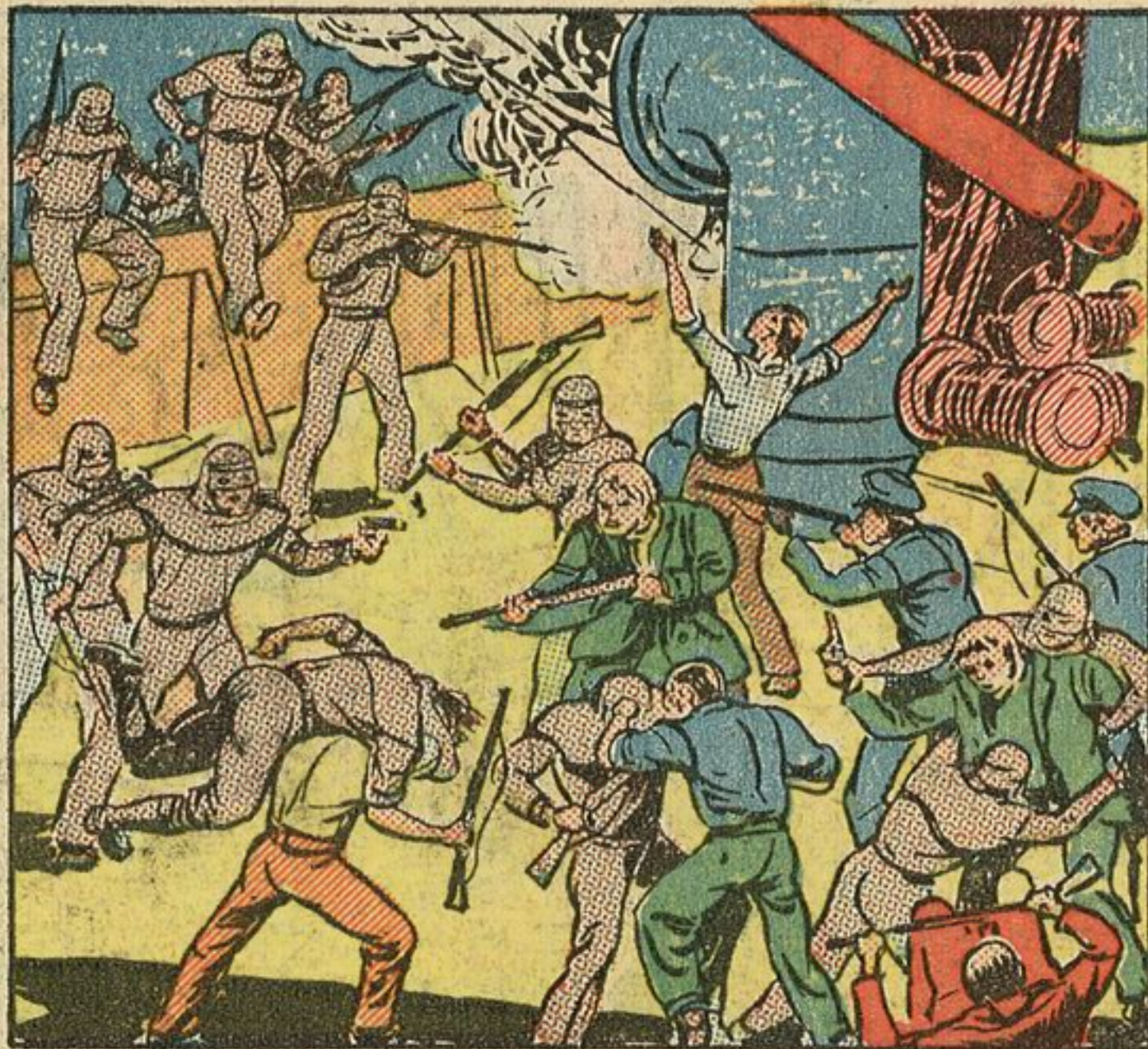
HERE COMES A BIG FREIGHTER! I THINK I'LL FOLLOW IT AND CATCH THESE PIRATES IN THE ACT!



UNSEEN, THE RED TORPEDO WATCHES AS THE FREIGHTER MEETS DISASTER AT THE RAIDER'S HANDS!

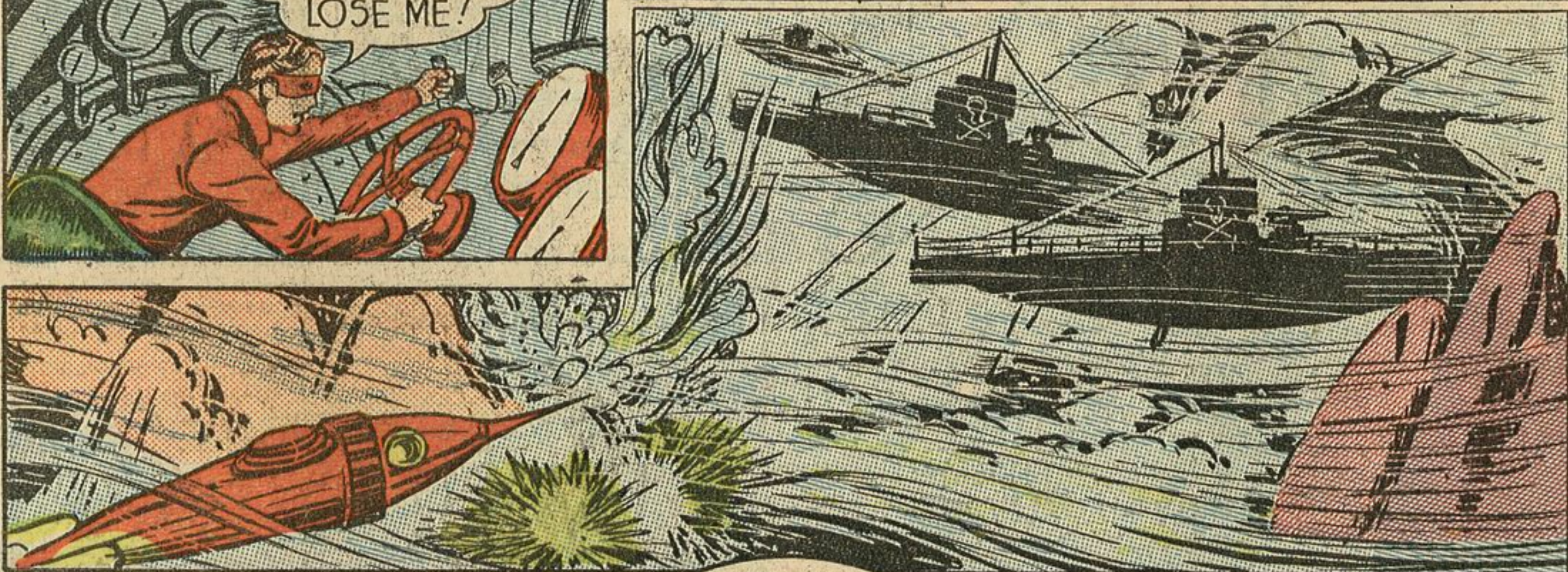


AS THEIR VICTIM SINKS, ALL THE PIRATES MAKE OFF, CUTTING SWIFTLY UNDER THE WATER...

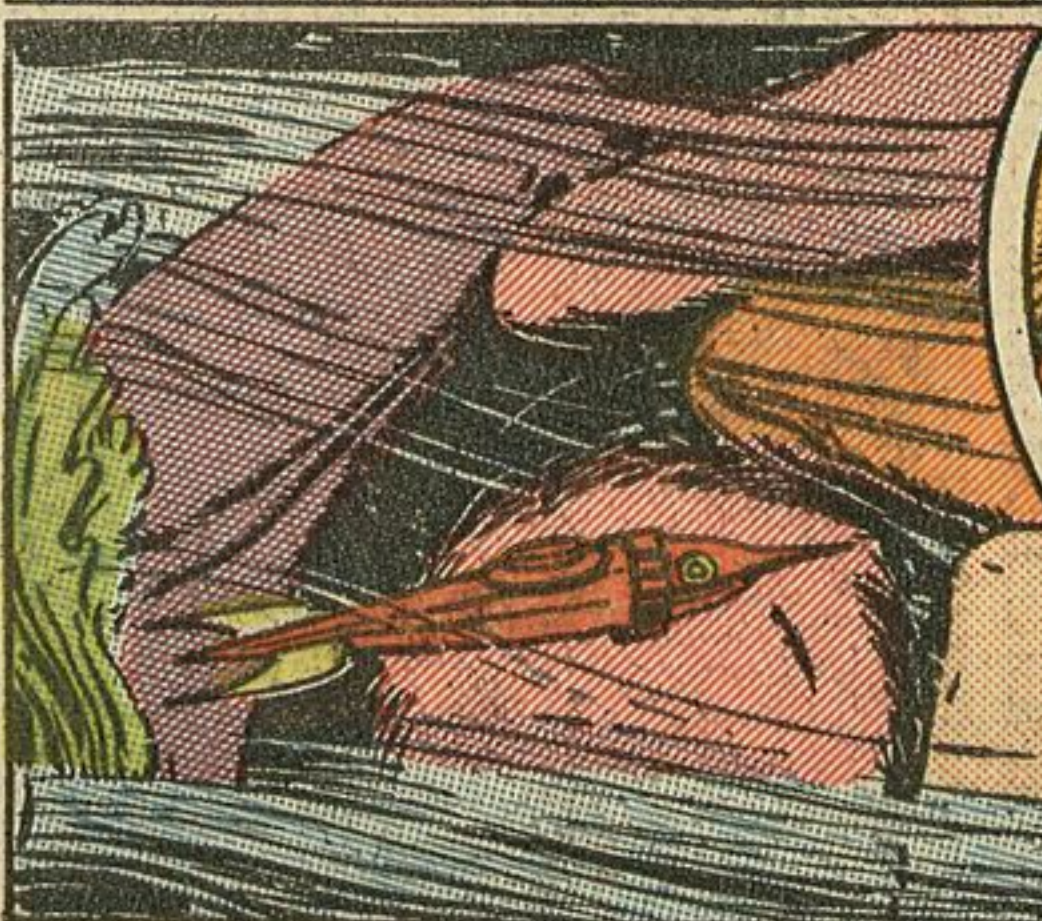


THEY MAY BE FAST,
BUT THEY CAN'T
LOSE ME!

THE RED TORPEDO TRAILS THE PIRATES TO THEIR SECRET BASE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN...

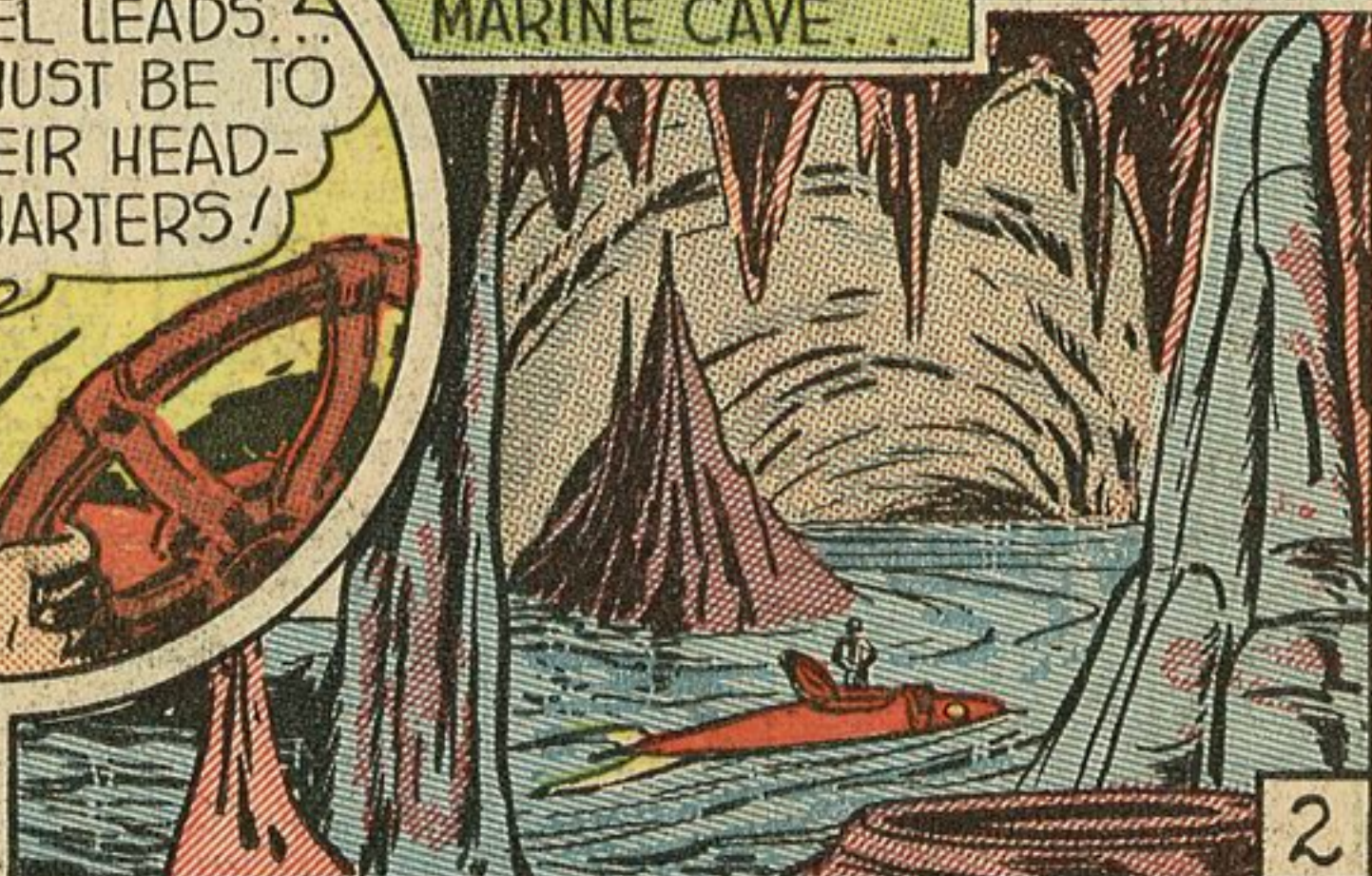


HE FOLLOWS THE SUBS INTO A TUNNEL IN A SUBMERGED CLIFF!



I'LL FIND
OUT WHERE THIS
TUNNEL LEADS...
IT MUST BE TO
THEIR HEAD-
QUARTERS!

THE RED TORPEDO COMES UP IN A LAKE INSIDE A HUGE SUB-MARINE CAVE...



HIDING HIS SHIP, THE RED TORPEDO MAKES HIS WAY OUT OF THE CAVE ALONG A NARROW LEDGE.



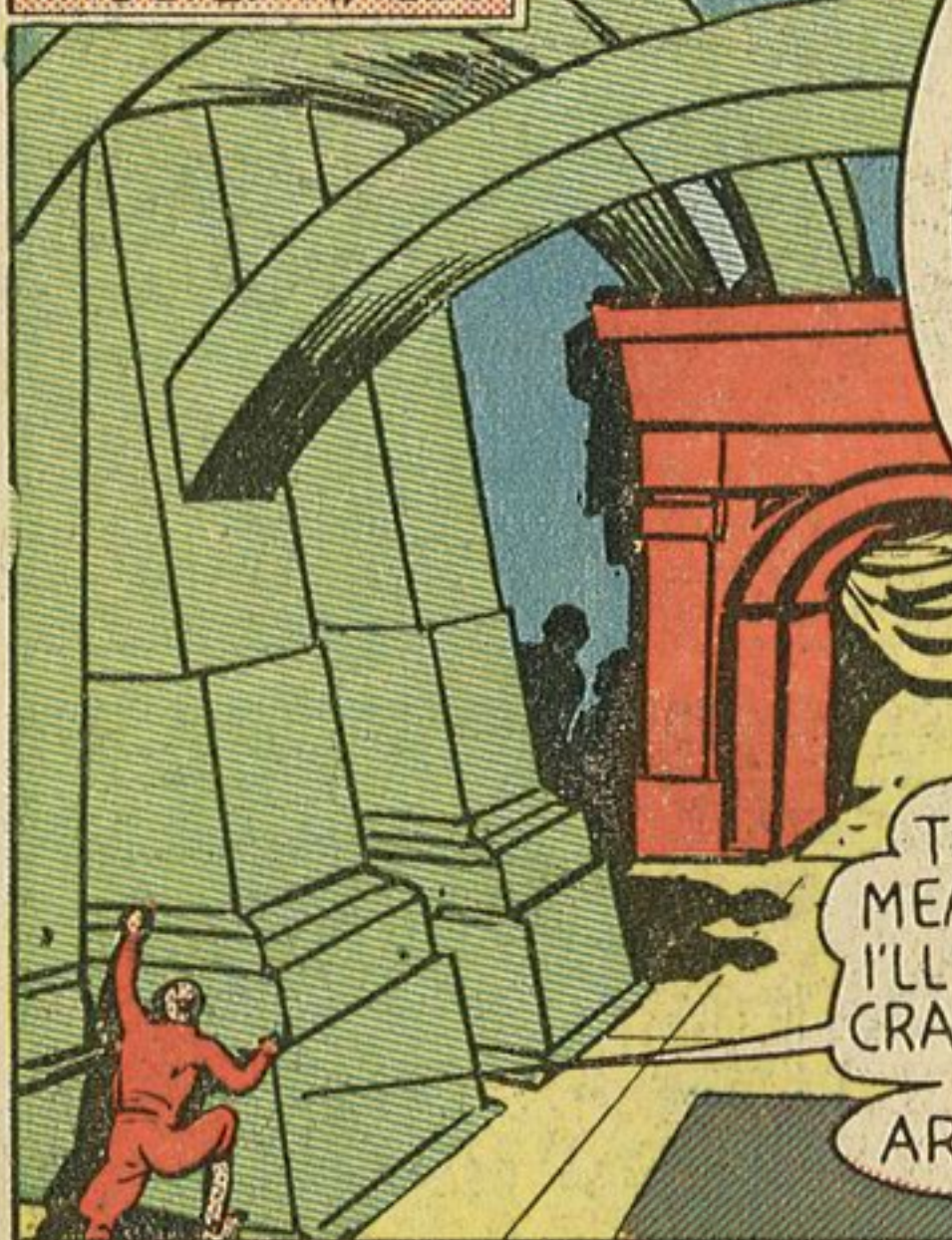
ONLY TO FIND HIMSELF FACE TO FACE WITH A GUARD.



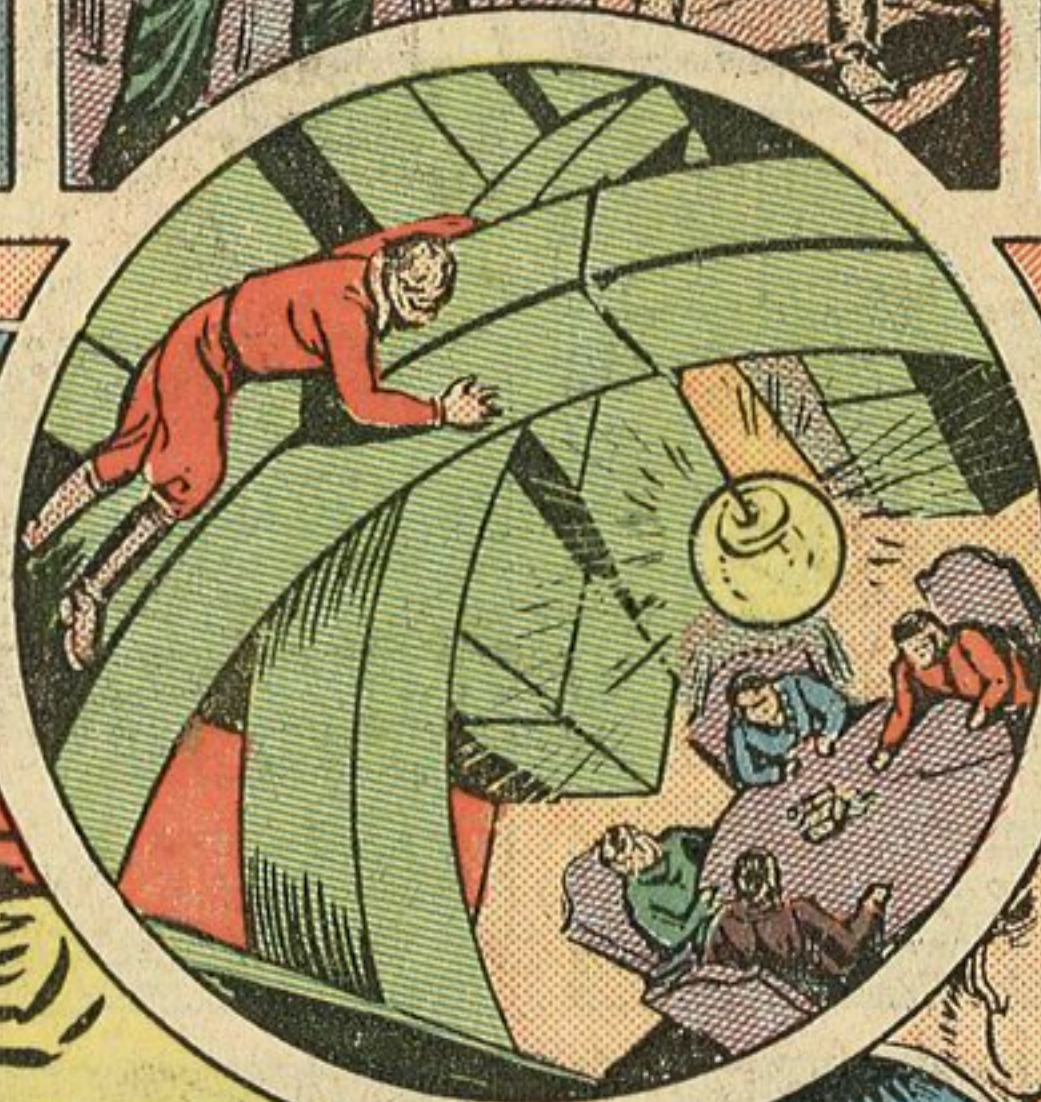
OVER YOU GO, MY FRIEND!



SOON HE COMES TO A GREAT VAULTED HALL.

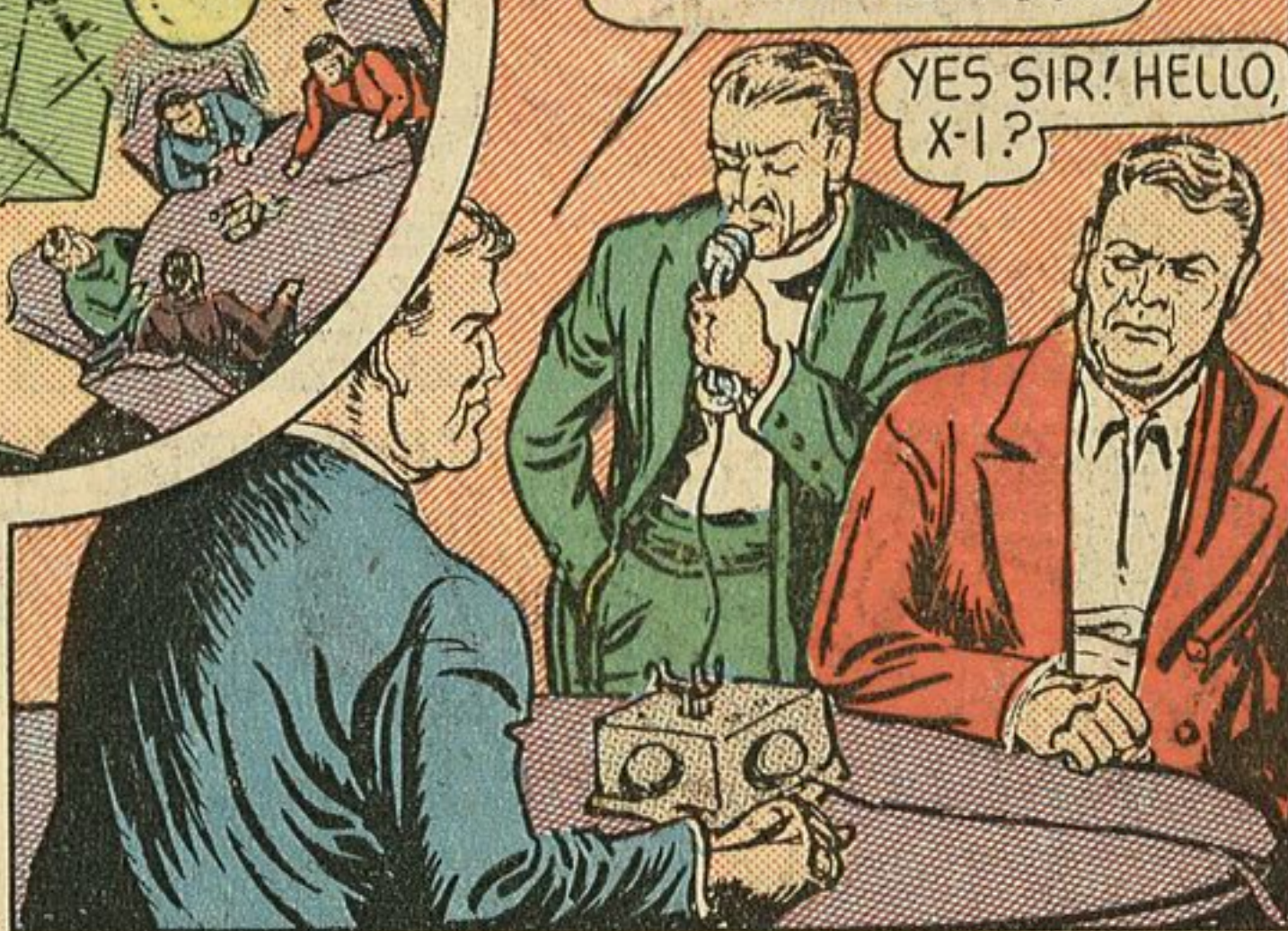


THOSE SHADOWS MEAN TROUBLE! I'LL CLIMB UP AND CRAWL ALONG THESE ARCHES!



THAT LAST HAUL WAS A GOOD ONE! CALL X-1 ON THE PRIVATE RADIO PHONE AND GET OUR ORDERS FOR THE NEXT JOB!

YES SIR! HELLO, X-1?



MEANWHILE, IN THE OFFICES OF THE GREAT EUTONIA STEAMSHIP LINE.

WELL DONE, Z-3! YOU HAVE OUR MERCHANDISE, AND WE HAVE THE INSURANCE! PREPARE TO ATTACK THE HARMONIA TOMORROW AT LATITUDE 160° LONGITUDE 13°!

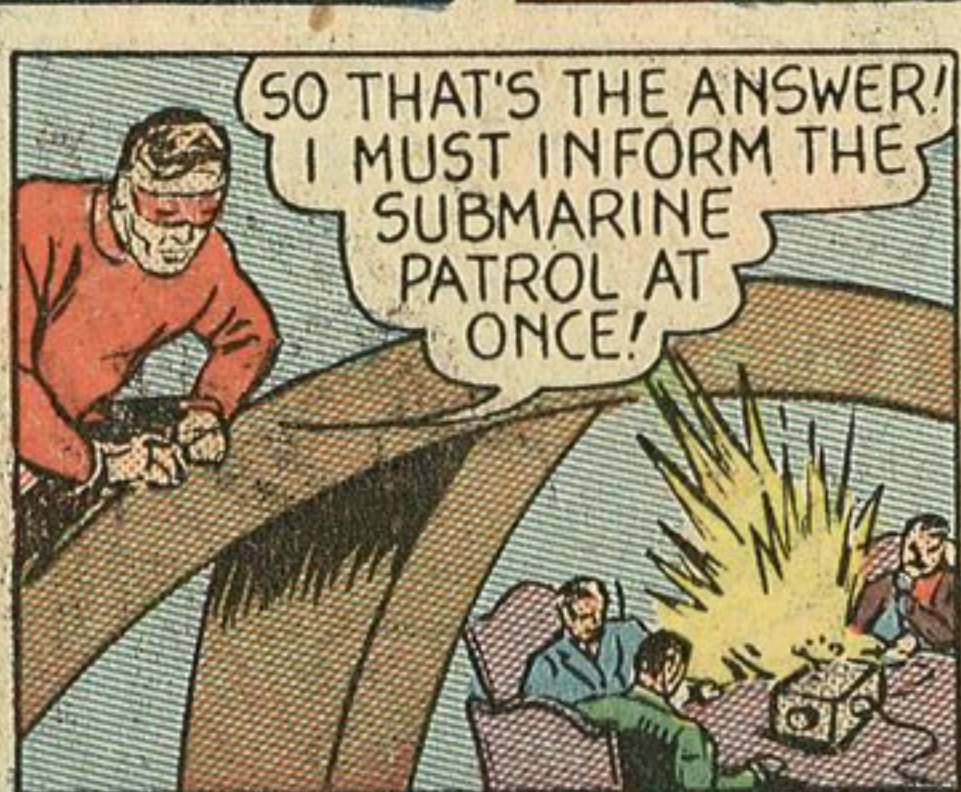


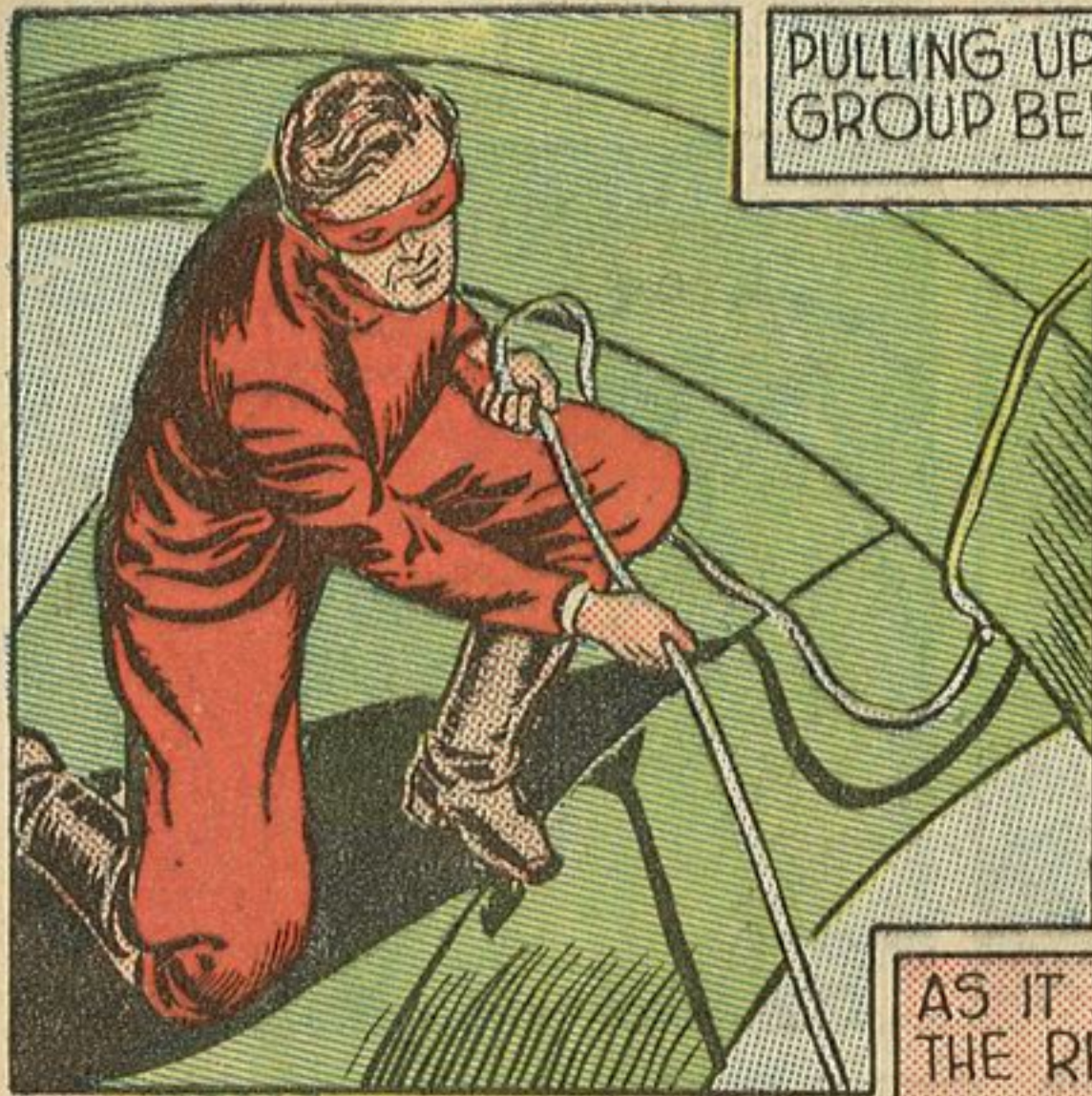
HEY! LOOK! A SPY!

SHOOT HIM DOWN!

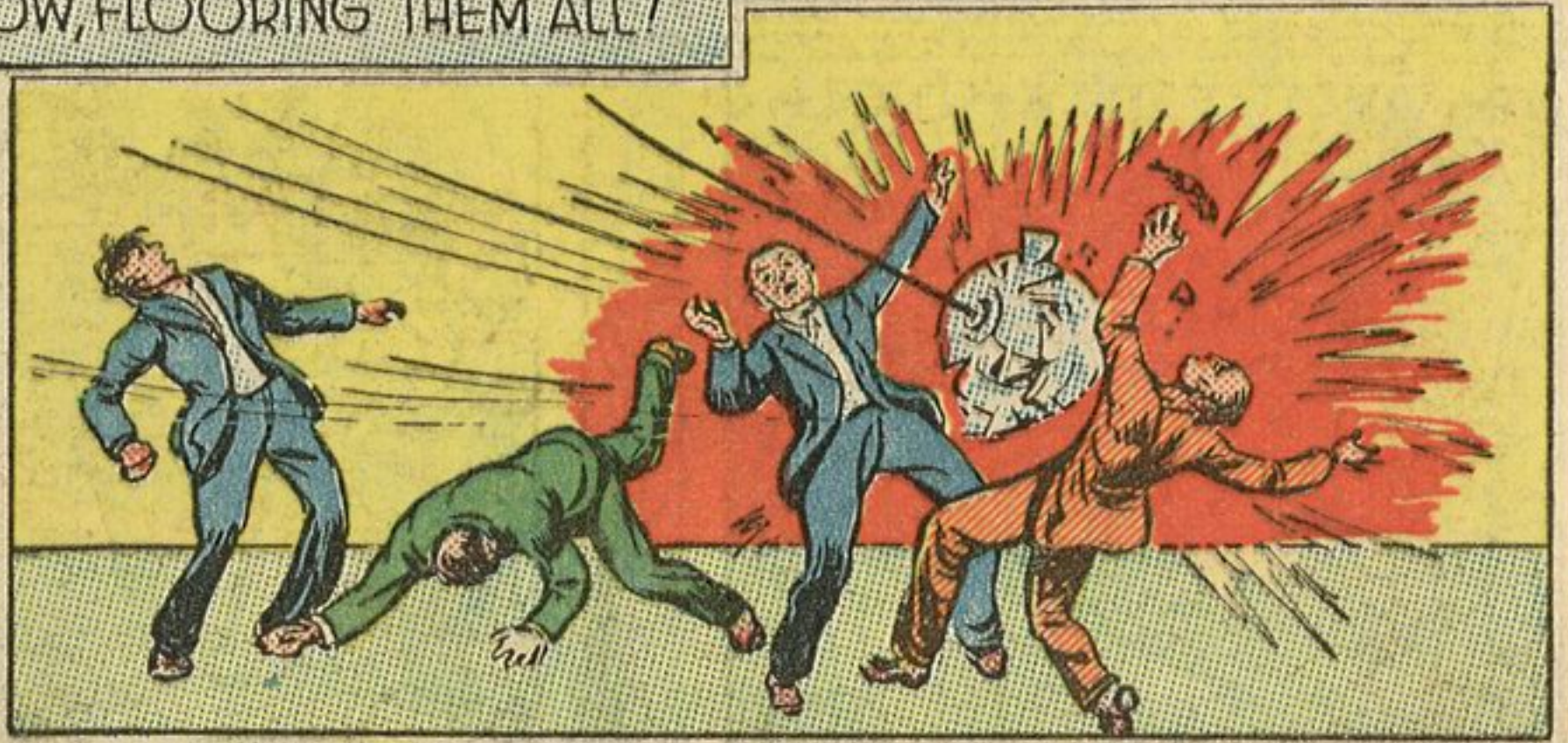


SO THAT'S THE ANSWER! I MUST INFORM THE SUBMARINE PATROL AT ONCE!

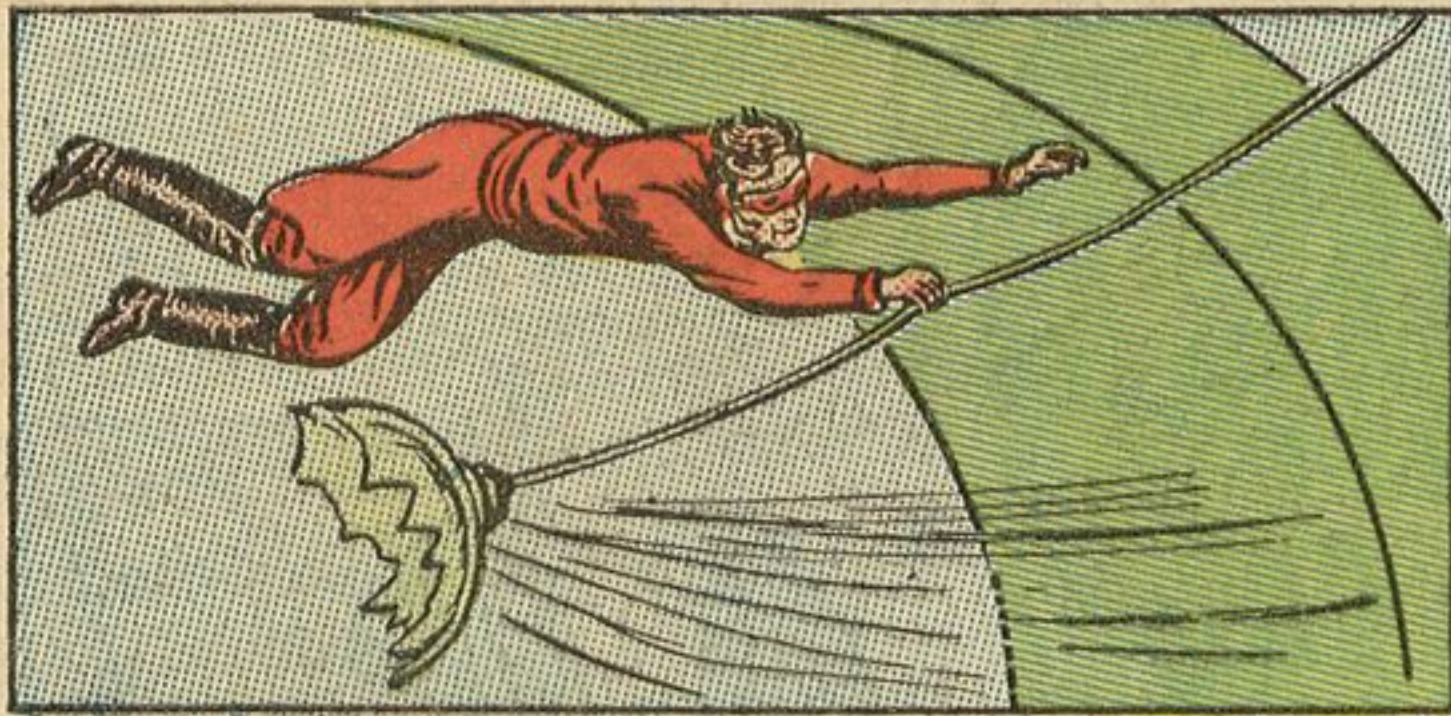




PULLING UP THE CHANDELIER, THE RED TORPEDO SWINGS IT INTO THE GROUP BELOW, FLOORING THEM ALL!



AS IT SWINGS BACK IN A GREAT ARC, HE CATCHES THE CORD AND THE REBOUND CATAPULTS HIM CLEAR ACROSS THE HALL BEFORE HIS FOES CAN RECOVER.

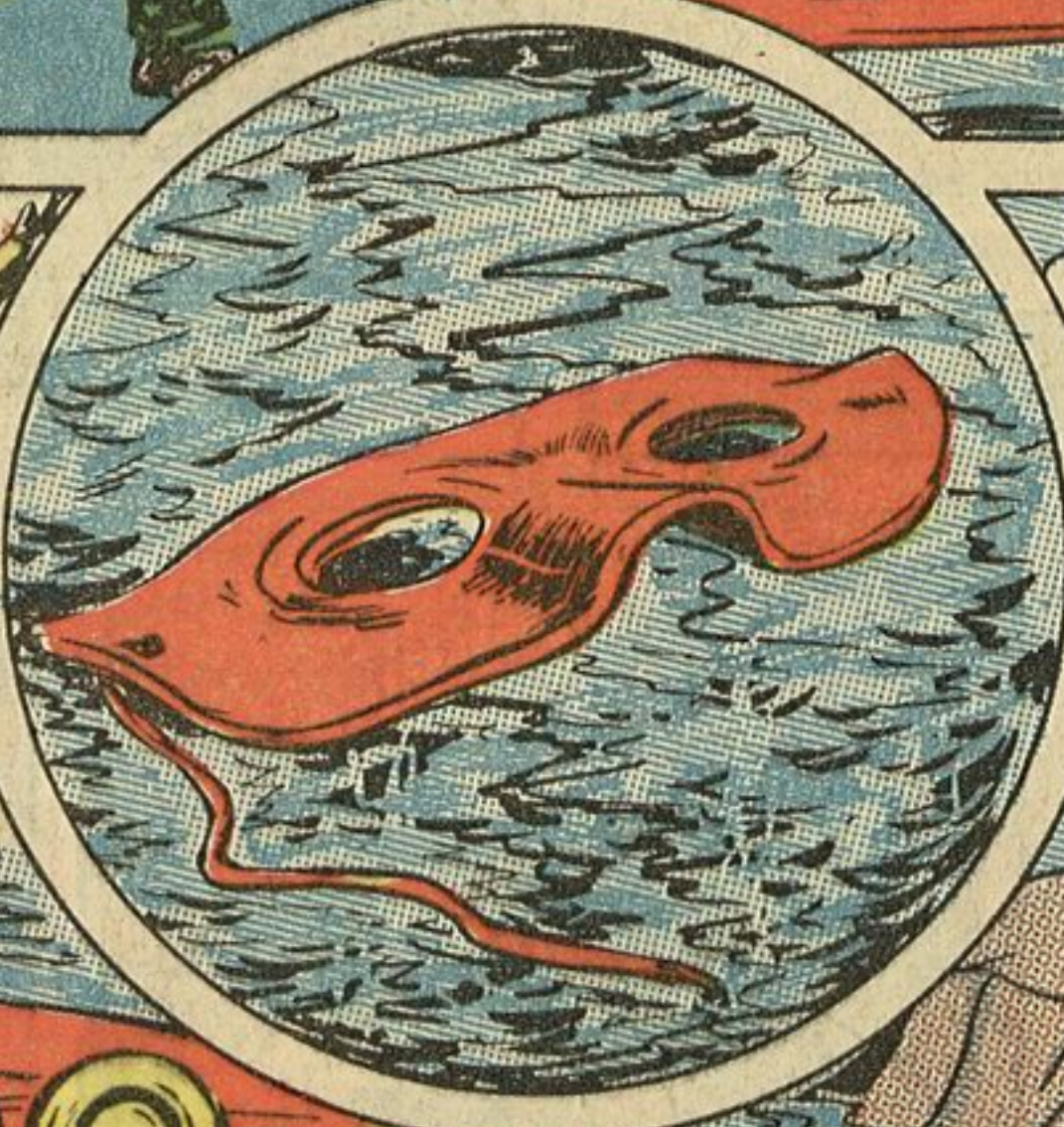
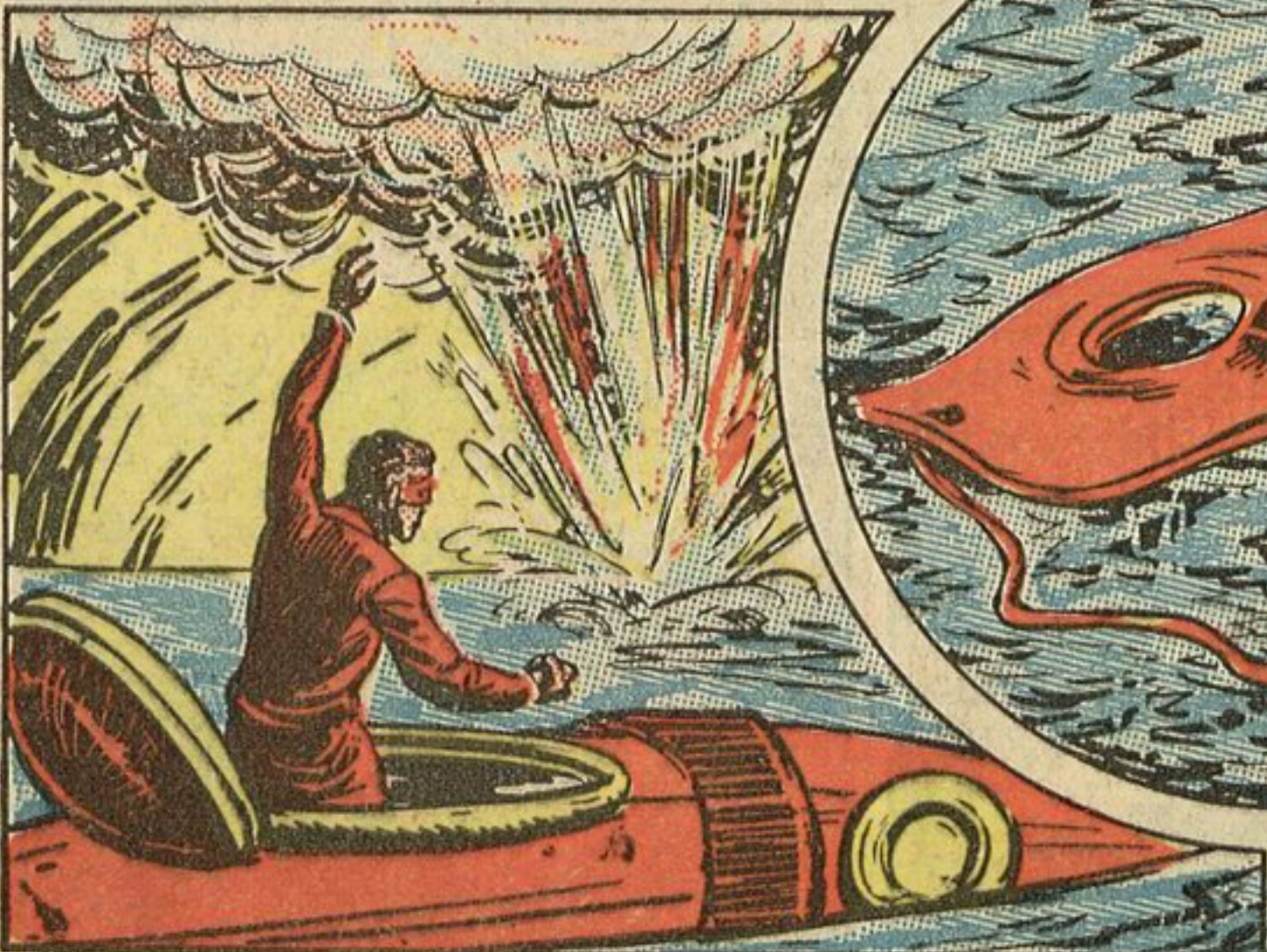


AS HE LANDS HE FLATTENS TWO MORE GUARDS WITH A POWERFUL KICK!



AND REACHES HIS CRAFT AHEAD OF THE PURSUING PIRATES.

I'LL SET OFF A BOMB AND LEAVE MY MASK ON THE SURFACE OF THE WATER! THEY'LL THINK I'VE BEEN BLOWN UP AND SUNK!



WELL, THAT FINISHES HIM! WE CAN CARRY OUT THE ATTACK WITHOUT CHANGING OUR PLANS!

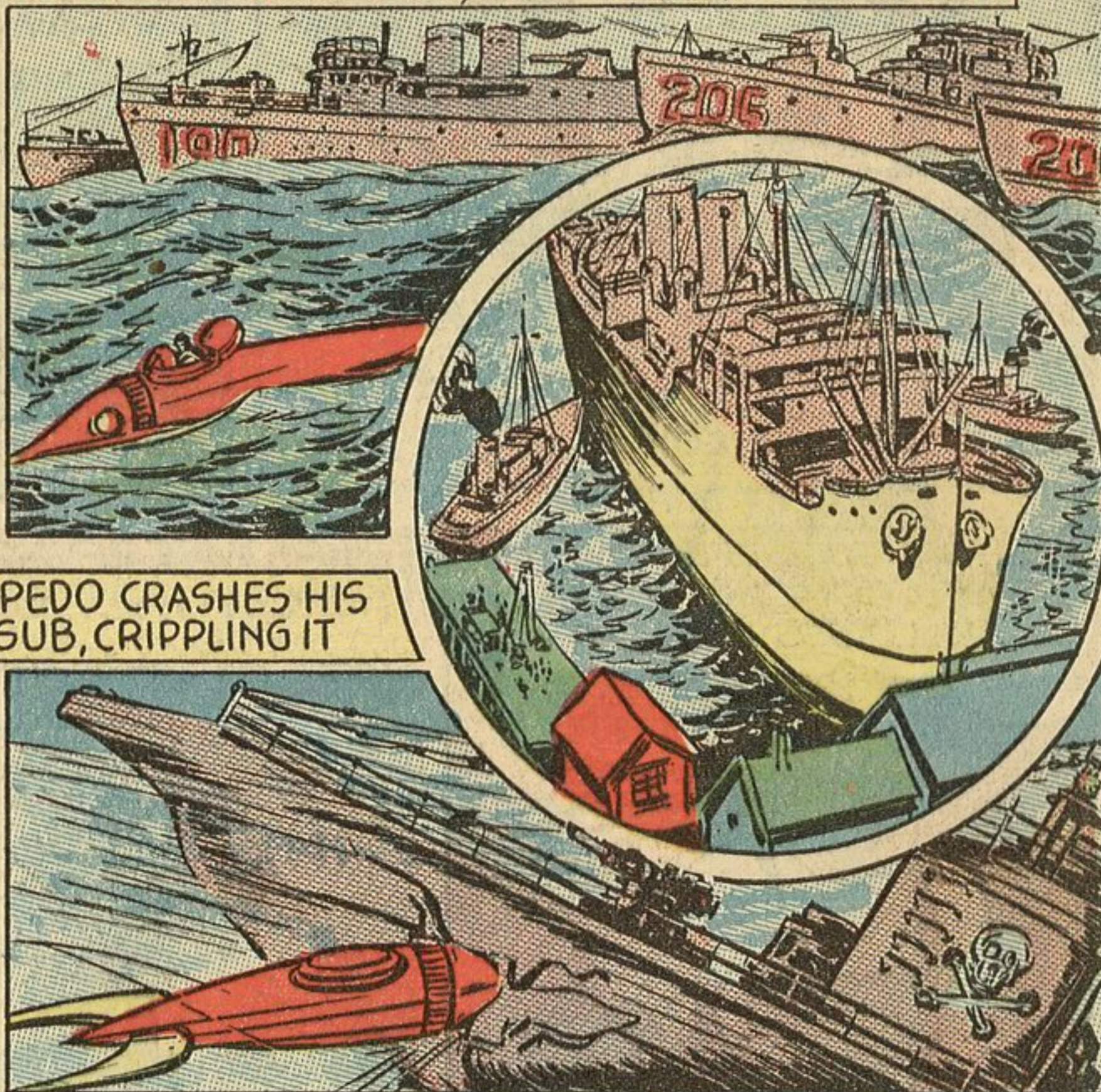


THE RED TORPEDO DASHES BACK TO THE OFFICES OF THE SUB PATROL...

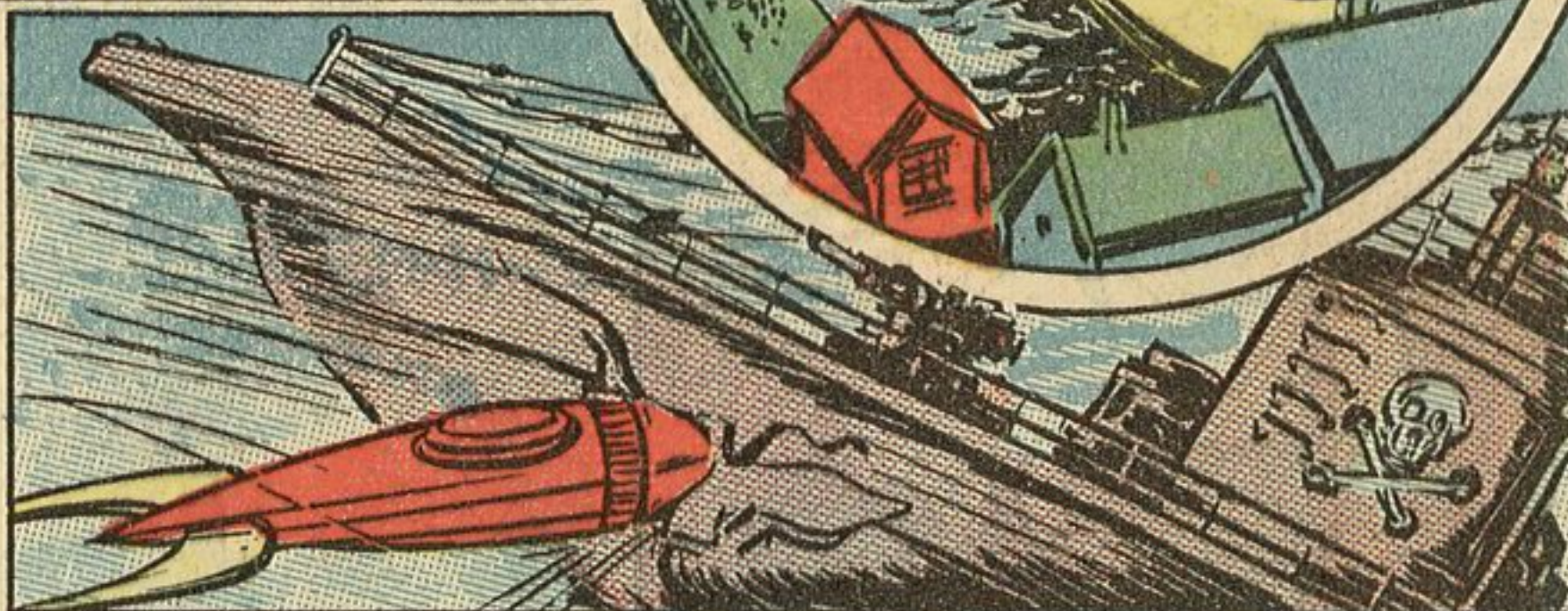
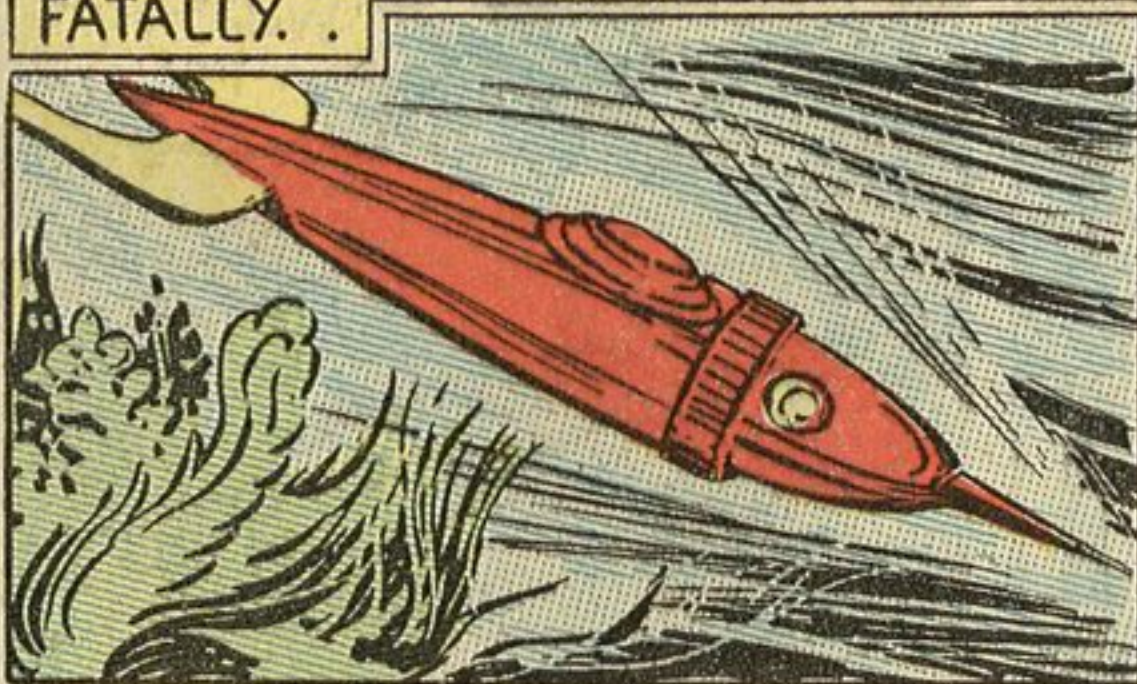
THE RED TORPEDO LEADS THE DESTROYERS TO THE PIRATES' AMBUSH AS THE HARMONIA STARTS OUT.

COMMANDER, SEND A FLOTILLA OF DESTROYERS AND A PLANE CARRIER AFTER THE HARMONIA- AND YOU CAN GET ALL THE PIRATES!

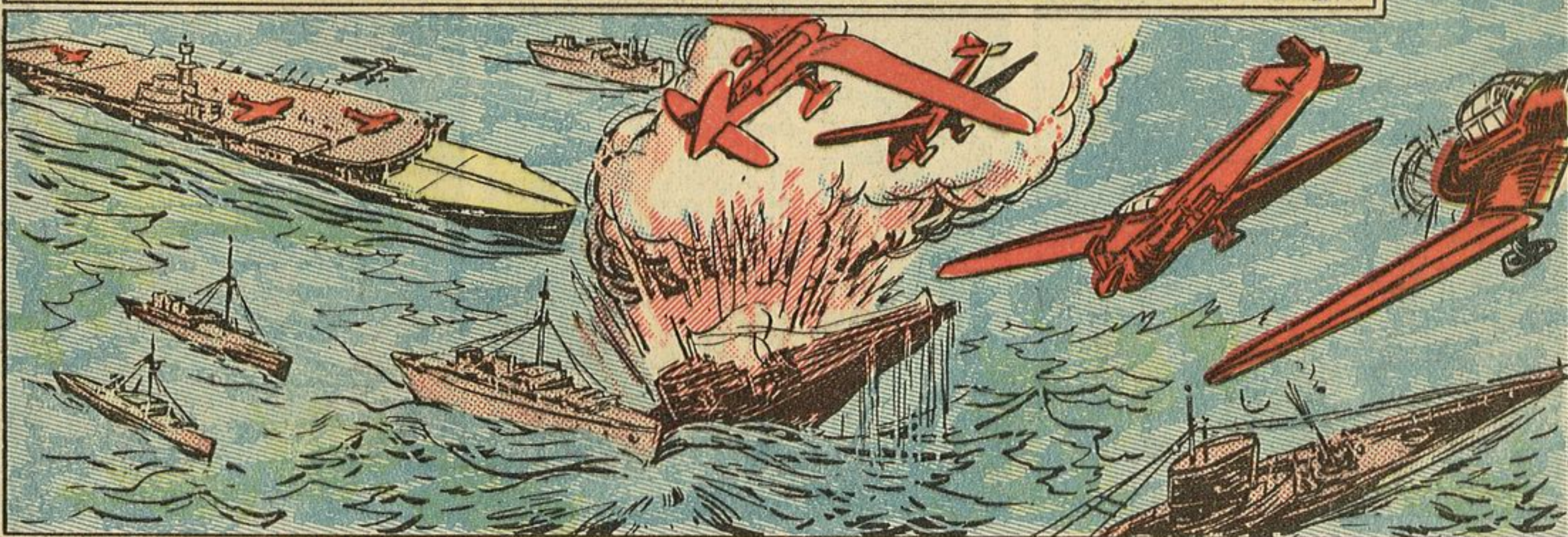
IF THE G-MEN ONLY COULD LAY HANDS ON X-1!



TO DELAY THE PIRATES, THE RED TORPEDO CRASHES HIS AMAZING CRAFT INTO THE LEADING SUB, CRIPPLING IT FATAALLY.



THE REMAINING PIRATE SUBMARINES RUN RIGHT INTO THE DESTROYER FLEET!



COME ON YOU, YOU BETTER TALK! WHO IS X-1?

O.K., I'LL TALK! X-1 IS WILHELM WOTAN, HEAD OF EUTONIA LINES!



LATER... A SUB COMMANDER IS DOGGEDLY GRILLED....

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, MR. X-1, OR WOTAN! COME ALONG!



WELL, THAT ENDS ANOTHER ALIEN THREAT TO FREEDOM!



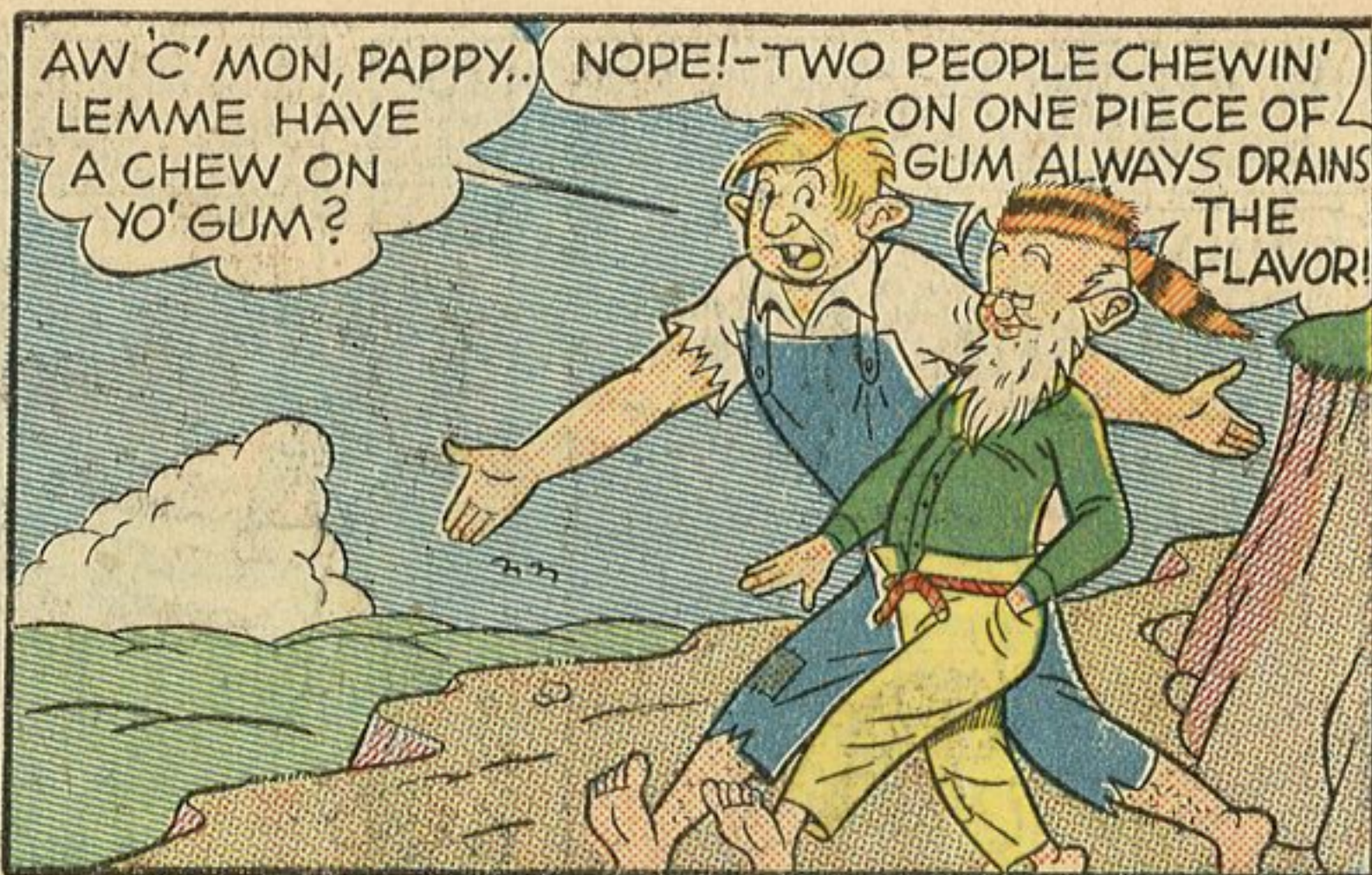
SLAP HAPPY PAPPY

IN DOUBLE TROUBLE

by GILL FOX

AW 'C' MON, PAPPY..
LEMME HAVE
A CHEW ON
YO' GUM?

NOPE!—TWO PEOPLE CHEWIN'
ON ONE PIECE OF
GUM ALWAYS DRAINS
THE FLAVOR!



WAL, THE GOOD IS NEARLY
CHEWED OUTA THIS GUM NOW,
SO AH'LL TOSS IT
AWAY!

YO' SHO' IS
WASTEFUL!



ULP!..WHERE'D AH
THROW THET GUM?

IT LANDED ON THET
LIMB OUT THAR—
-WOT'S SO
IMPORTANT
ABOUT THET
GUM?



NUTHIN'-EXCEPTIN' MY
FALSE
TEETH
WUZ IN
IT!

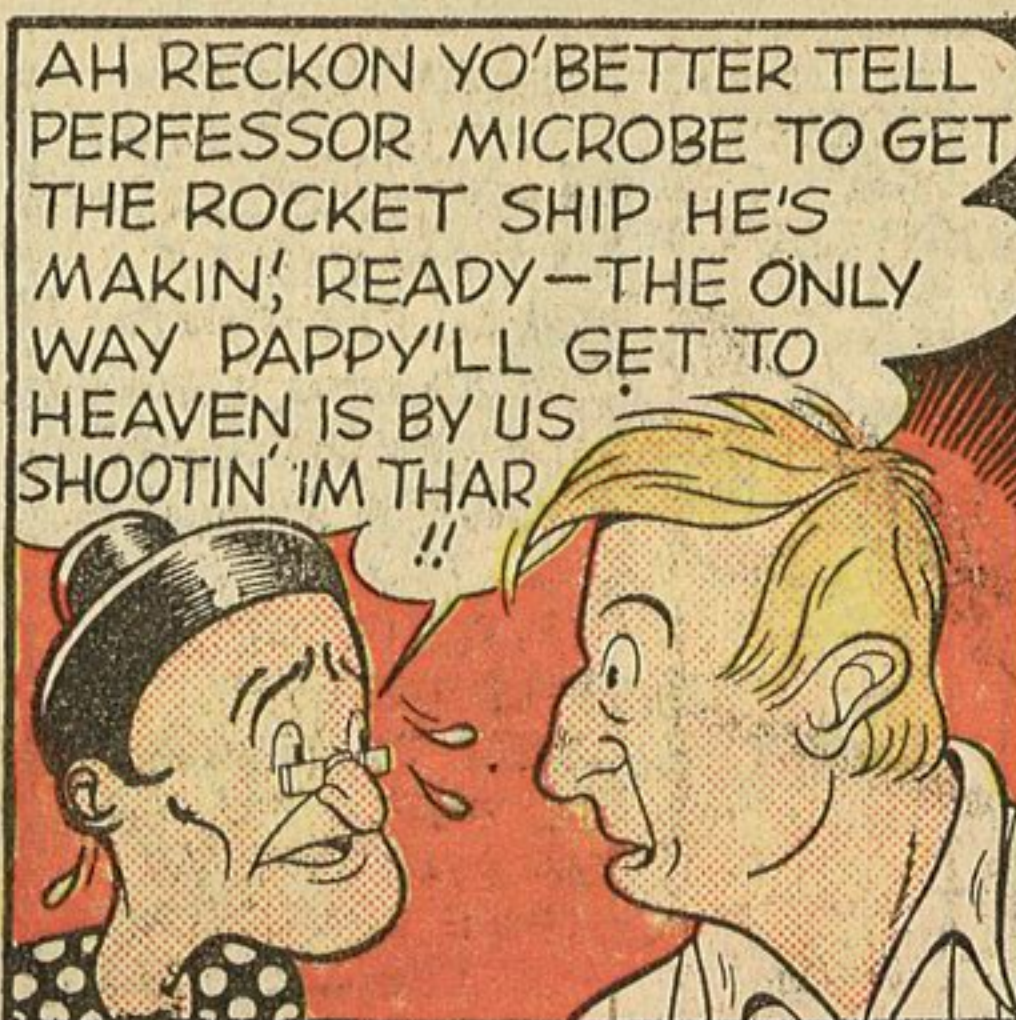


IS H-HE DAID, MAMMY?

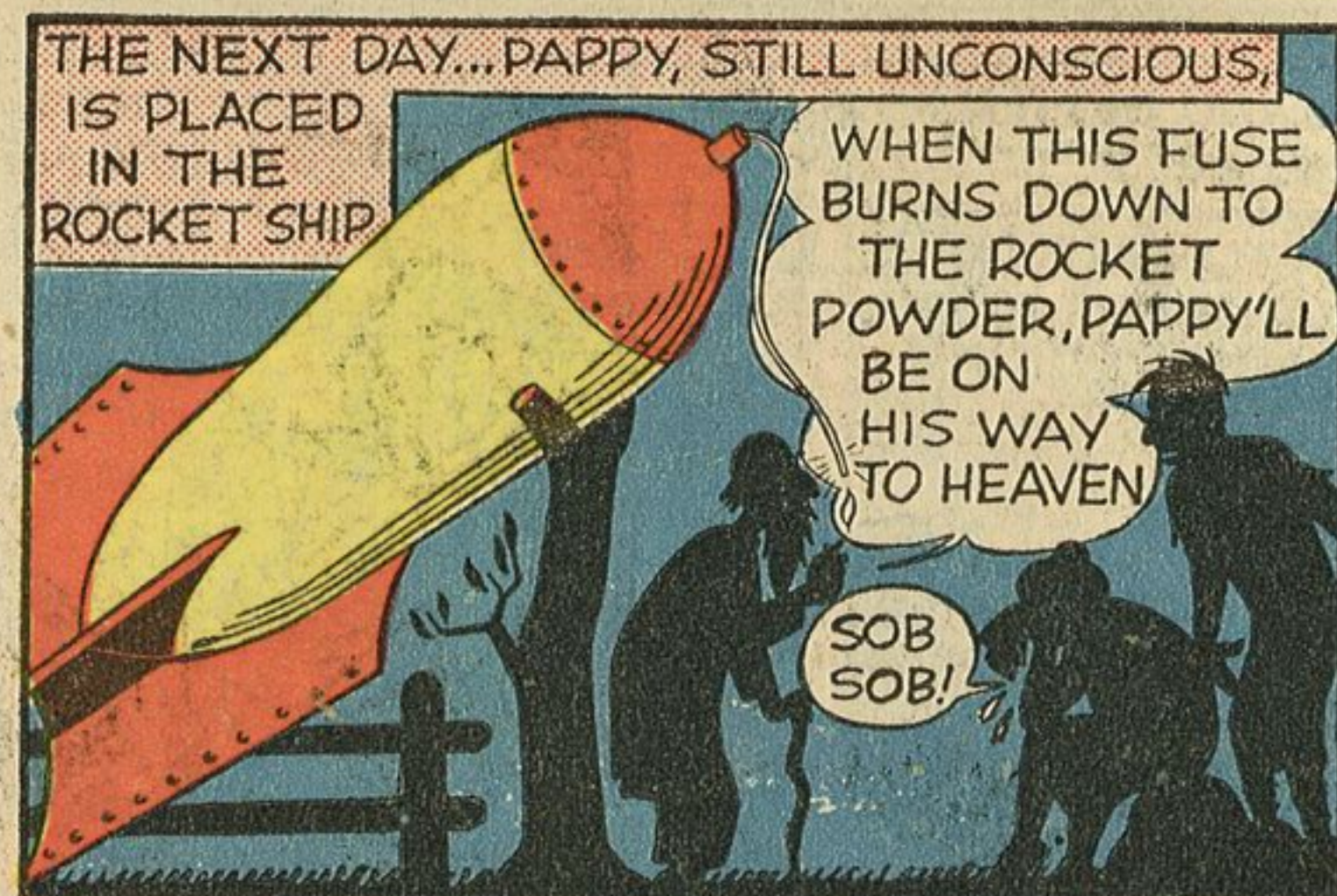
AH RECKON HE IS.. 'CAUSE
HE WOULD NEVER
GO NEAR
WATER WHEN
HE WUZ ALIVE!



AH RECKON YO' BETTER TELL
PERFESSOR MICROBE TO GET
THE ROCKET SHIP HE'S
MAKIN' READY—THE ONLY
WAY PAPPY'LL GET TO
HEAVEN IS BY US
SHOOTIN' IM THAR !!



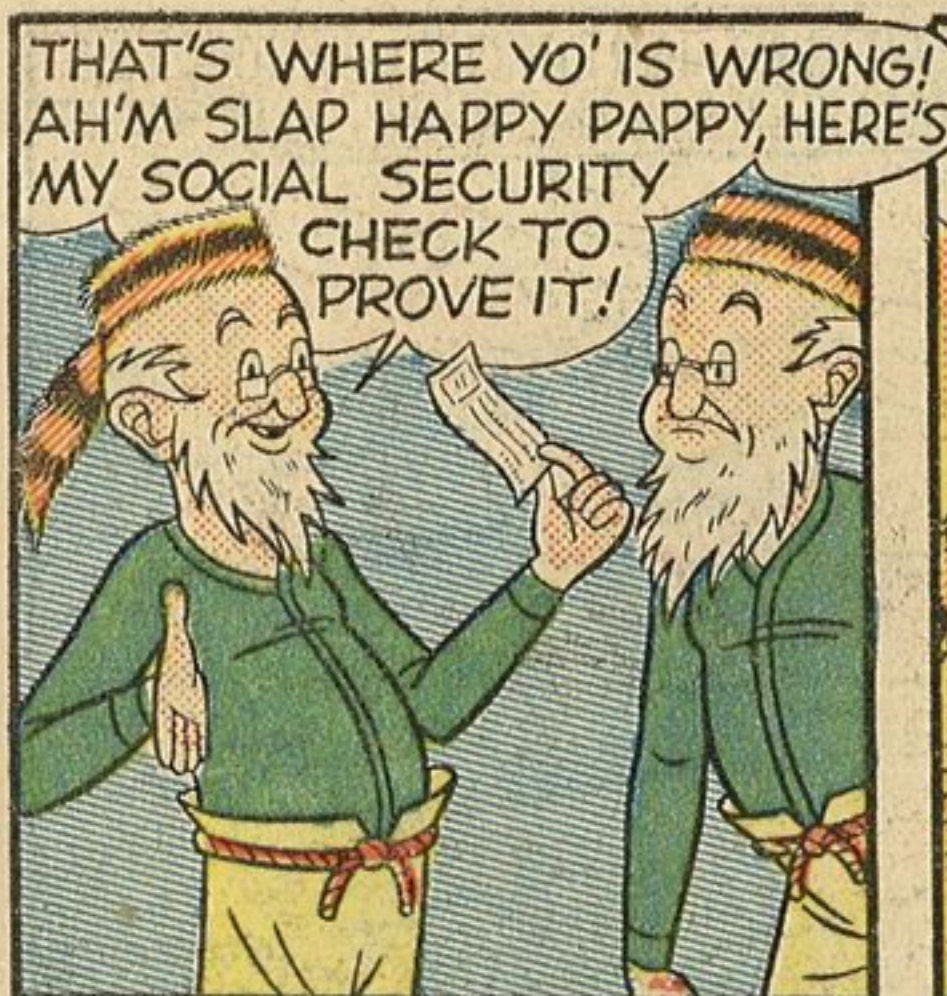
THE NEXT DAY... PAPPY, STILL UNCONSCIOUS,
IS PLACED
IN THE
ROCKET SHIP



WHEN THIS FUSE
BURNS DOWN TO
THE ROCKET
POWDER, PAPPY'LL
BE ON
HIS WAY
TO HEAVEN

..A TERRIFIC
EXPLOSION
AND PAPPY
IS OFF
INTO SPACE!

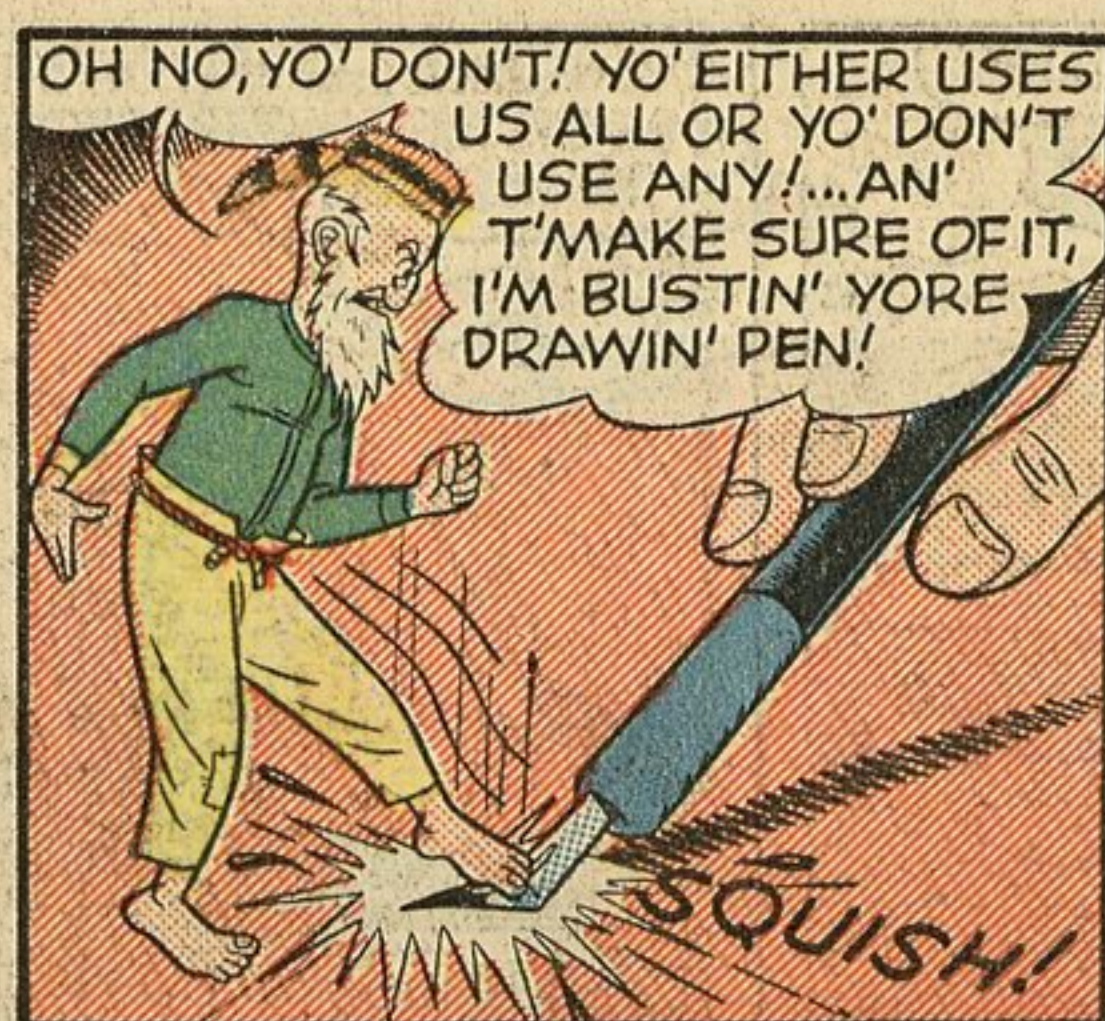




DEAR READER:

THIS IS AWFUL! I'VE LOST THE REAL SLAP HAPPY PAPPY IN THIS MIX UP... SINCE I MUST HAVE HIM TO CONTINUE THE STORY, I'LL JUST **INITIAL** ONE OF THESE BOYS!

The Artist



DEAR READER:

MUTINY! THAT'S WHAT IT IS..UNLESS I CAN COAX THE REAL SLAP HAPPY PAPPY BACK AGAIN I'M COOKED! AND I HAVE A FAMILY!!

~The Artist..

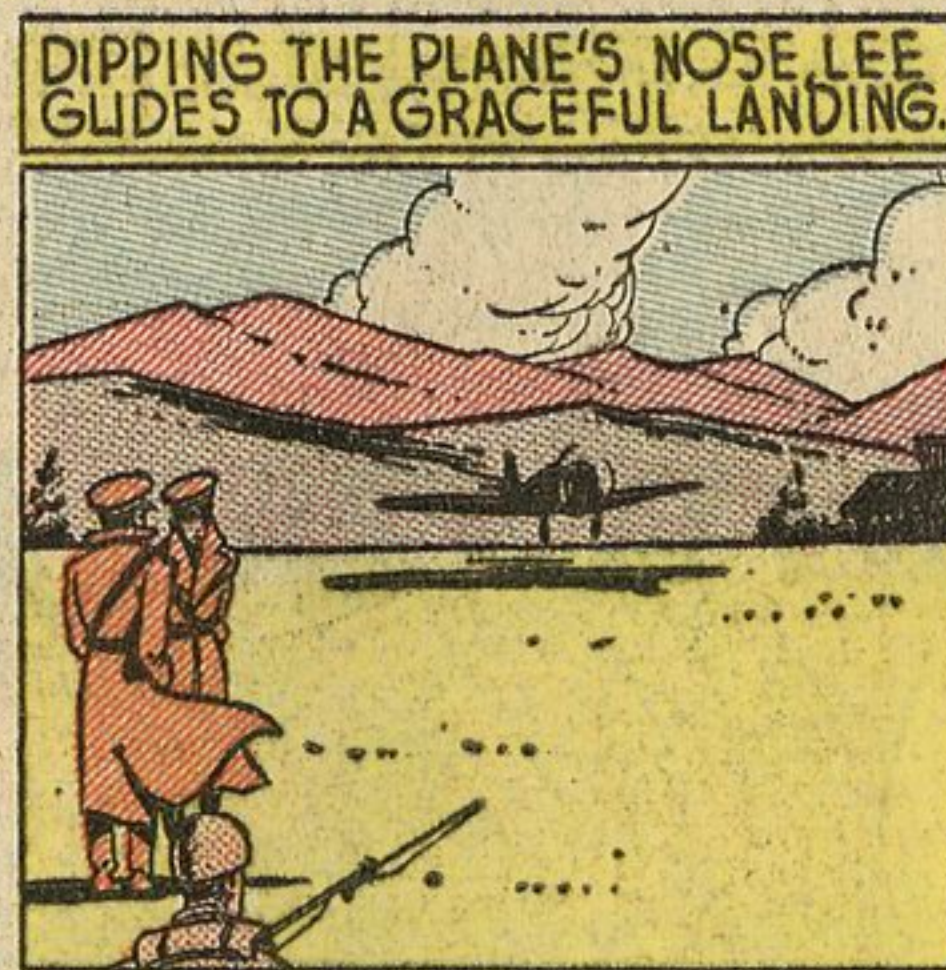
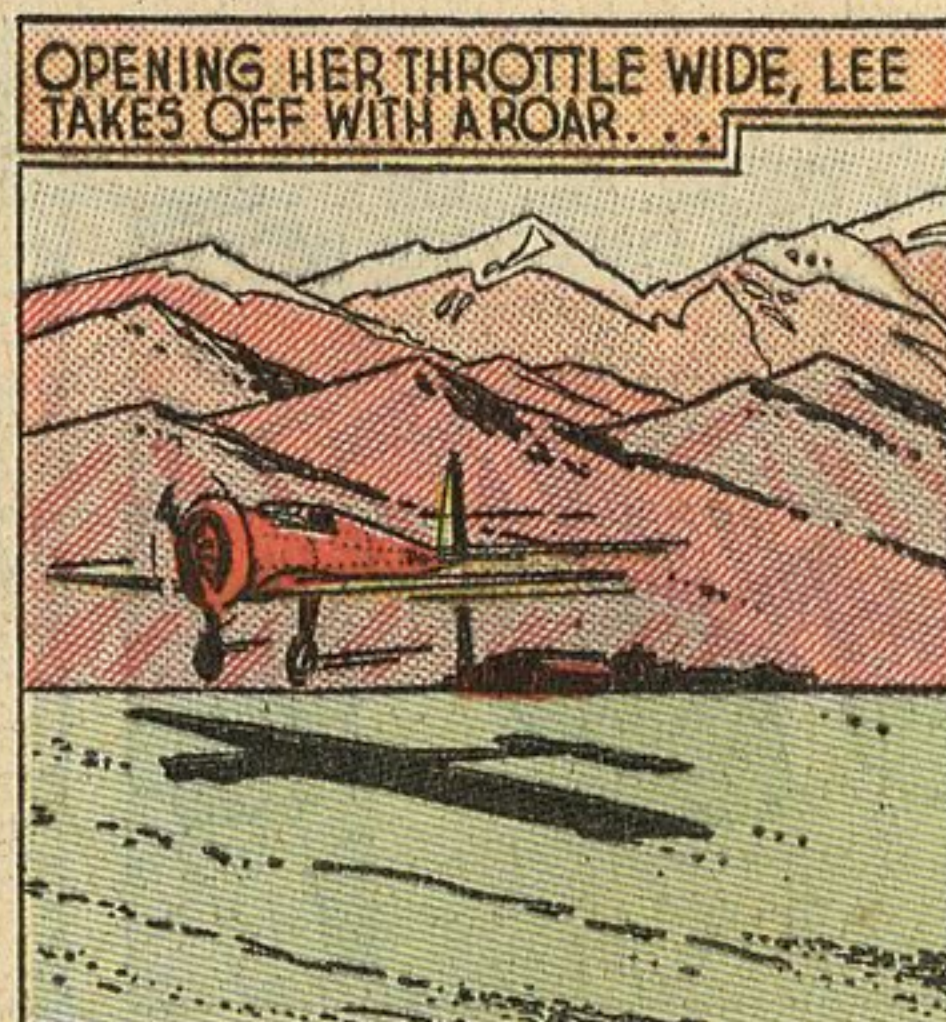
EDITOR'S NOTE.... THE ARTIST JUST THREW A FIT, SO WE'LL TIE HIM UP AND TRY TO HAVE HIM READY FOR THE NEXT ISSUE

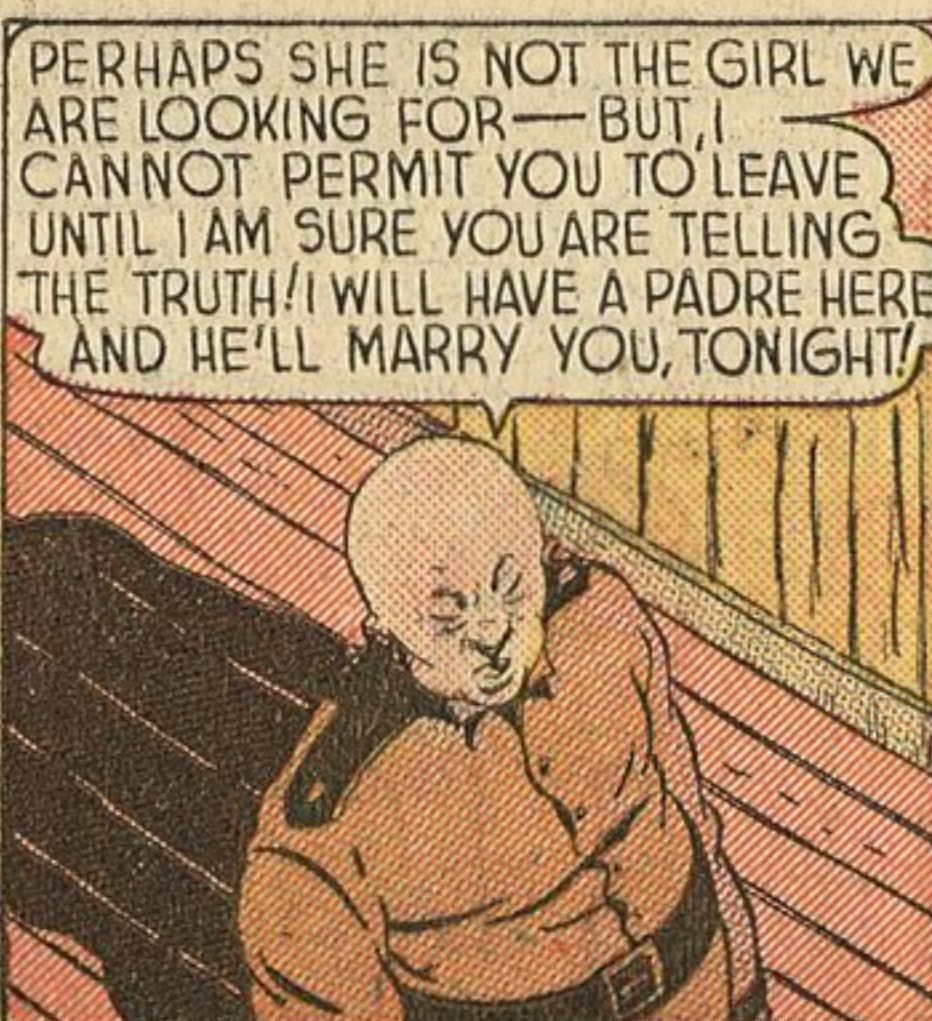
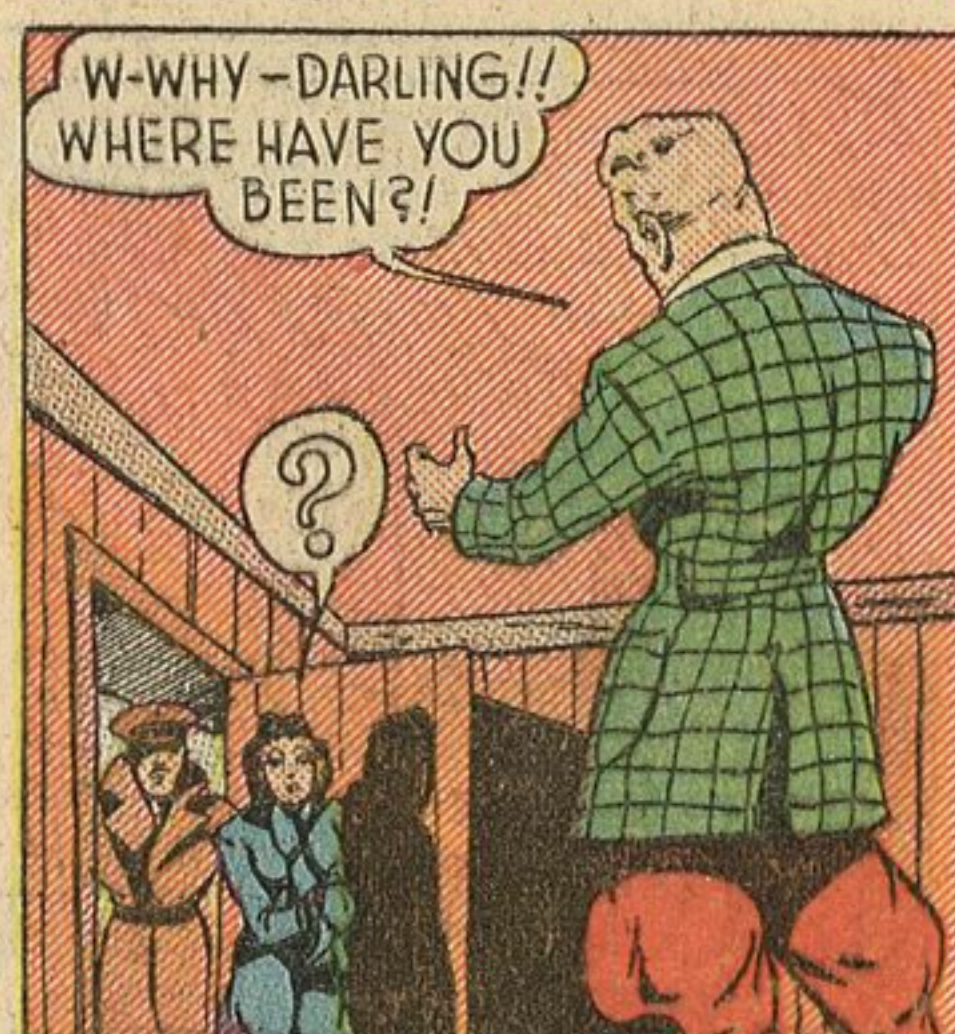
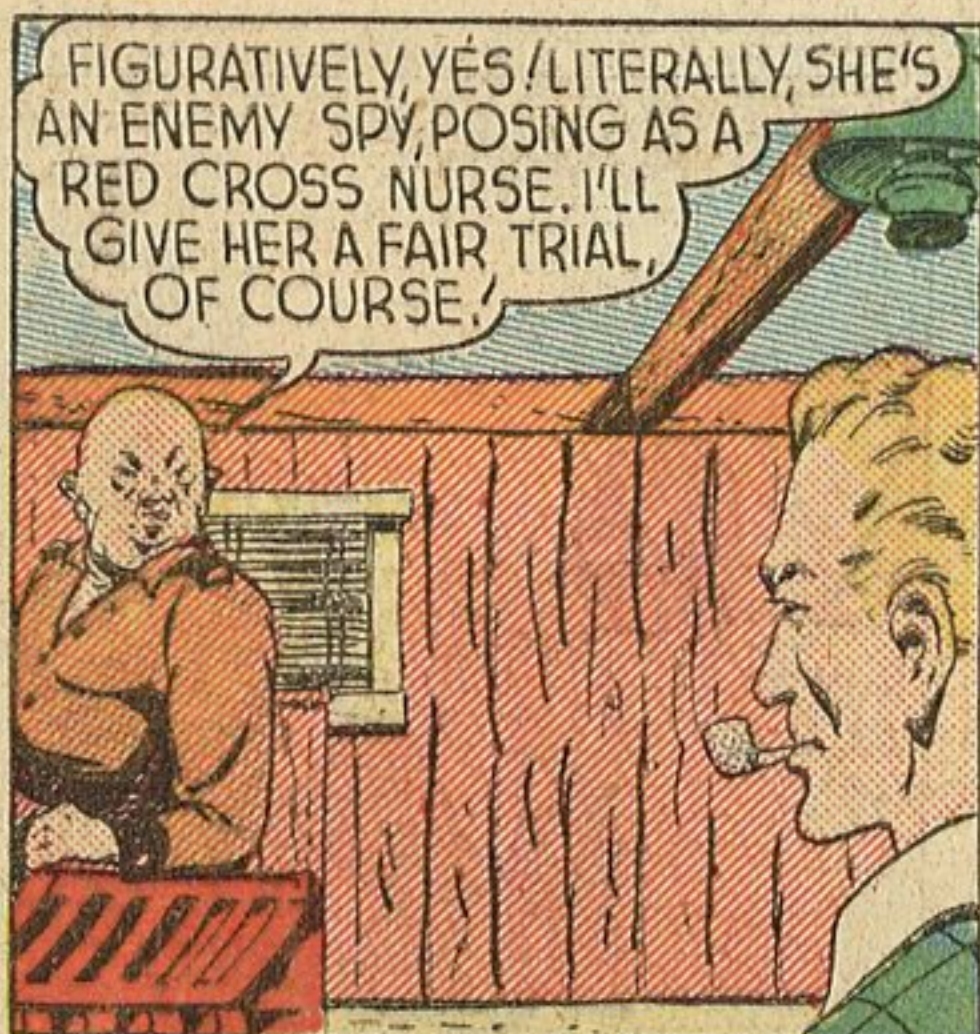
LEE PRESTON

OF THE RED CROSS BY Terrence Macauley

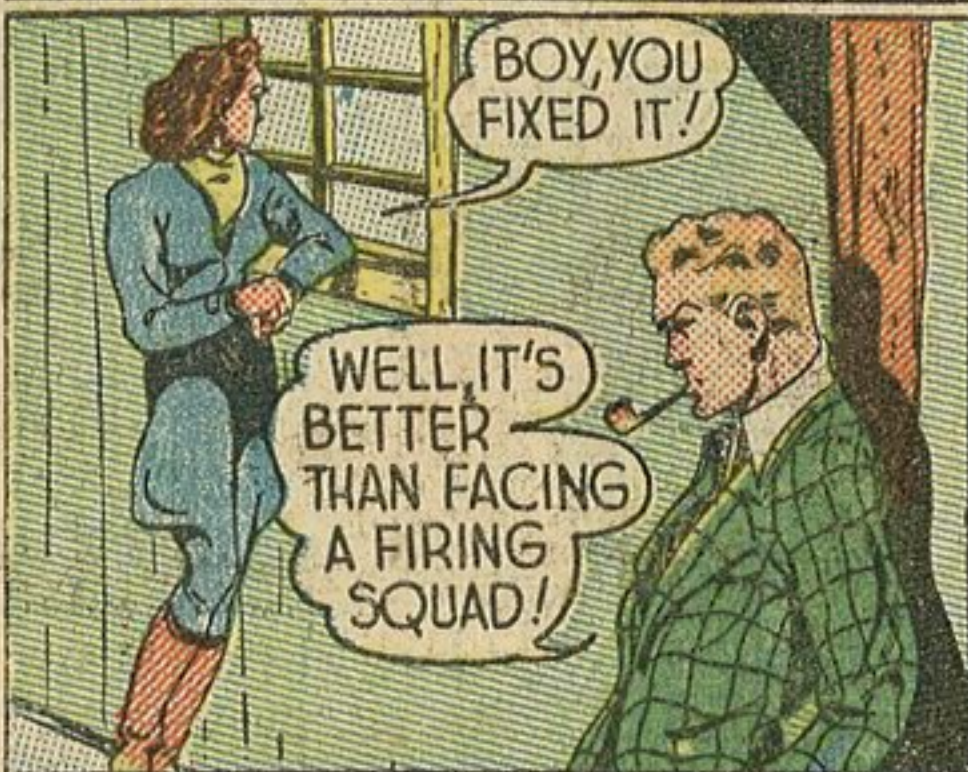


STATIONED IN CHINA TO FERRY MEDICINES TO LONELY OUTPOSTS AND MISSIONS BY PLANE, LEE PRESTON, YOUNG AVIATRIX, WARMS HER ENGINE IN PREPARATION FOR ANOTHER FLIGHT.

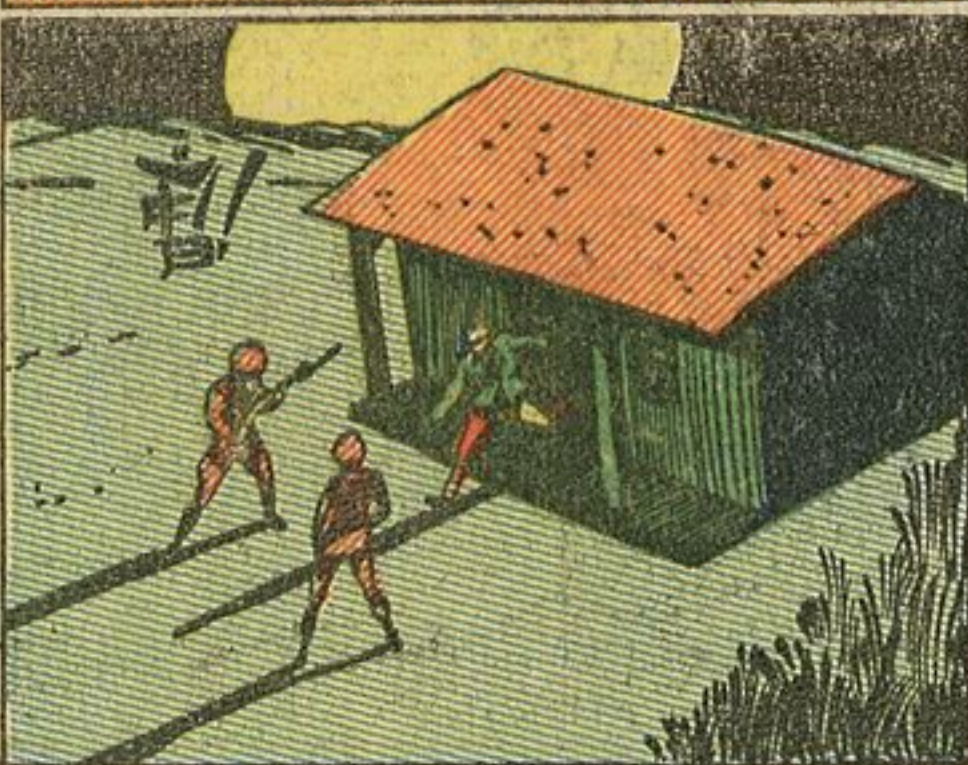




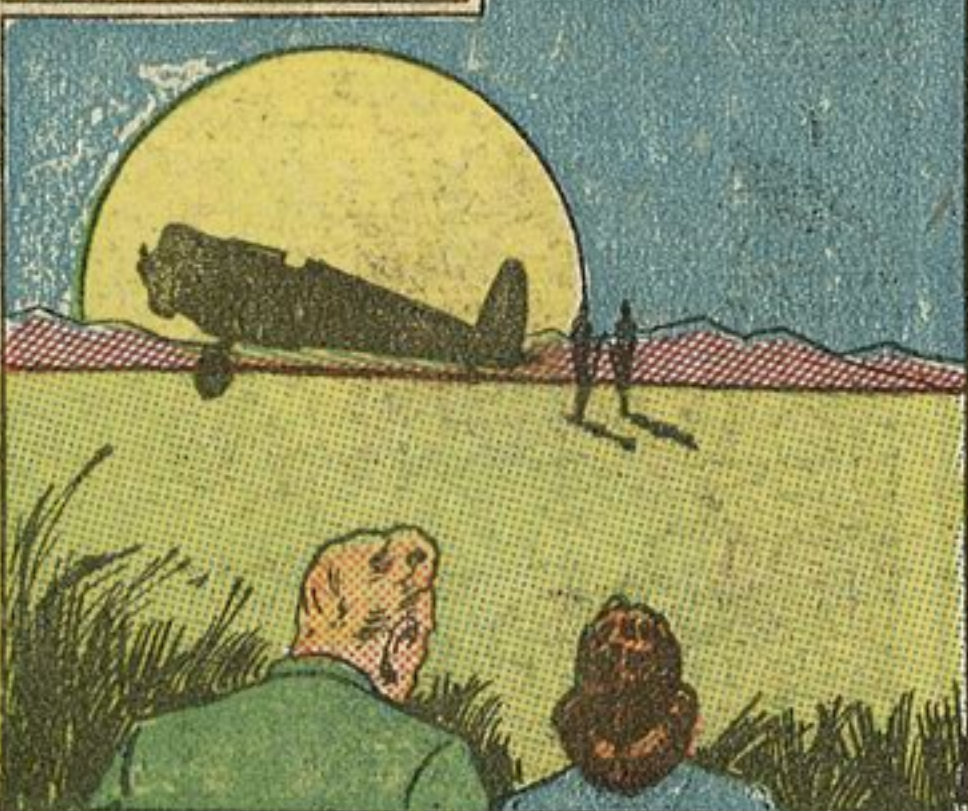
LOCKED IN A ROOM, LEE AND KIP ARE GLOOMILY AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THEIR WEDDING HOUR.



WHILE THE SOLDIERS MILL AROUND IN WILD CONFUSION, KIP GRABS LEE'S HAND AND RACES OUT THE DOOR!

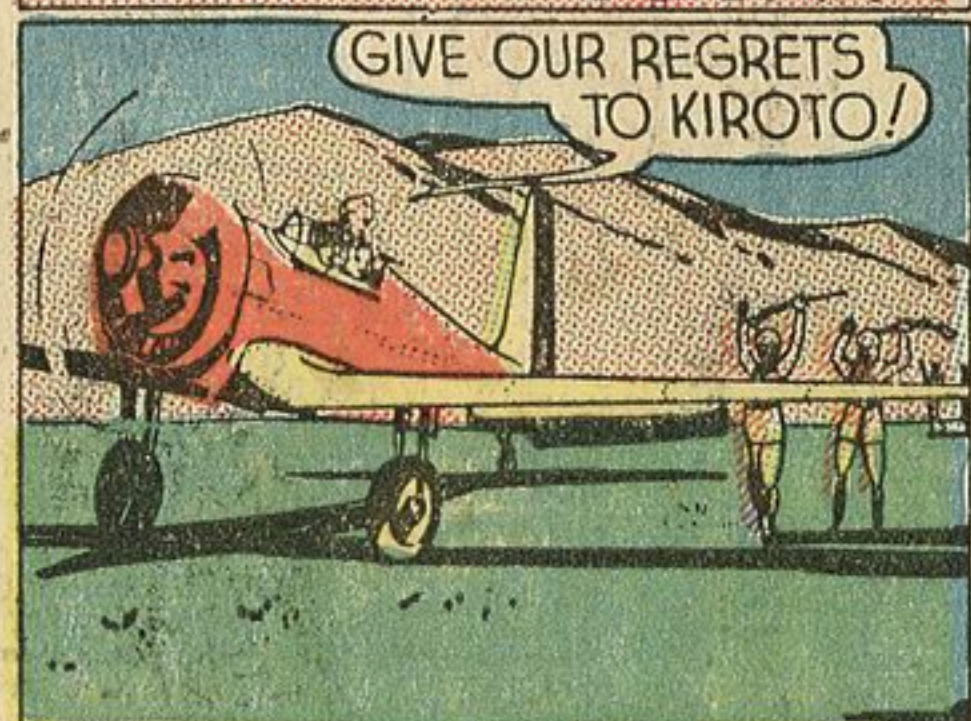


AS THE DAZED GUARDS STARE AFTER THEM, THE COUPLE DASHES TOWARD LEE'S PLANE.

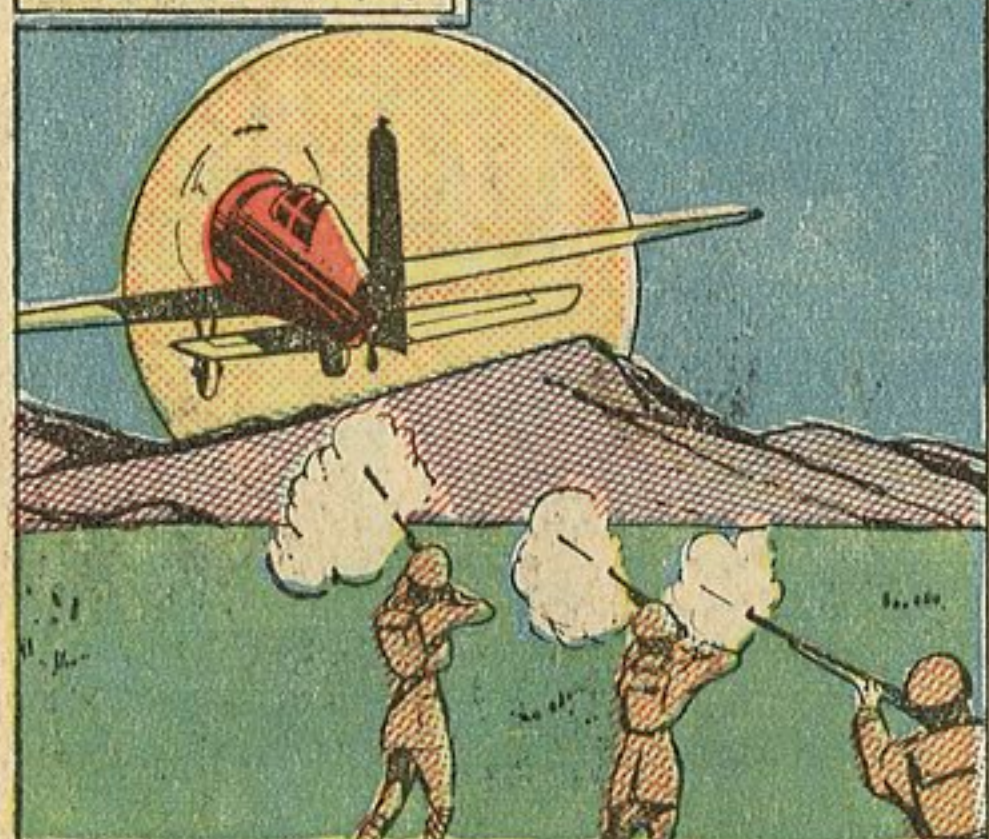




JUMPING INTO THE PLANE, LEE PRESSES THE STARTER BUTTON, THE MOTOR CATCHES, COUGHS, STOPS AND THEN SUDDENLY ROARS INTO LIFE . . .



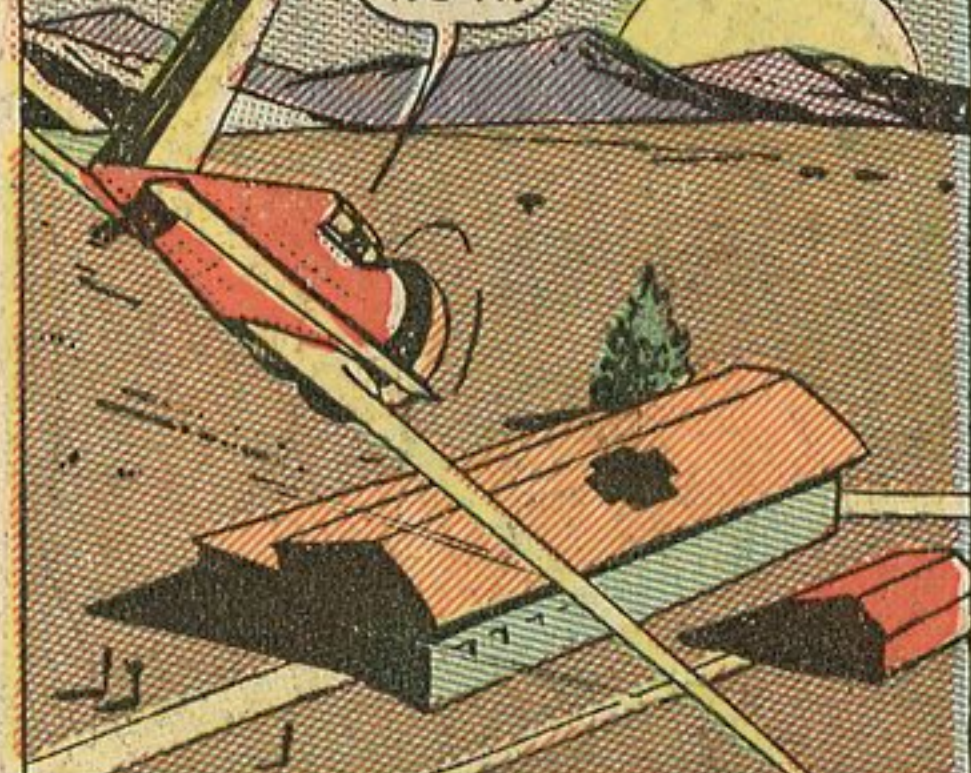
AMID A FUSILADE OF SHOTS, LEE SENDS THE PLANE ZOOMING OFF THE GROUND. . . .



I STILL HAVE TO DELIVER THIS MEDICINE. TIE THAT SMALL PARACHUTE TO THE BAG, KIP.



THERE IT IS! O.K. KIP, PULL THE RIP-CORD AND THROW THE BAG STRAIGHT DOWN—NOW!



AH! SUCCESS! NICE SHOT!



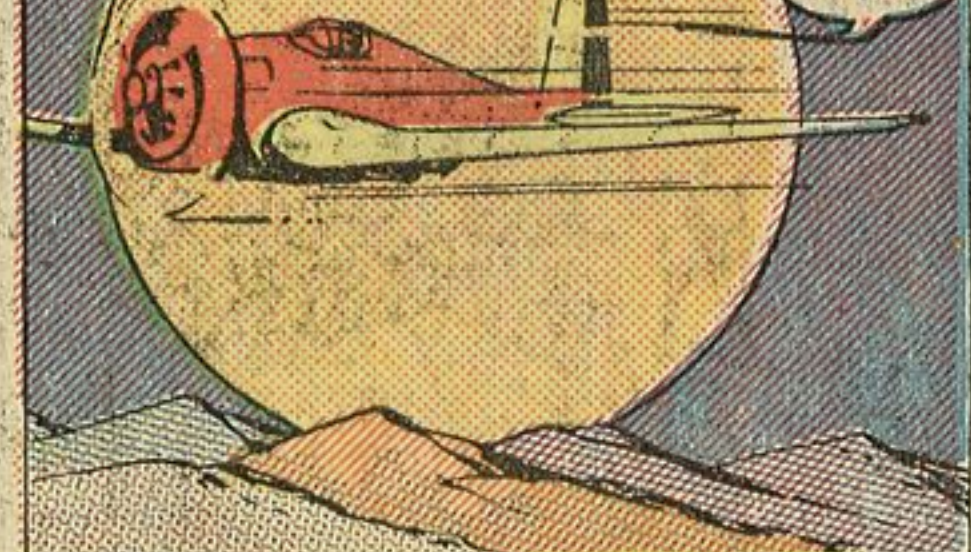
THANK YOU, LOVELY LADY!

NOW FOR HOME! JUST THINK, I WAS ALMOST YOUR WIFE!!



BUT DO YOU THINK I'D GET A SWELL BREAK LIKE THAT? NO SIR, KIP—

BAYES ALWAYS LOSES HIS GAL!! 'TAIN'T FAIR!



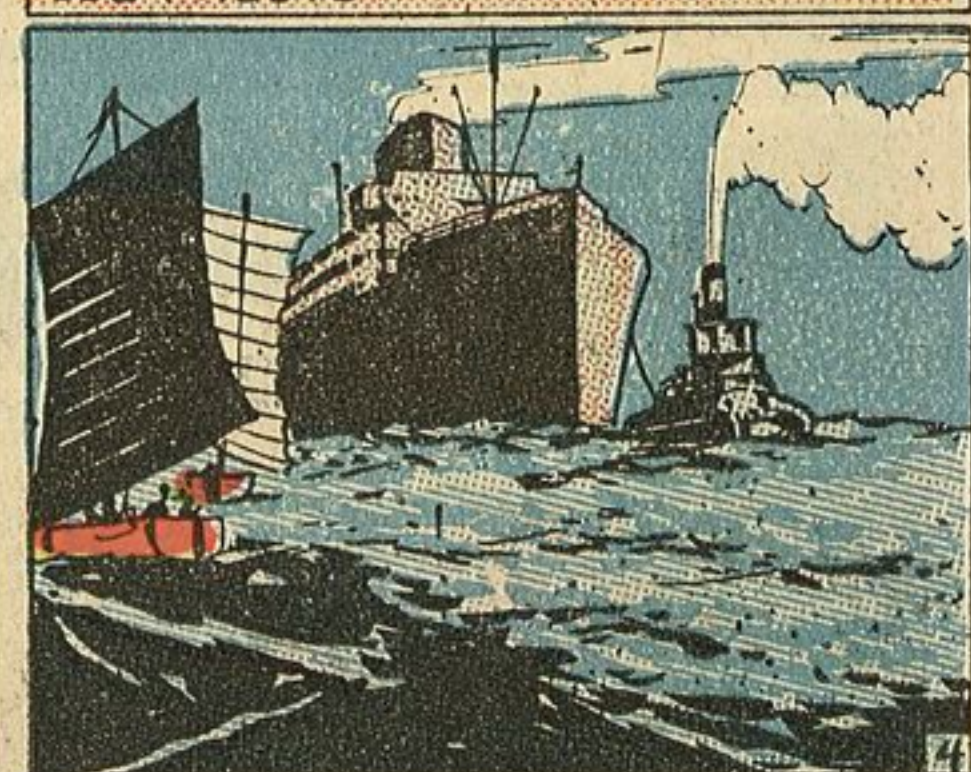
TWO WEEKS LATER, LEE PREPARES TO LEAVE FOR THE STATES, HER ASSIGNMENT IN THE ORIENT COMPLETED.



I'M SORRY, KIP, I MUST GO BACK HOME... WELL, I—IT'S TIME TO LEAVE... AND—HERE'S MY THANKS!



WITH A BLAST OF HER HOARSE WHISTLE, THE ORIENT QUEEN HEADS FOR THE UNITED STATES, TAKING LEE PRESTON HOME ONCE MORE!

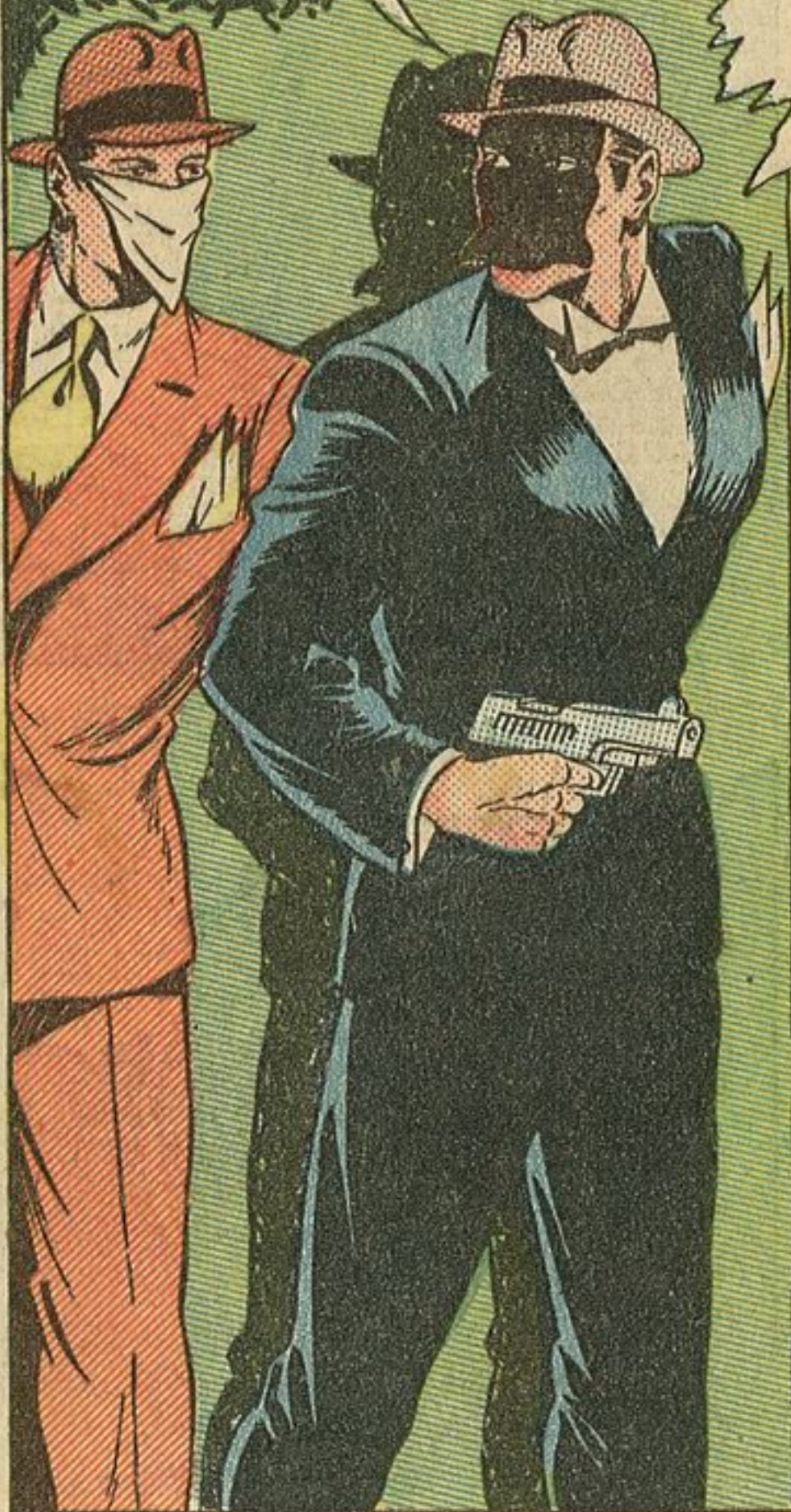


THE DAILY CLOCK MAIL

GEORGE E. BRENNER

GANG CZAR'S RIGHT HAND MAN ARRESTED.
BENNY SELAS TO TURN STATES EVIDENCE.

HERE COMES
LIEUTENANT FOXX,
PUG - WE'VE GOT
TO WORK FAST!



AUTHORITIES HOPE FOR A QUICK
ARREST OF SCAR SIZZA, GANG CZAR
AND PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1, AFTER
SELAS TALKS. POLICE FEAR
SELAS MAY BE MURDERED
BY HIS OWN GANG TO CLOSE
HIS MOUTH. THE GANGSTER
IS TO BE CLOSELY GUARDED
AND REMOVED TO A SECRET
HIDE-OUT BY LIEUTENANT
FOXX TONIGHT, UNTIL
THE TRIAL OPENS.



BRIAN O'BRIEN,
WEALTHY YOUNG
SPORTSMAN WHO PLAYS
THE ROLE OF THE CLOCK,
AND HIS TWO-FISTED
DOUBLE, "PUG" BRADY,
DEDICATE THEIR LIVES
TO FIGHT THE EVIL
OF MANKIND--
CRIME!

RAISE
YOUR HANDS,
LIEUTENANT!

TH'-THE
CLOCK!-



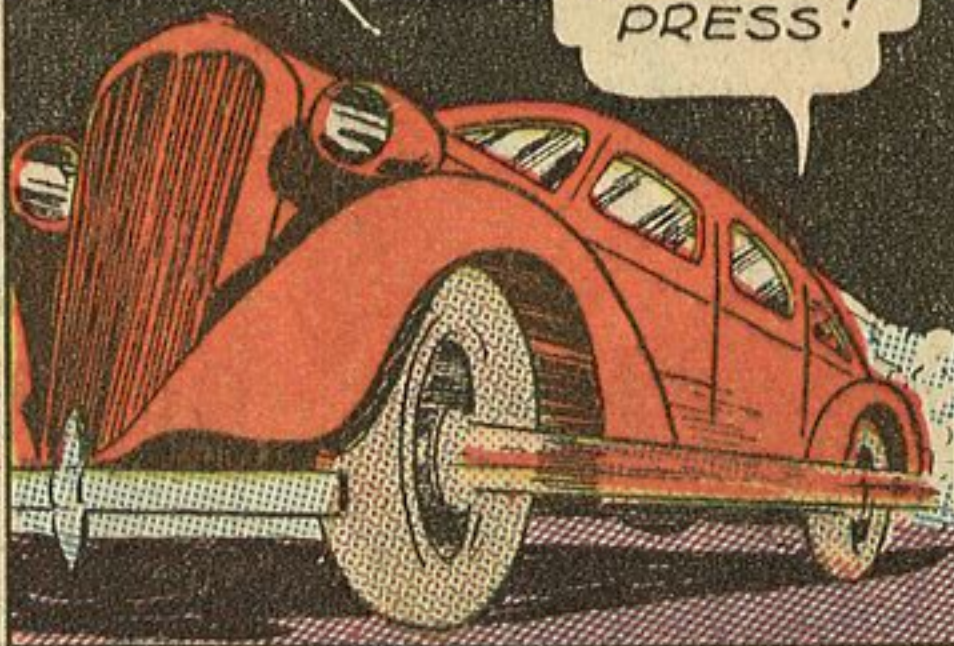
I THOUGHT
YOU WERE
ON THE SIDE
OF THE LAW?

DON'T WASTE
WORDS, FOXX-
TIME IS SHORT,
GET IN THE
CAR!



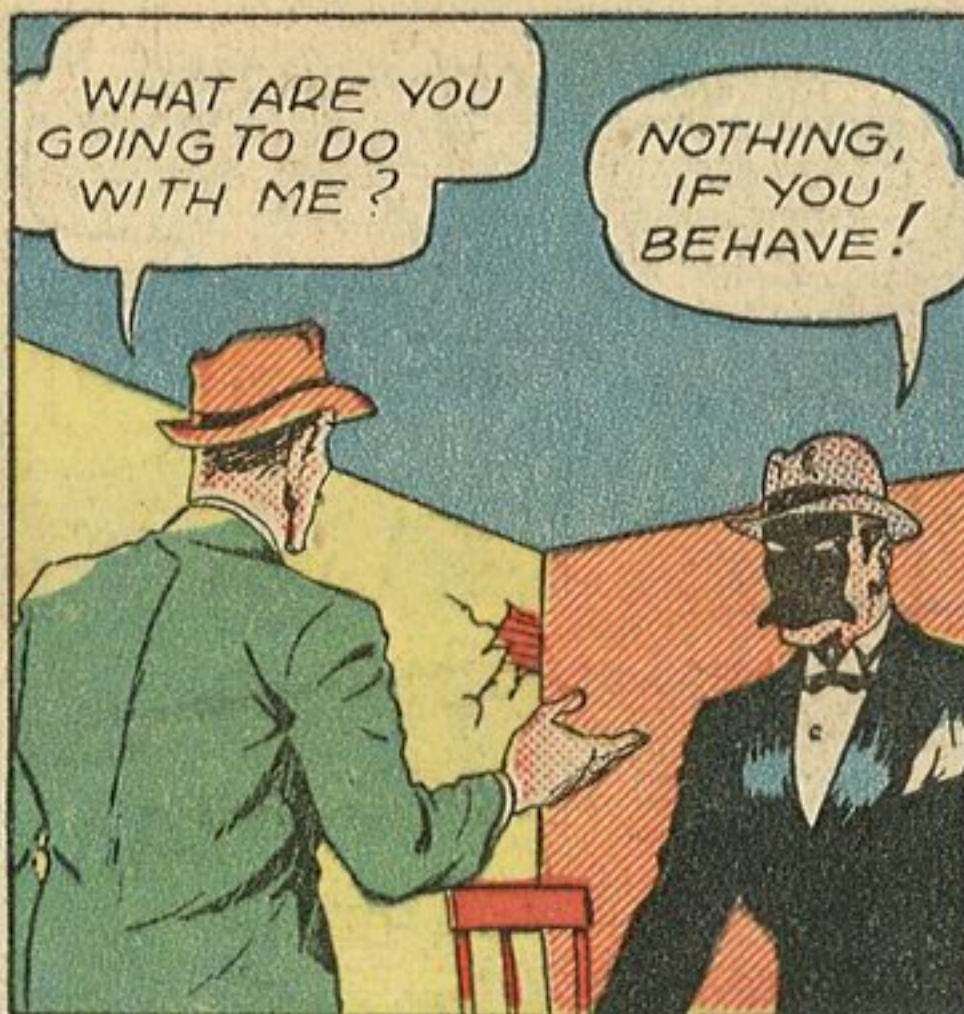
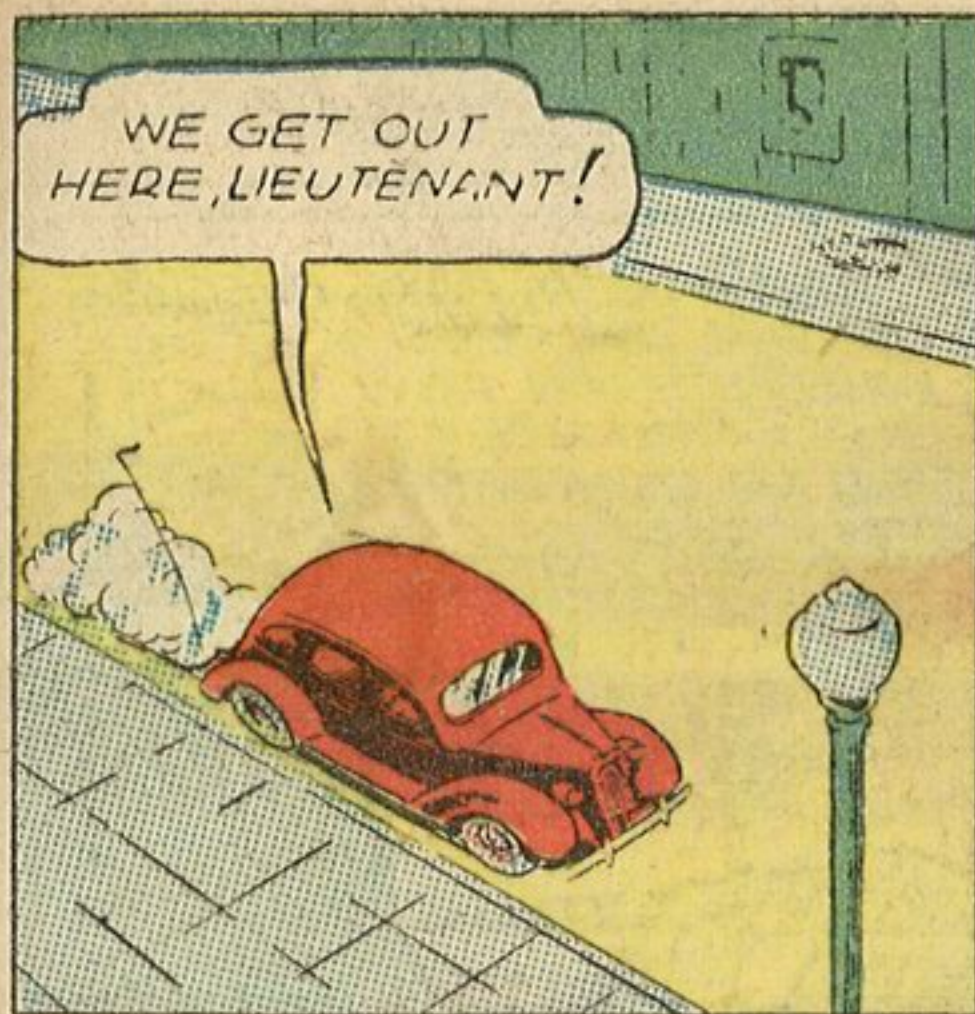
WHAT'S
THE IDEA
BEHIND
THIS?

FOXX, THE
DEPARTMENT WAS
FOOLISH TO GIVE
THE SELAS STORY
TO THE
PRESS!

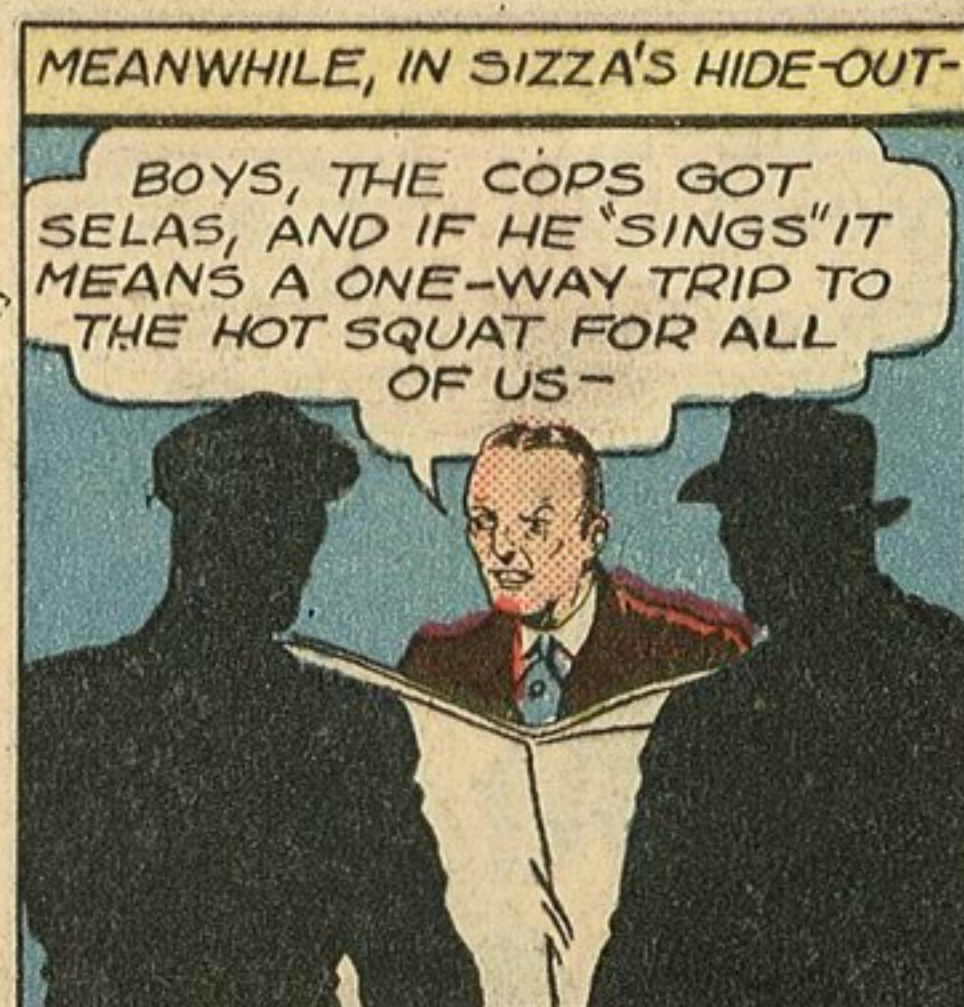


THEY'VE NOT ONLY
MADE KNOWN THAT HE
WILL TALK, BUT THAT HE'S
TO BE GUARDED AGAINST
HIS GANG'S
VENGEANCE-





WITH DEFT FINGERS, THE
CLOCK CHANGES HIS FACE TO
LOOK LIKE THAT OF FOXX --

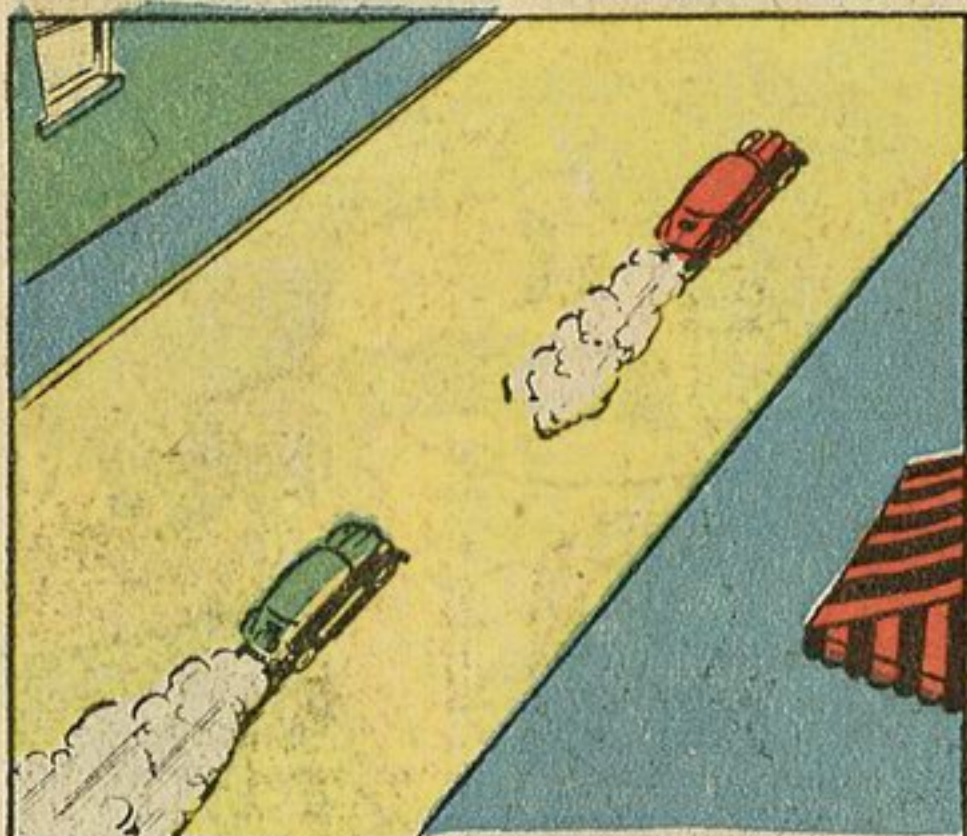




MEANWHILE, THE CLOCK, DISGUISED AS LIEUTENANT FOXX, TALKS TO CAPTAIN KANE ----



UNKNOWN TO THE CLOCK, THE GANGSTERS TRAIL HIM----



AND BACK AT HEADQUARTERS, THE REAL FOXX BURSTS INTO CAPTAIN KANE'S OFFICE----



I NEVER HAD HIM--THAT WAS THE CLOCK WHO TOOK SELAS OUT!!



THE GANGSTERS STILL
TRAIL THE CLOCK---

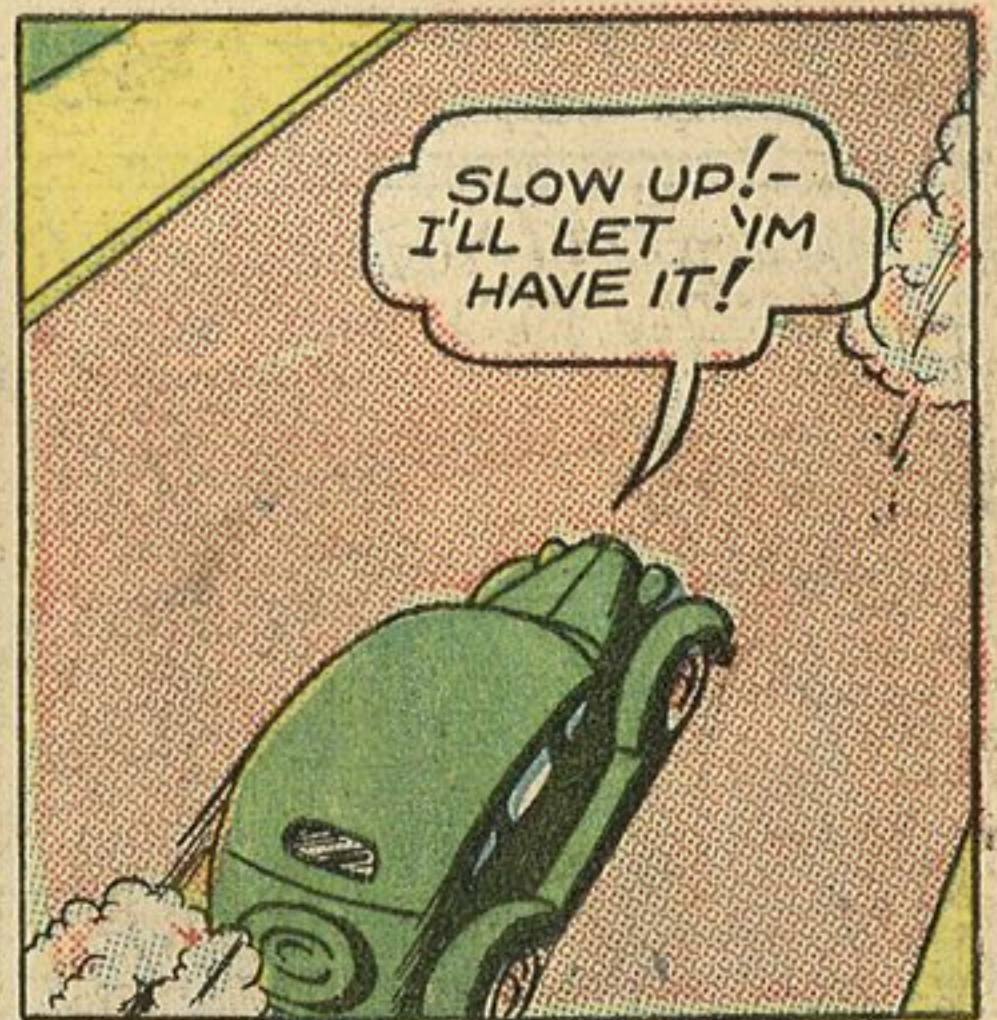
MACK, THERE'S
SOMETHIN' FISHY
ABOUT THIS!



I'VE BEEN IN EVERY JAIL
IN THIS CITY, BUT I DON'T
RECALL ANY IN THIS PART OF
TOWN-- LOOK, THEY'RE
STOPPIN'!



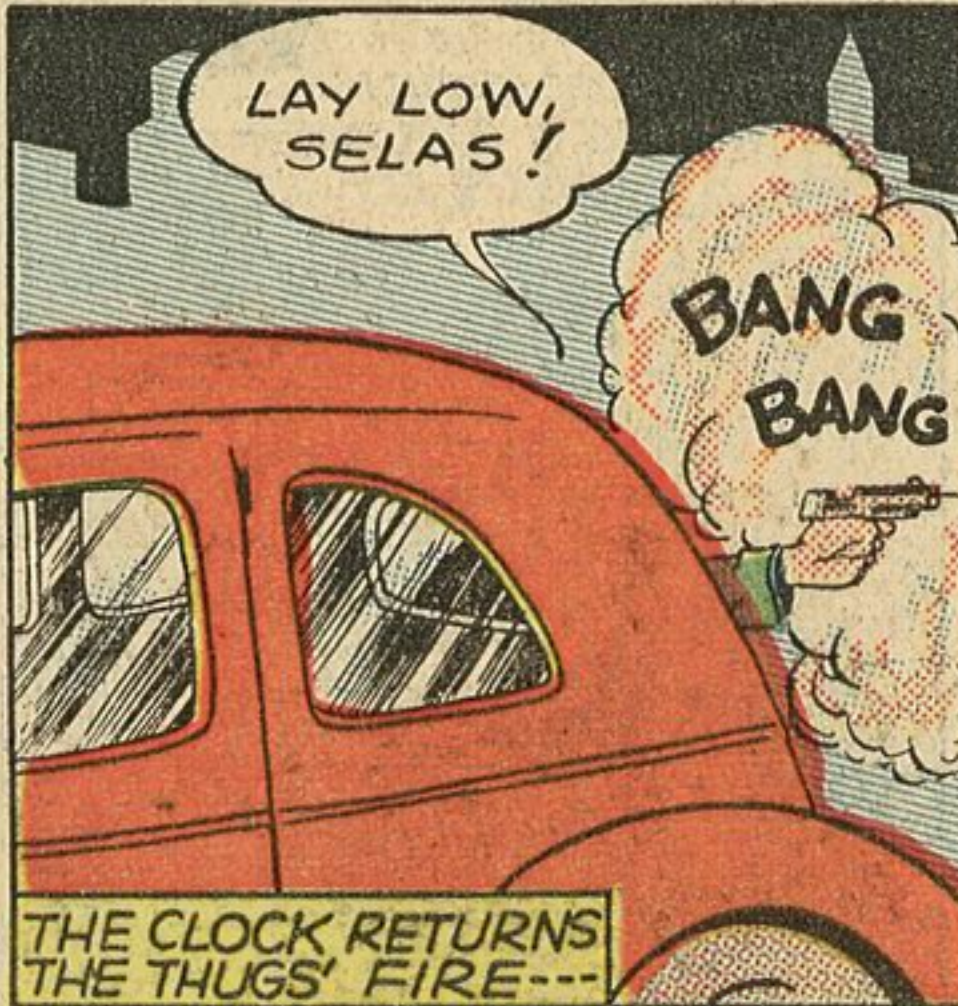
SLOW UP!--
I'LL LET 'IM
HAVE IT!



MISSED
'IM!

LAY LOW,
SELAS!

BANG
BANG



THE CLOCK RETURNS
THE THUGS' FIRE---

THEY'RE GONE,
GET INSIDE!



THAT, SELAS, WAS YOUR
OWN GANG - THEY TRIED TO
BUMP YOU OFF - WILL YOU
TALK NOW?

YES, I'LL
TALK---



SIZZA'S BEHIND EVERY
RACKET IN THIS TOWN, AND
HE'S GOT A HIDE-OUT AT
23 DRILL STREET--



— AND OUTSIDE THE CLOCK'S
DOOR ---

IT'S BENNY'S VOICE,
MACK, BUT I CAN'T HEAR
WHAT HE'S SAYIN'--



C'MON, WE'LL GO
DOWN AN' SEE
WHO LIVES IN
APARTMENT
12A!



LOOK-- BRIAN O'BRIEN,
DOES THAT MEAN ANYTHING
TO YOU?

BRIAN O'BRIEN.

12A



NO--

ME NEITHER--
LET'S WAIT
FOR THEM TO
COME OUT!



MEANWHILE, THE CLOCK HAS REMOVED HIS MAKE-UP----

ARE YOU READY, SELAS?

TH' CLOCK! THEN YOU AIN'T FOXX?

NO, BENNY- I HAD TO DO WHAT I DID TO SAVE YOUR LIFE FROM YOUR OWN MEN!

WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO WITH ME?

TAKE YOU BACK TO CAPTAIN KANE!

PUG, WAIT FOR ME- I'LL RETURN, THEN WE'LL GO AFTER SIZZA!

LOOK, MACK- THERE'S SELAS--- HEY!!-

HE'S WITH TH' CLOCK- DOES THAT MEAN ANYTHING--

YEAH - THAT O'BRIEN IS THE CLOCK!

MACK-! SIZZA WILL BE INTERESTED IN THIS! LET'S GO!

THE TWO HENCHMEN RELATE THE STORY TO THEIR LEADER-

BOYS, IF WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE, IT'S A BREAK FOR US!

I'LL CALL THE COPS AN' TELL THEM WHO THE CLOCK IS, THAT'LL TAKE THEM OFF OUR TAIL 'AN' GIVE US MORE OF A CHANCE TO GET BENNY!

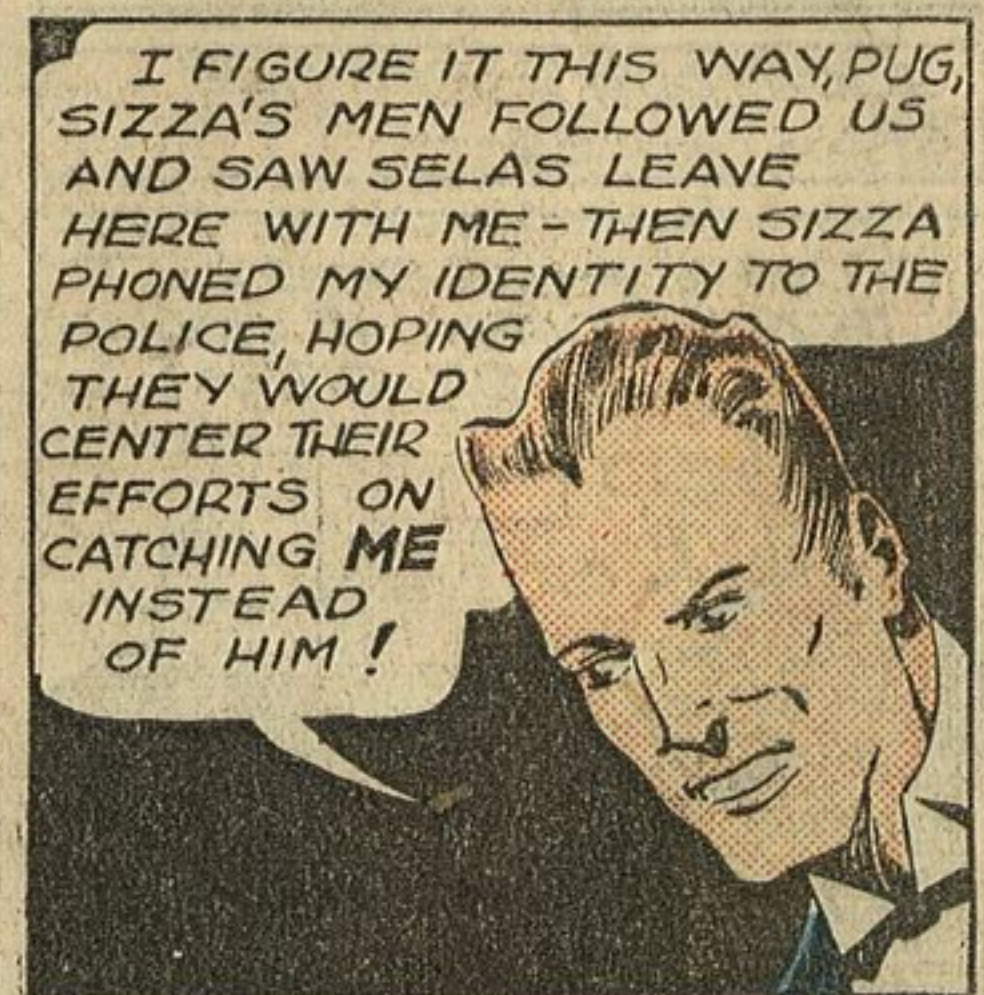
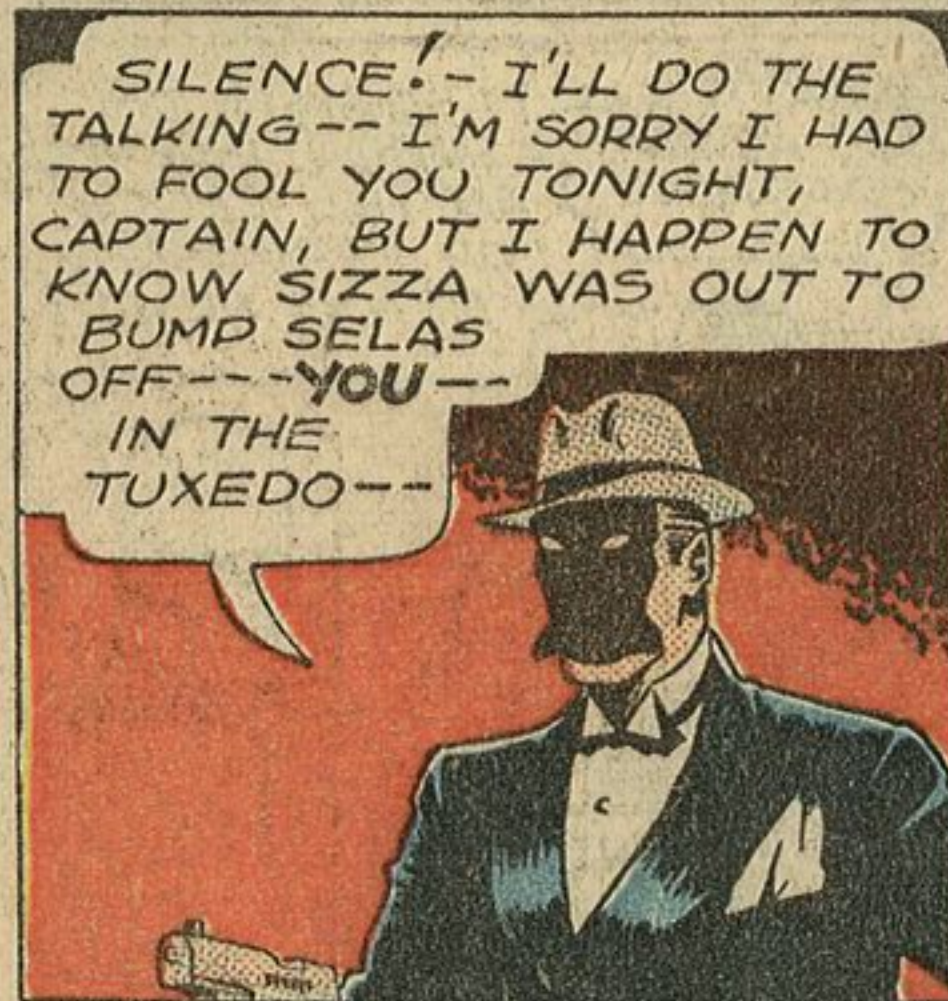
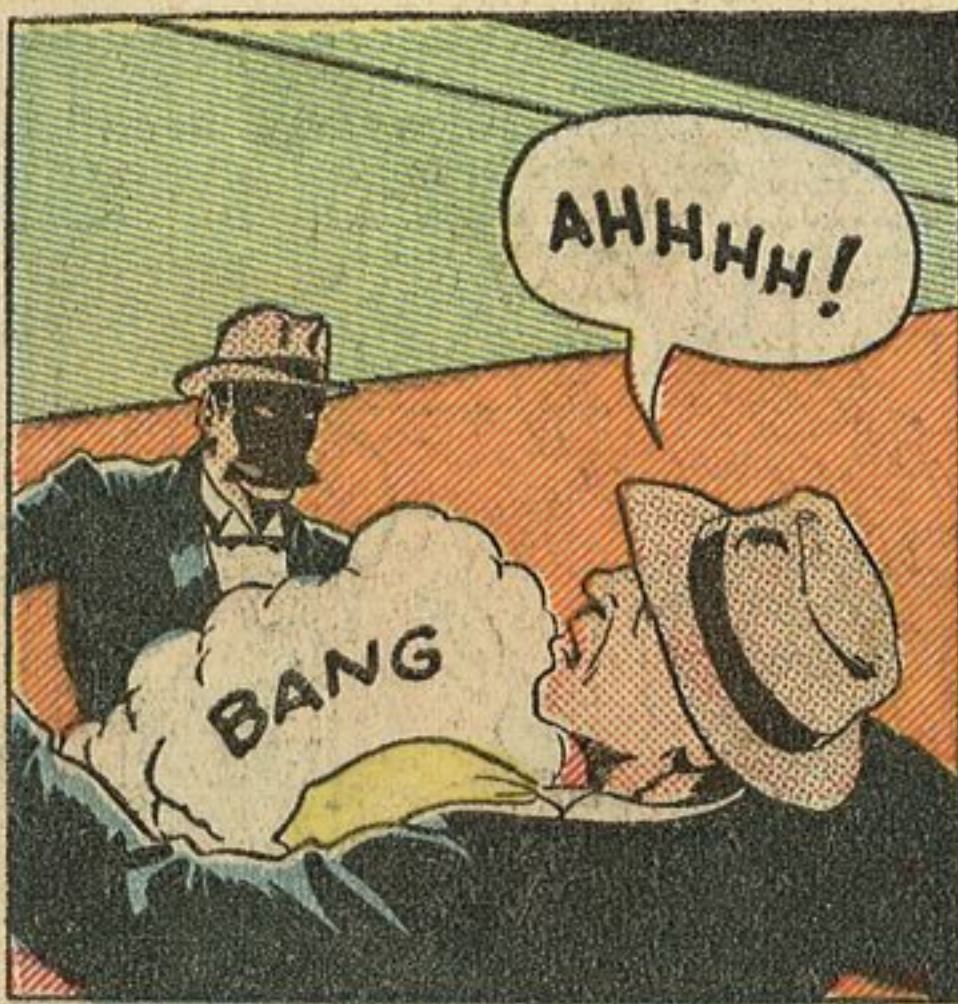
A FEW MINUTES LATER, CAPTAIN KANE GETS A PHONE CALL---

YES!! - WHO??-- YOU MEAN--

YES- I MEAN BRIAN O'BRIEN IS THE CLOCK! - GOOD BYE!

DOOLY! GET BRIAN O'BRIEN ON THE PHONE - TELL HIM I WANT TO SEE HIM RIGHT AWAY-- AND THEN SEND SELAS IN HERE!

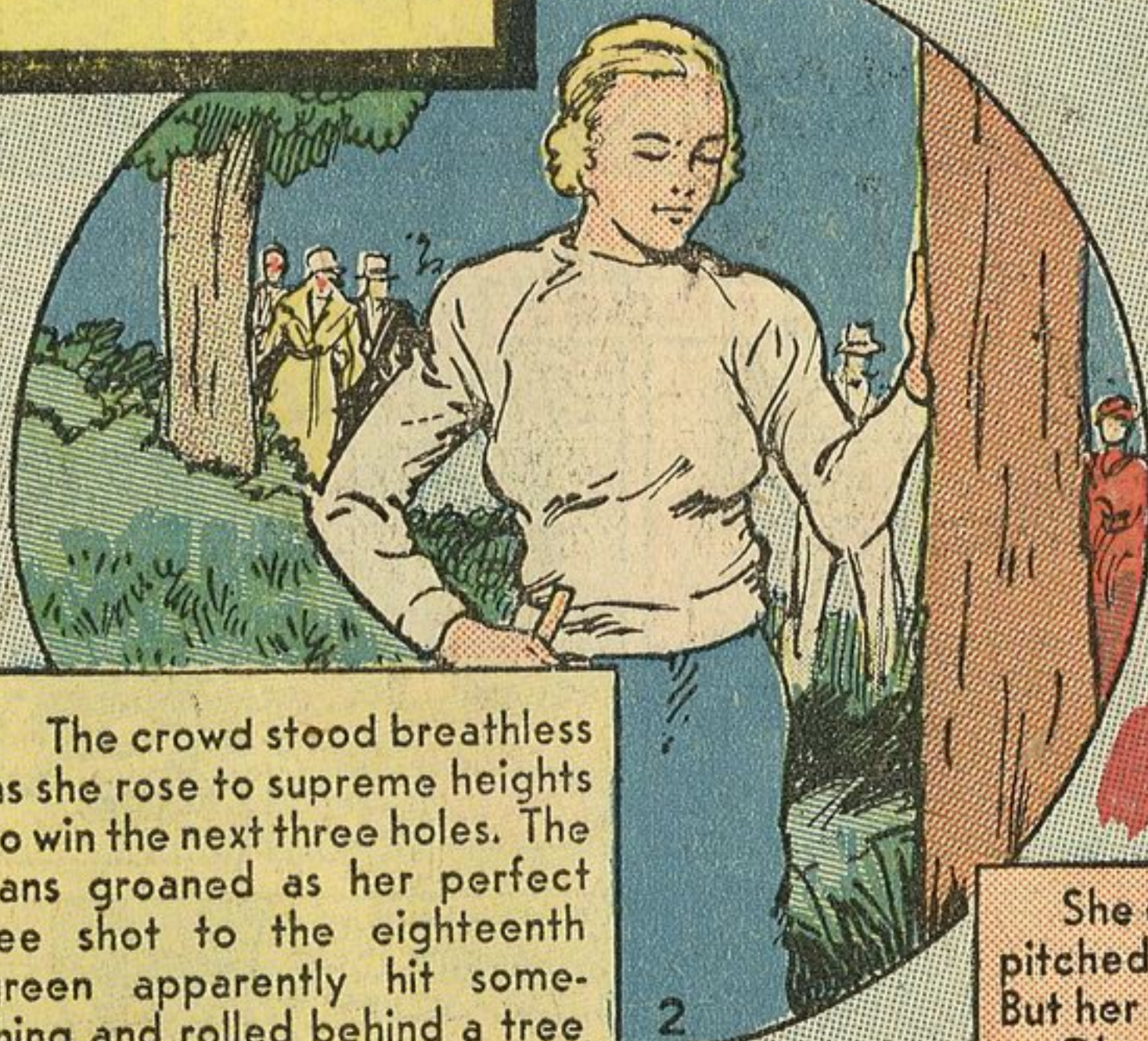




THEY'RE STILL TALKING

About Glenna Collett's Greatest Uphill Fight to Win

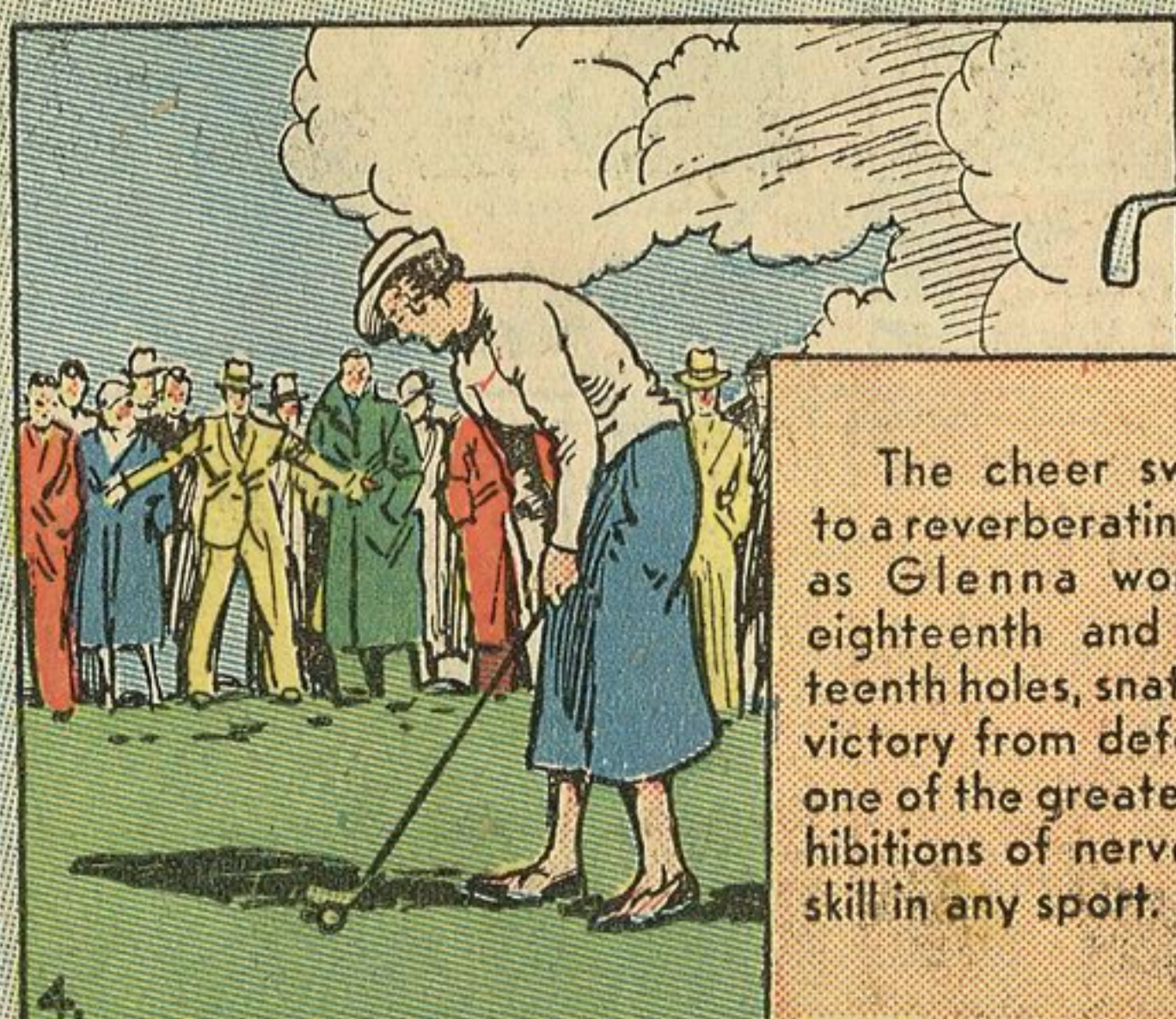
Defeat grinned at her insolently that afternoon of Oct. 3, 1929 as Glenna Collett found herself four down at the fifteenth hole in defense of her national woman's golf championship.



The crowd stood breathless as she rose to supreme heights to win the next three holes. The fans groaned as her perfect tee shot to the eighteenth green apparently hit something and rolled behind a tree in the rough.



She didn't stop fighting. A mighty cheer went up as she pitched onto the fairway to within 20 yards of the green. But her opponent, Mrs. Harley Higbie, was as close in two as Glenna was in three.



The cheer swelled to a reverberating roar as Glenna won the eighteenth and nineteenth holes, snatching victory from defeat in one of the greatest exhibitions of nerve and skill in any sport.



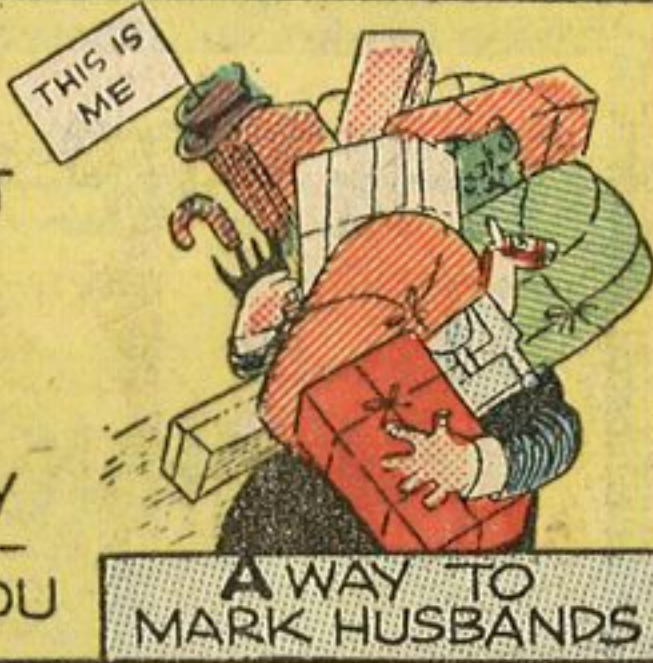
It took two birdies, iron nerve and the surmounting of a crushing obstacle to win those last five holes, but Glenna Collett had what it takes. All real champions have it.

RUBE GOLDBERG'S SIDE SHOW

...BRAIN DERBY...
SHOPPING TEST DEPT.

WHICH IS HARDER TO GET OUT OF... SING SING PRISON OR A DEPARTMENT STORE ELEVATOR?

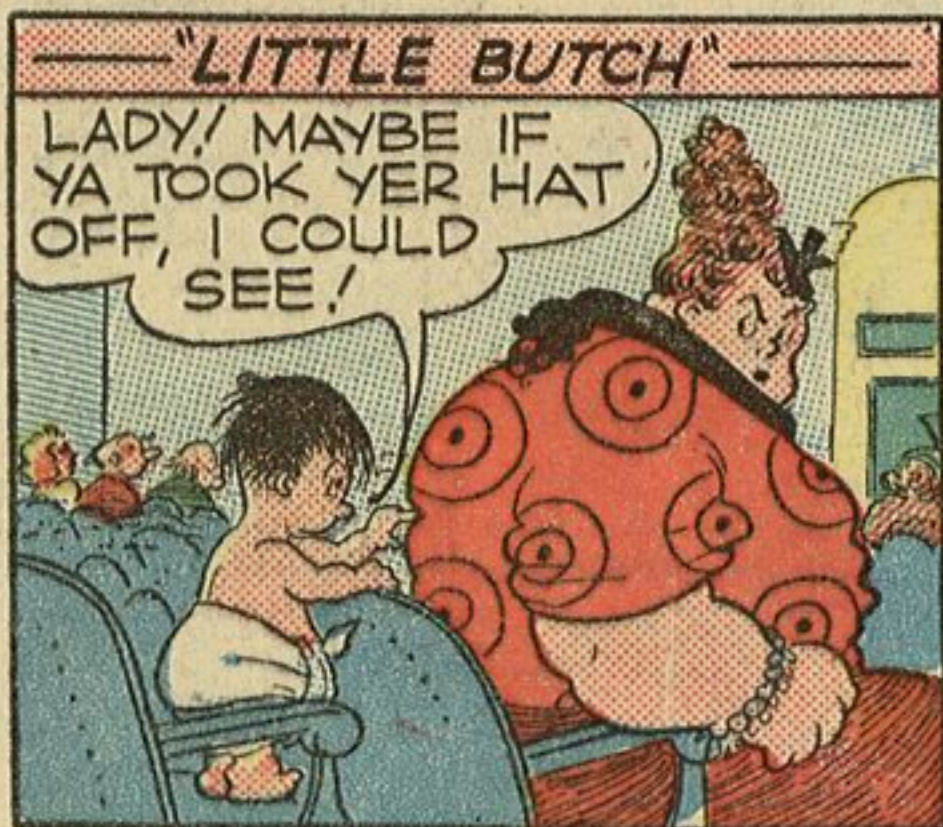
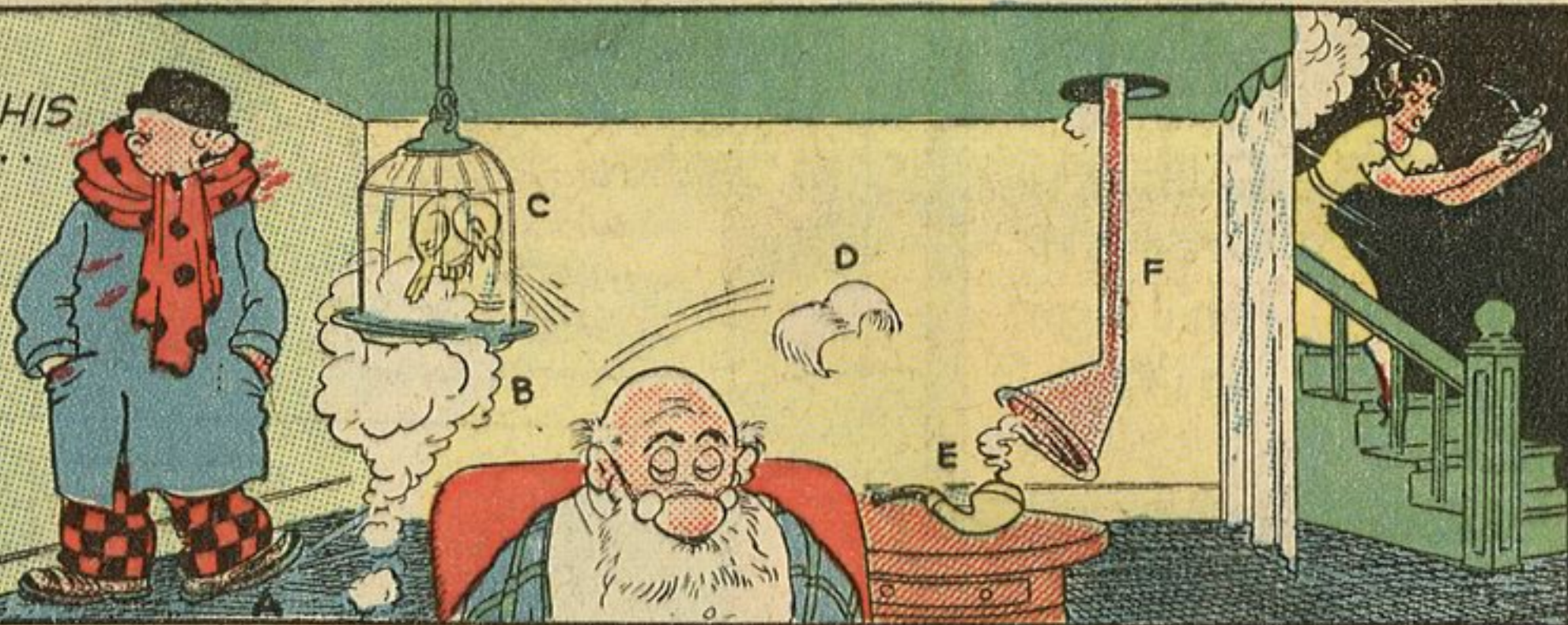
.....
INSTEAD OF A SHOPPING LIST WOULD IT BE WISER TO BUY EVERYTHING IN A STORE--- THEN THROW OUT WHAT YOU DIDN'T WANT?



A WAY TO MARK HUSBANDS

OUR SPECIAL INVENTION
OR HOW A MAN CAN HURRY HIS
WIFE WITH HER DRESSING....

YOU TAP FOOT 'A' IMPATIENTLY,
CAUSING DUST 'B' TO RISE---
CANARY 'C' SNEEZES, BLOWING
TOUPEE 'D' OFF GRANDPA'S
HEAD--IT FALLS ON BURNING
PIPE 'E' AND CATCHES FIRE...
SMOKE RISES THROUGH TUBE
'F' INTO WIFE'S ROOM-- SHE
THINKS HOUSE IS AFIRE
AND GETS DOWNSTAIRS
IN A JIFFY!!



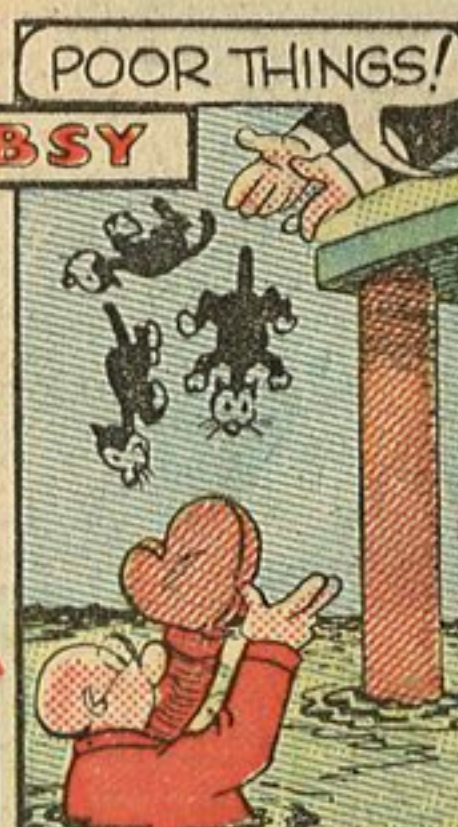
"LITTLE BUTCH"
LADY! MAYBE IF
YA TOOK YER HAT
OFF, I COULD
SEE!



I HATE T'DO
IT, BUT I
GOTTA DROWN
ALL THESE
KITTENS!



AN
OLD BASE-
BALL
GLOVE!!

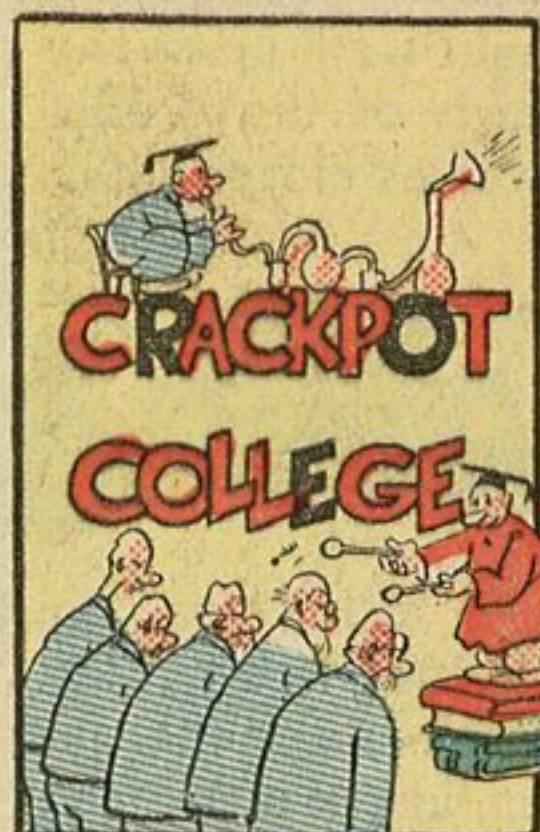


POOR THINGS!

NIBBSY



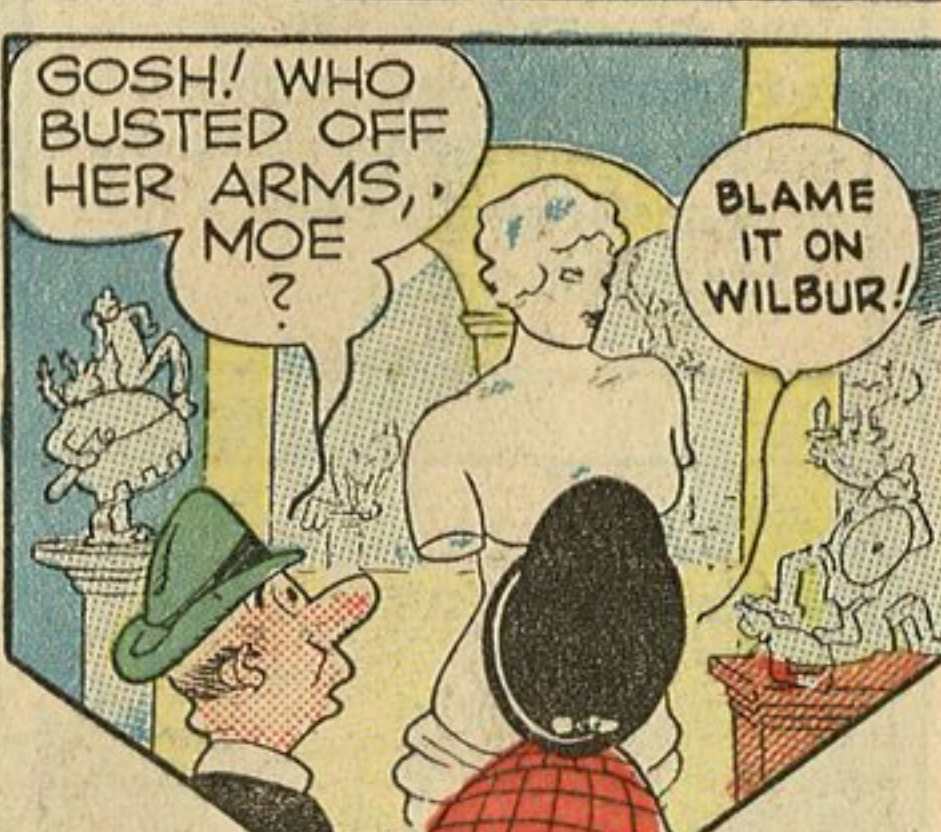
THERE! NIBBSY,
THAT'S
ME!!



WHERE ARE THOSE
SLIPS, YOUNG
MAN?

GOSH--
WHAT'S
THE
MATTER
WITH
BIG
ED?

HE
WAS
CHEATIN'
AN'
SWALL-
OWED HIS
NOTES!

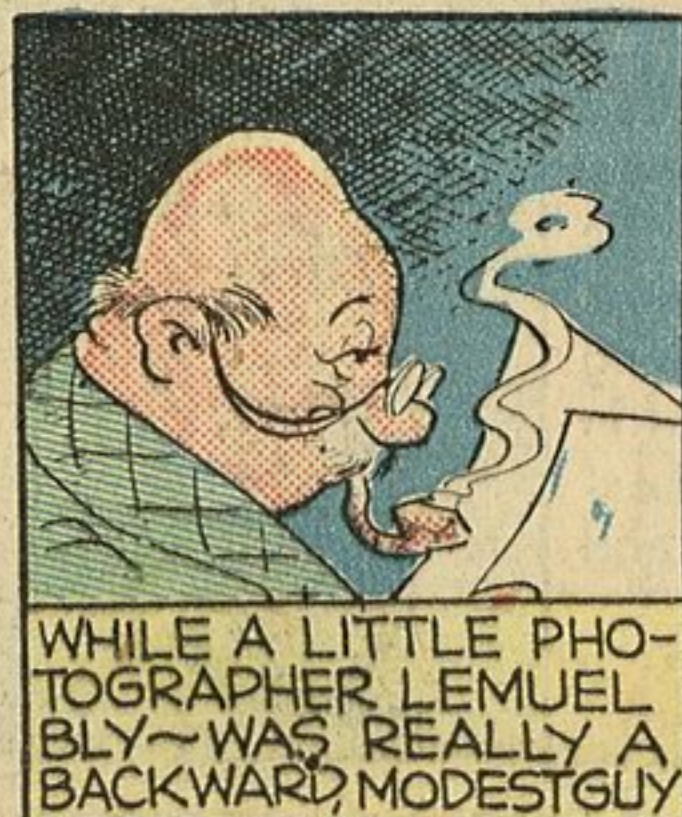


GOSH! WHO
BUSTED OFF
HER ARMS,
MOE?

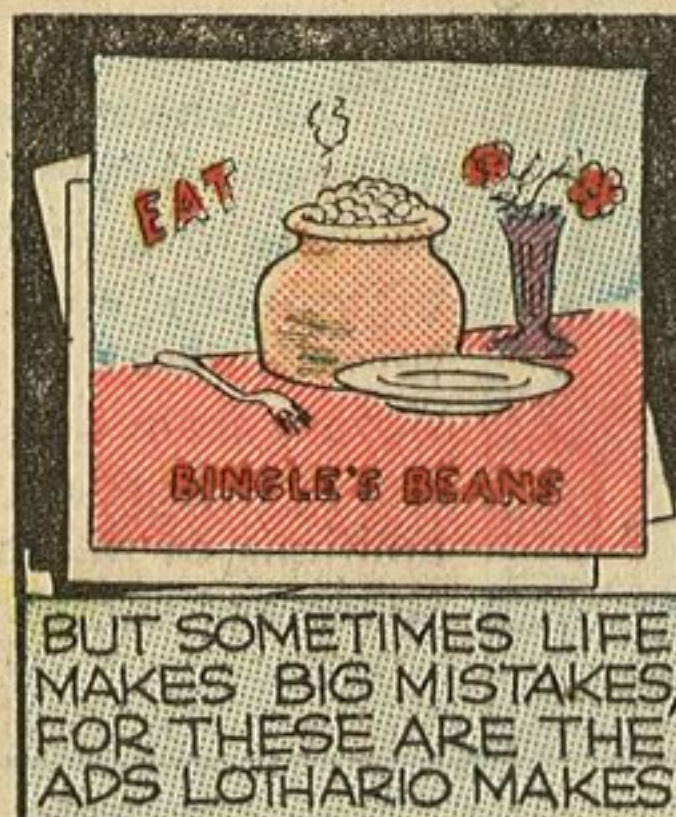
BLAME
IT ON
WILBUR!



A MAN-ABOUT-TOWN
WAS LOTHARIO ZADS,
WHO SNAPPED PIC-
TURES FOR MANY ADS



WHILE A LITTLE PHO-
TOGRAPHER LEMUEL
BLY~ WAS REALLY A
BACKWARD, MODEST GUY



BUT SOMETIMES LIFE
MAKES BIG MISTAKES,
FOR THESE ARE THE
ADS LOTHARIO MAKES



WHILE SIMPLE LEM
TO PAY HIS CREDITORS,
SNAPS JOBS LIKE
THIS FOR MANY EDITORS.

WIZARD WELLS

Miracle Man of Science

The
DEATH-RAY
DECOY!

by
HARRY
FRANCIS
CAMPBELL

WIZARD WELLS, FORMER ALL-AMERICAN ATHLETE, HAS BECOME AMERICA'S FOREMOST SCIENTIST AND INVENTOR...

AIDED BY "TUG," HIS PUNCH-DRUNK MAN-OF-ALL-WORK, WELLS HAS SUCCESSFULLY ROUTED MORDA, A RACKETEER WHO EXTORTED MONEY FROM SMALL STORE-KEEPERS.....

THIS HAS WON FOR HIM THE GRATITUDE AND FRIENDSHIP OF MARY PERRY, DAUGHTER OF ONE OF THE VICTIMIZED STORE-KEEPERS.....

TUG,...DID YOU SEE THESE HEADLINES?...WHY, IT IS AN OUTRAGE!

H-H-HUH? I THOUGHT IT WAS SWELL, WIZ!

HITLIN DEFIES U.S. IN SPEECH

SWELL?...TRYING TO INVOLVE US IN A **WAR**?

WAR?...OH! I AIN'T TALKIN' ABOUT THAT!

WIZARD WELLS SMASHES GANG

...I MEANT THIS!

THAT'S EVEN WORSE!

DAILY PRESS
WIZARD WELLS SMASHES GANG

AFTER THAT STORY, EVERY MENTAL DEFECTIVE IN TOWN WILL BE BRINGING ME HIS IMAGINARY PROBLEMS TO SOLVE!

THERE'S TH' PHONE!

R-R-RING

SALE OF NEW SUITS

..WIZARD WELLS? SURE,...HE'S RIGHT HERE...

I HAVE AS MUCH PRIVACY AS A SOLAR ECLIPSE!

...YOU WANT ME TO CREATE A **DEATH-RAY**?...**NO!**...AND GOODBYE, MR. SMYTHE!

MY NAME IS SMYTHE,...I **MUST** SEE WIZARD WELLS!

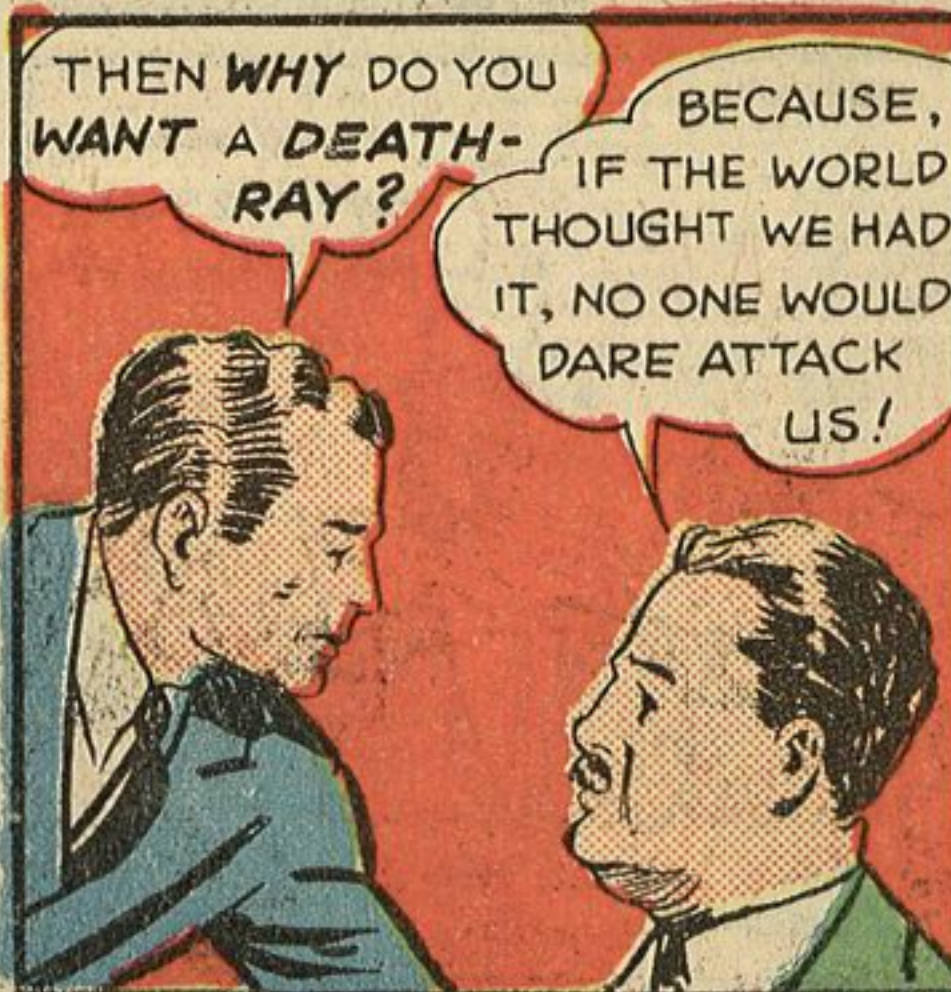
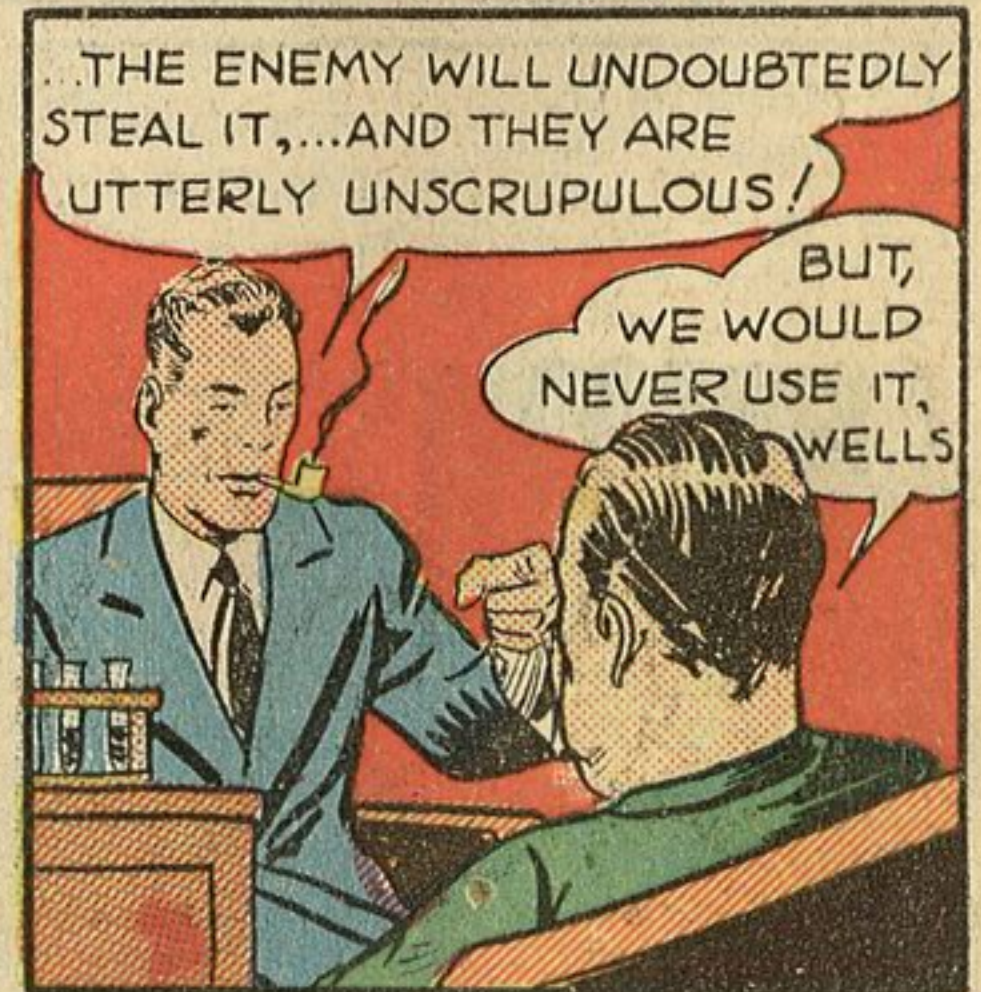
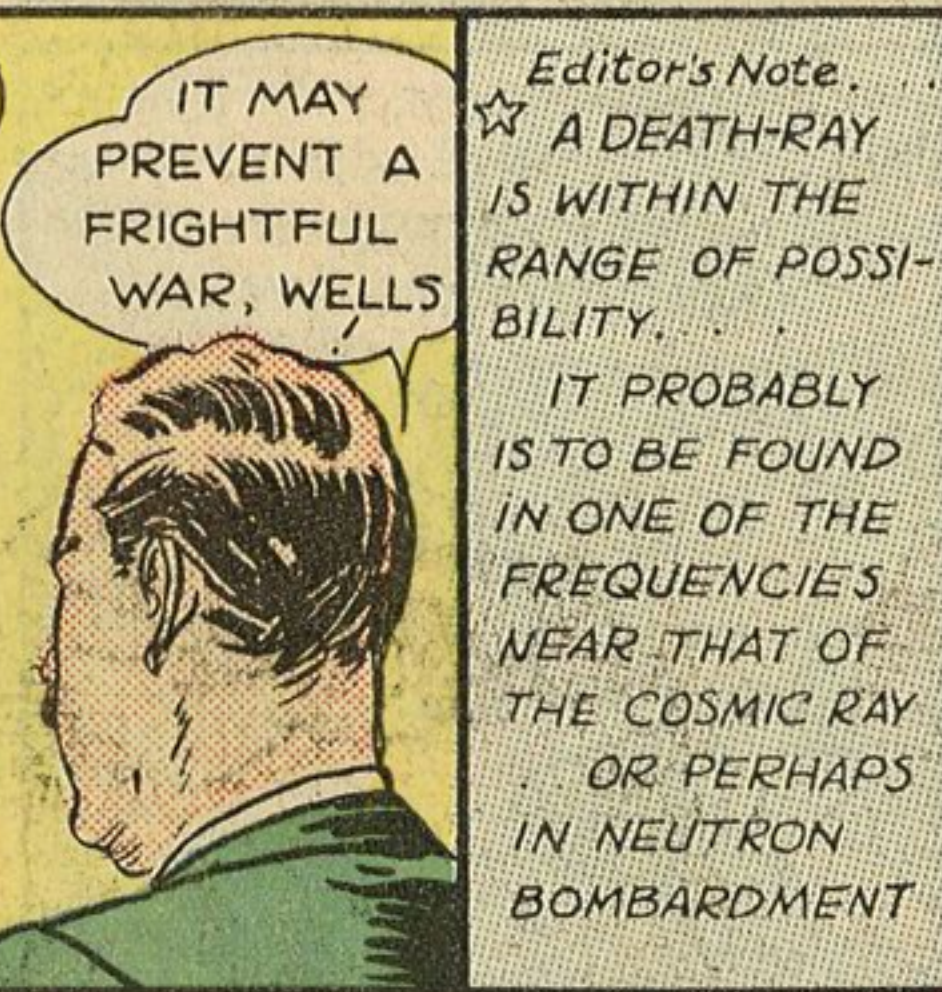
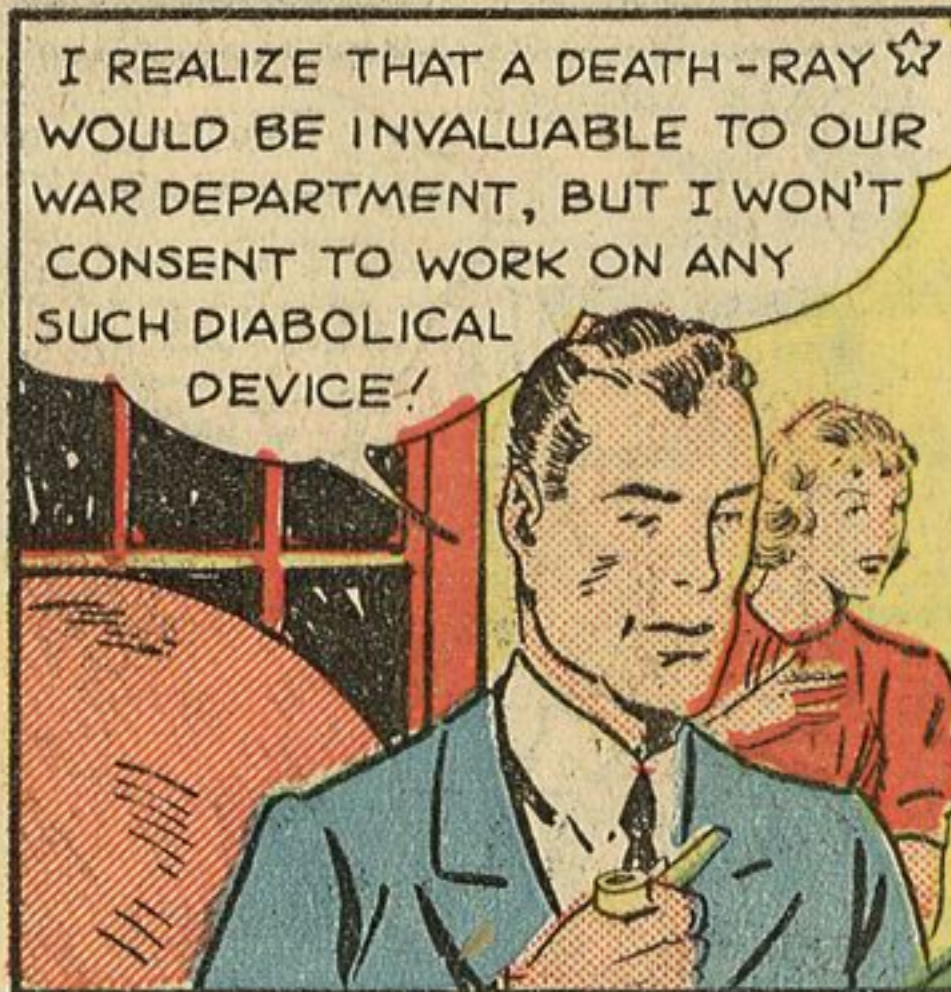
W-WELL,...I DUNNO,...

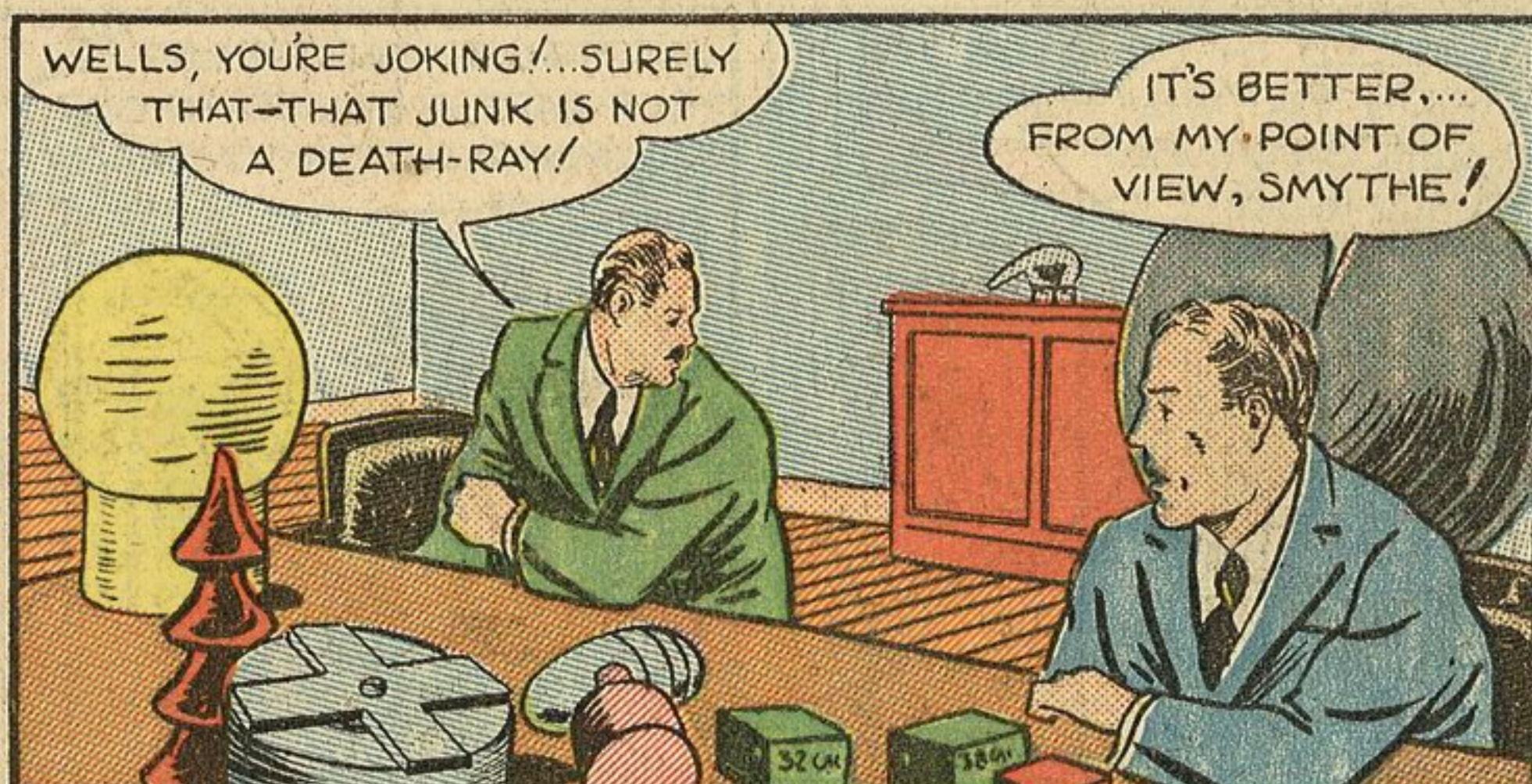
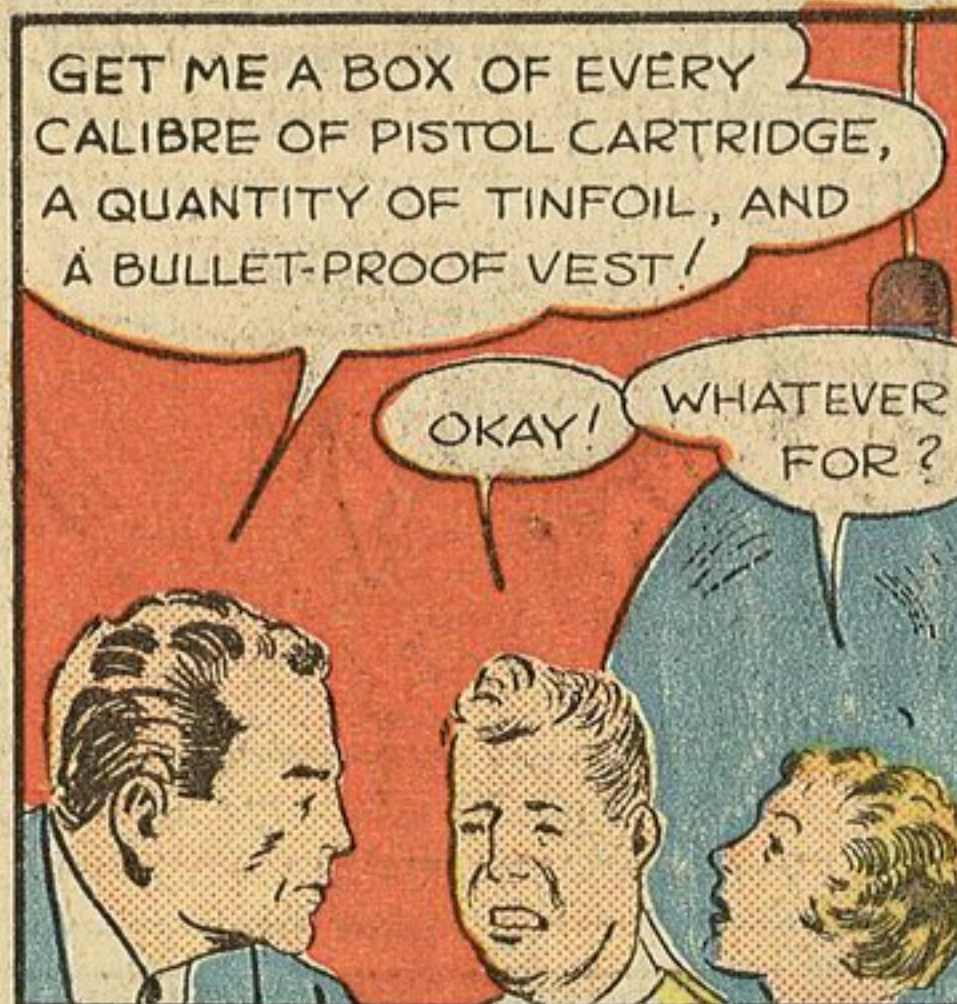
A MR. SMYTHE TO SEE YOU, WIZ!

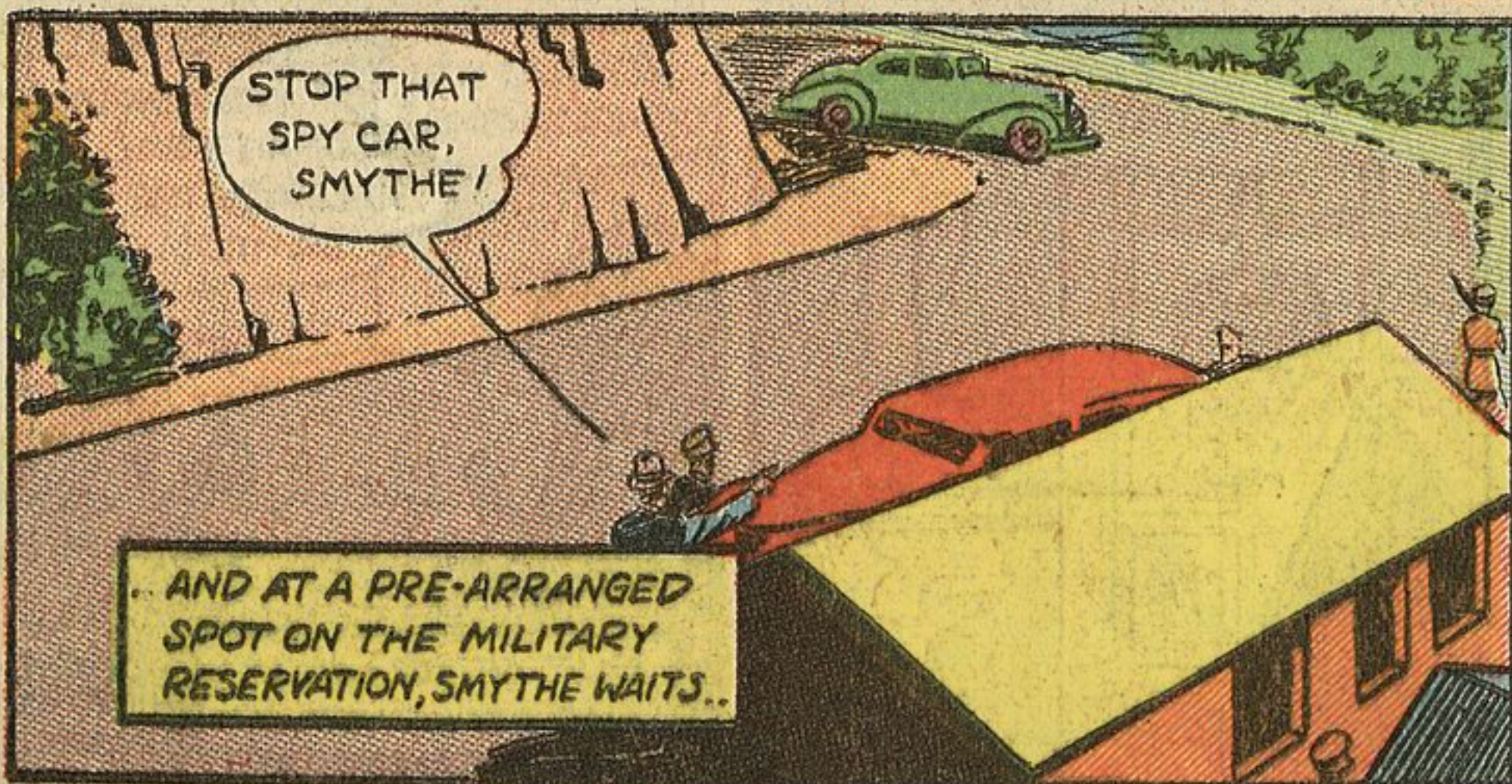
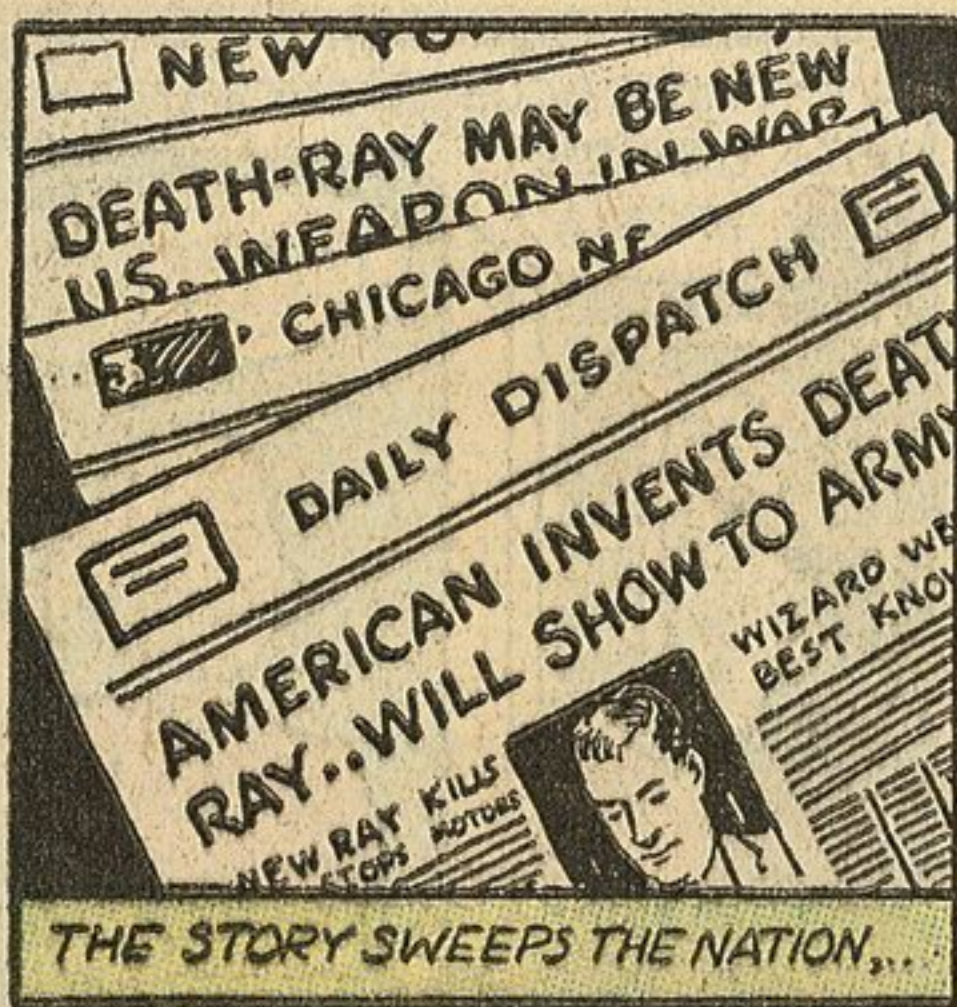
SMYTHE? THAT **DEATH-RAY LUNATIC**? **NO!**

AND,...NOT TEN MINUTES LATER!...

1









3 SPIES GET OUT OF THE COUPE AND ARE HERDED TO ONE SIDE.



WIZARD RELOADS THE SPIES' GUNS..



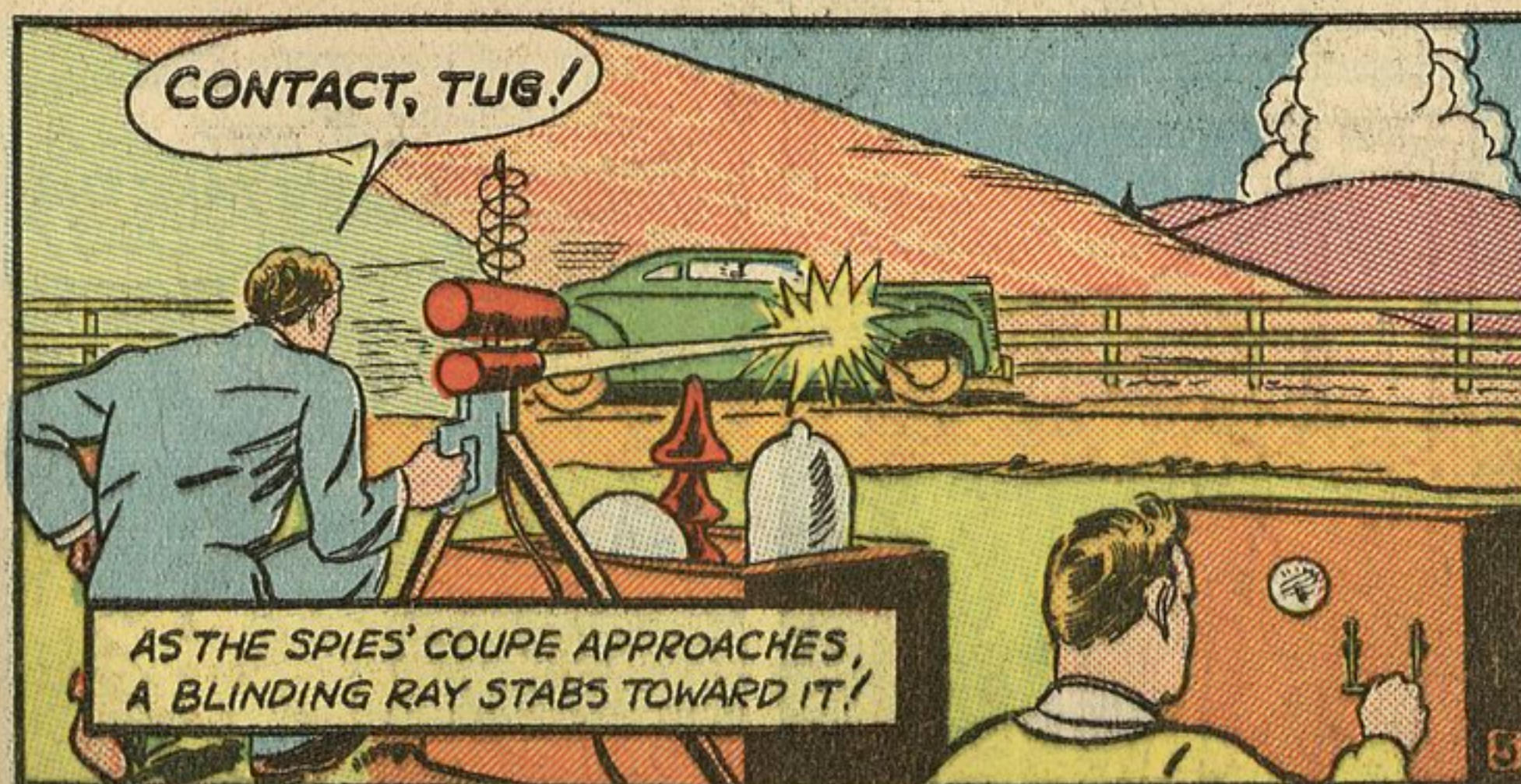
WHILE, UNOBSERVED BY THE SPIES, TUG DOES A LITTLE WORK ON THEIR COUPE...



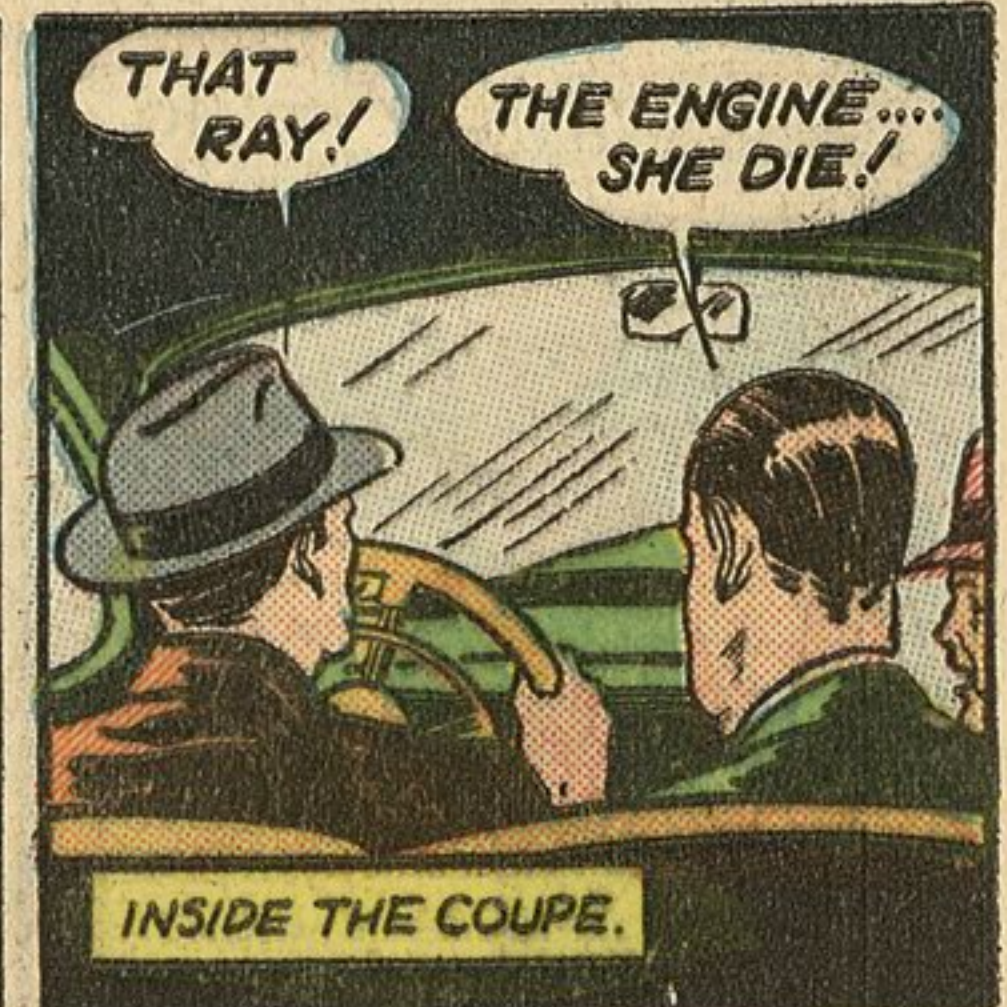
AND JUST 5 MINUTES LATER.



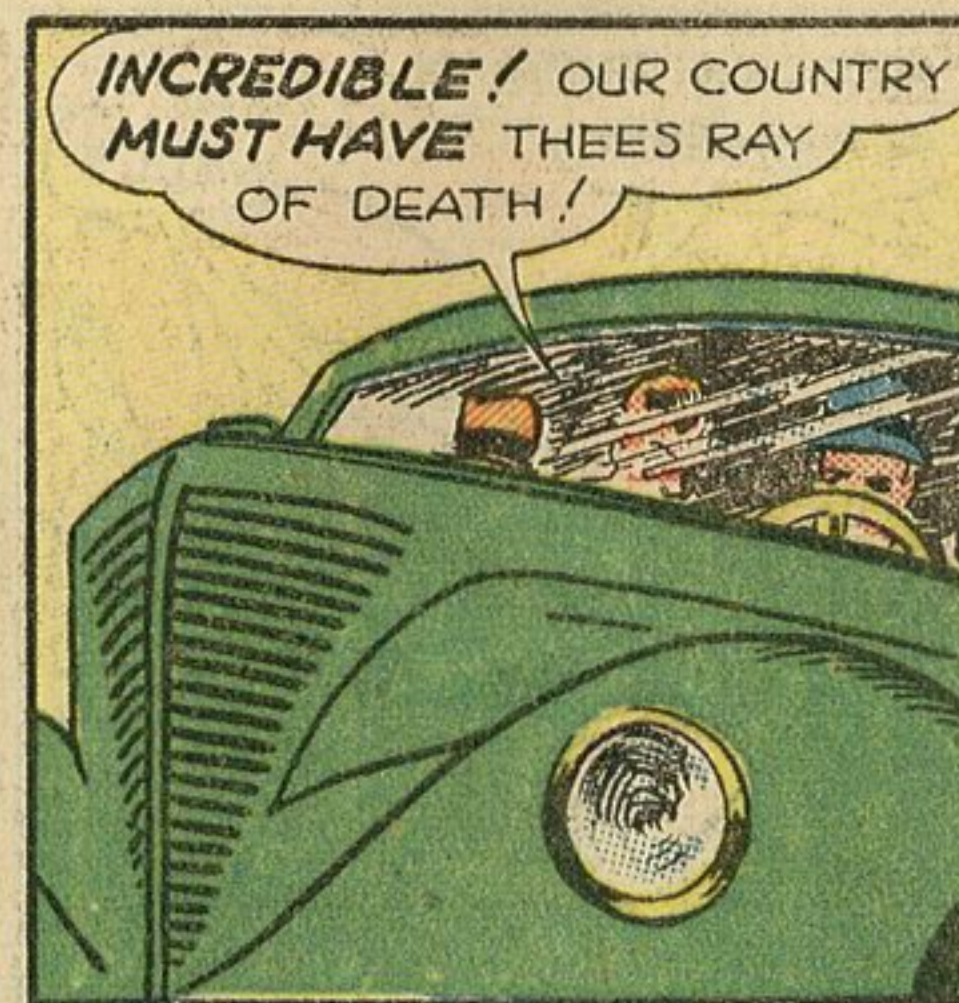
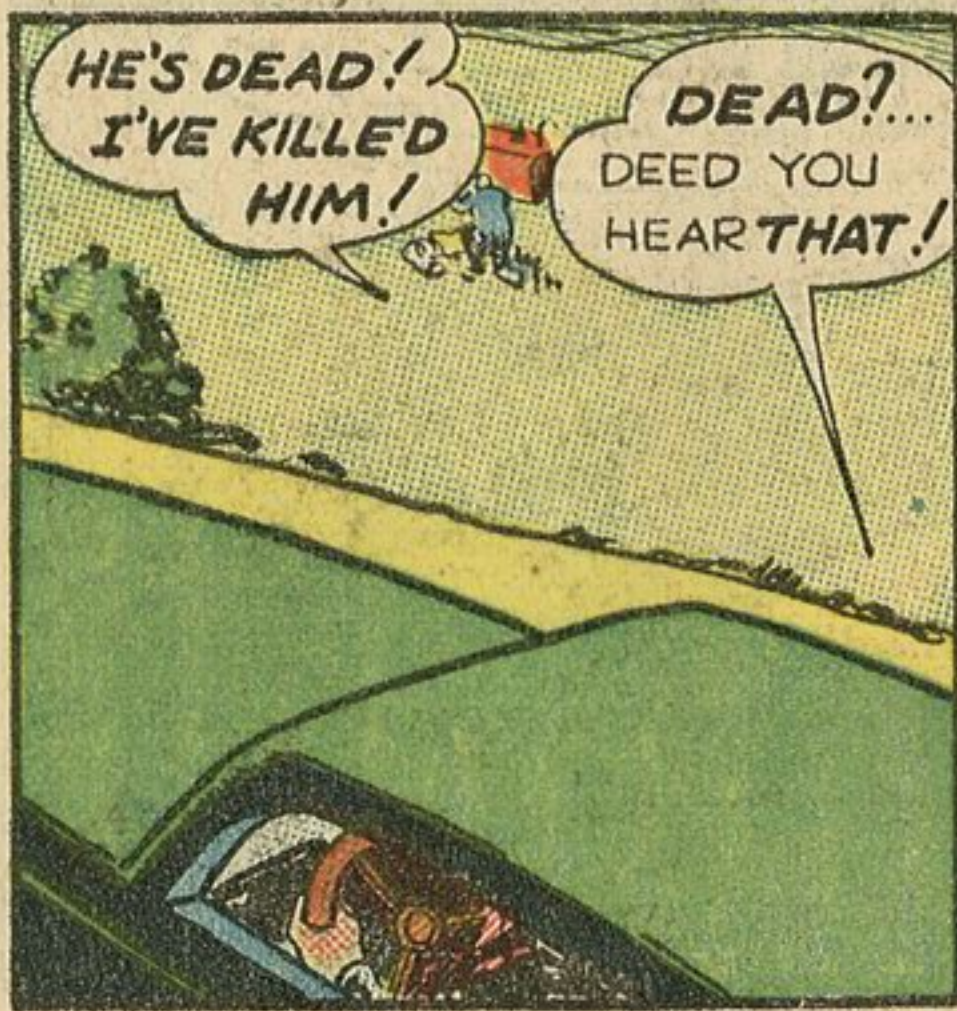
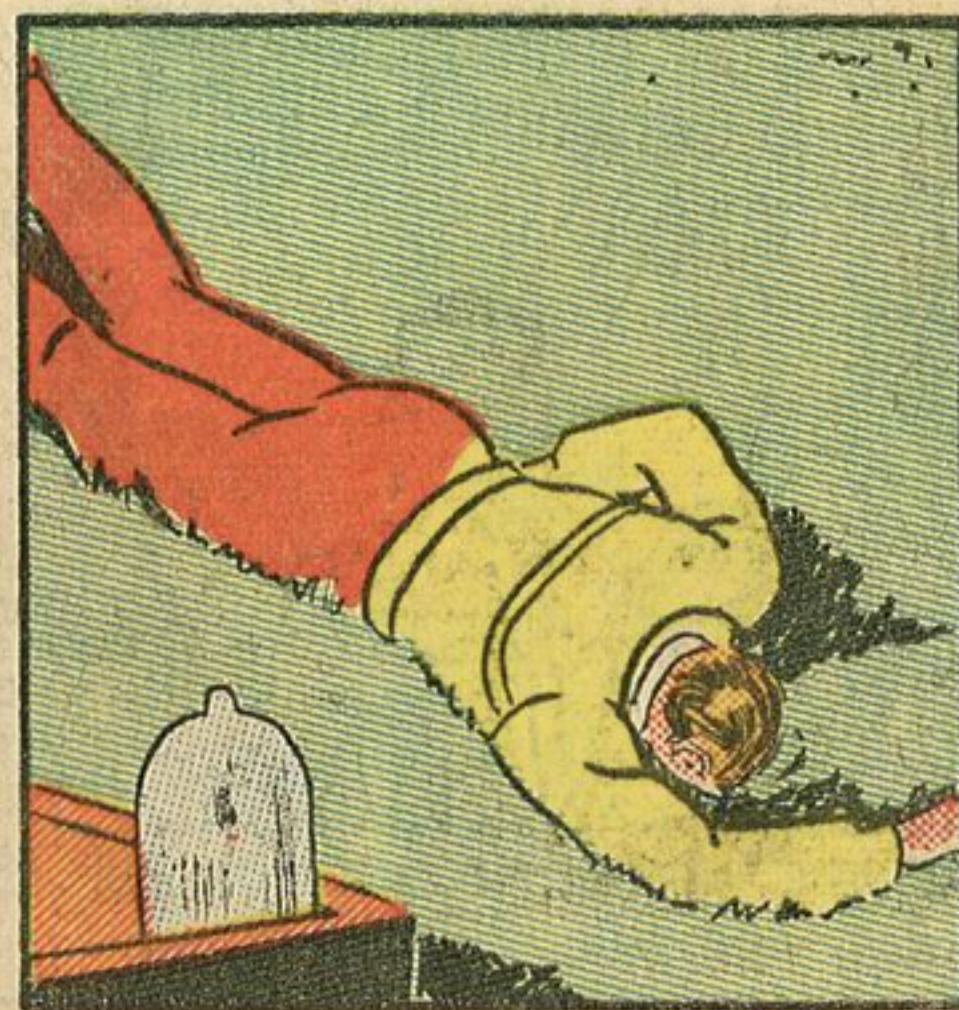
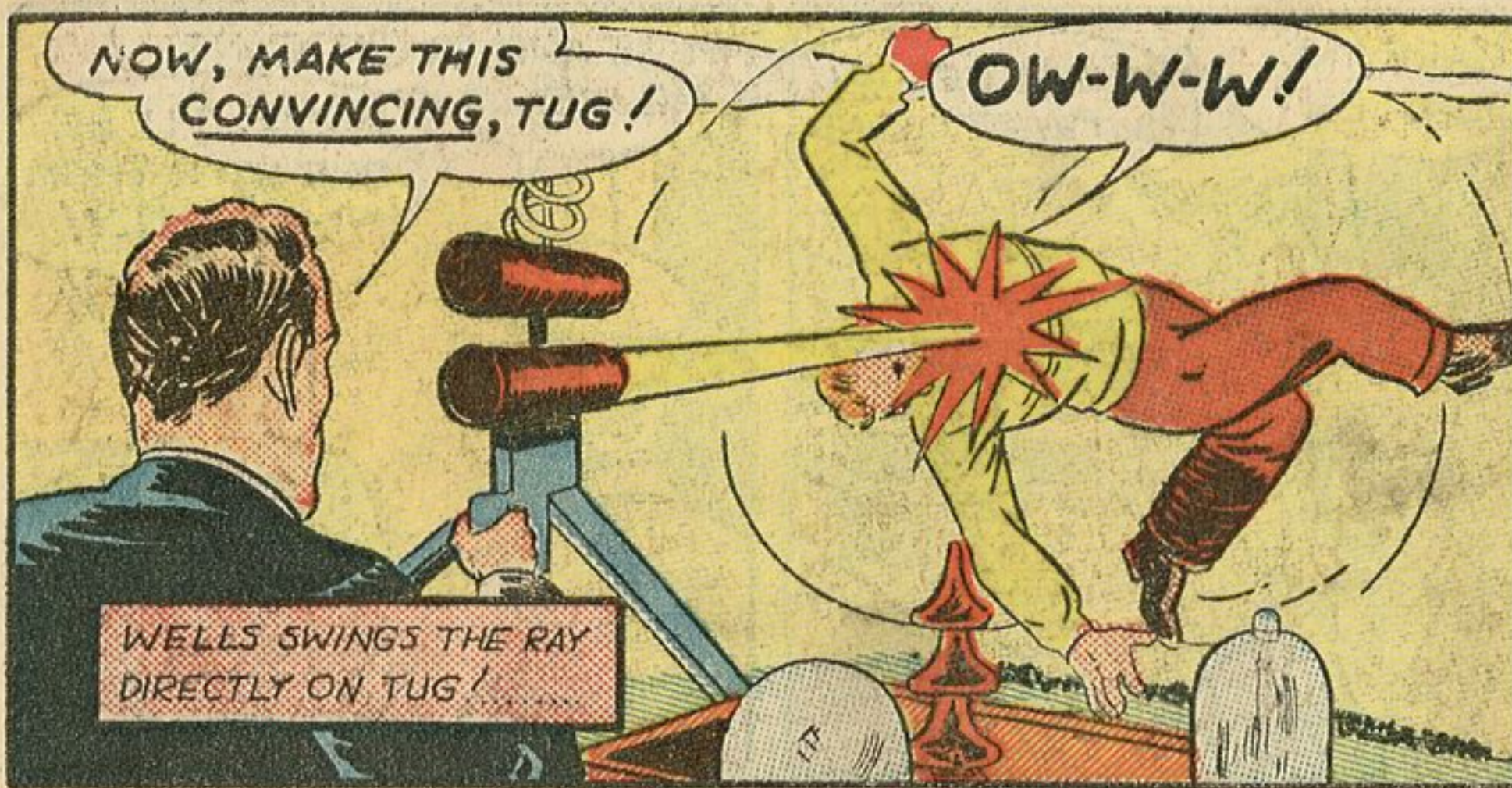
DOWN THE ROAD, WELLS WAITS.

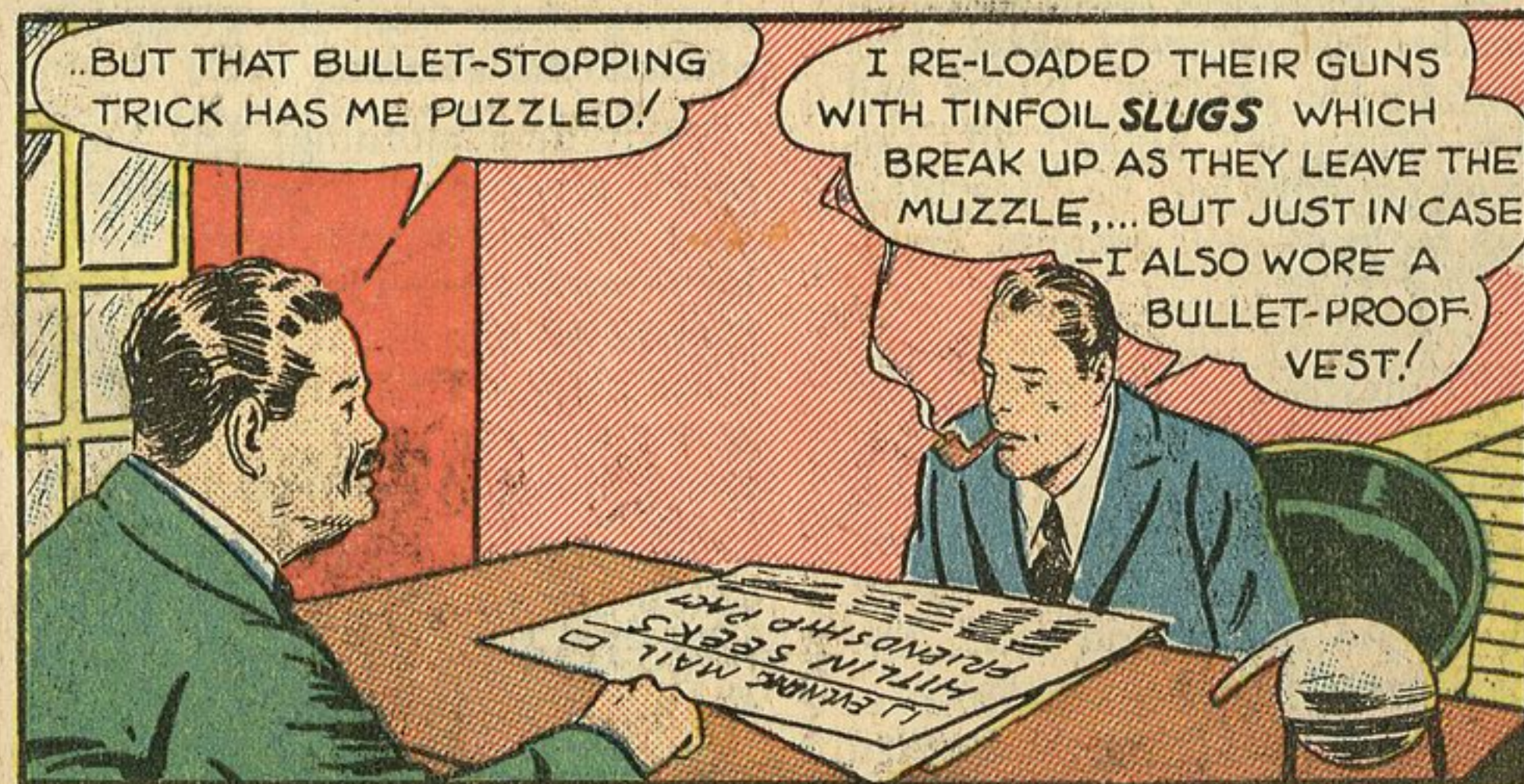
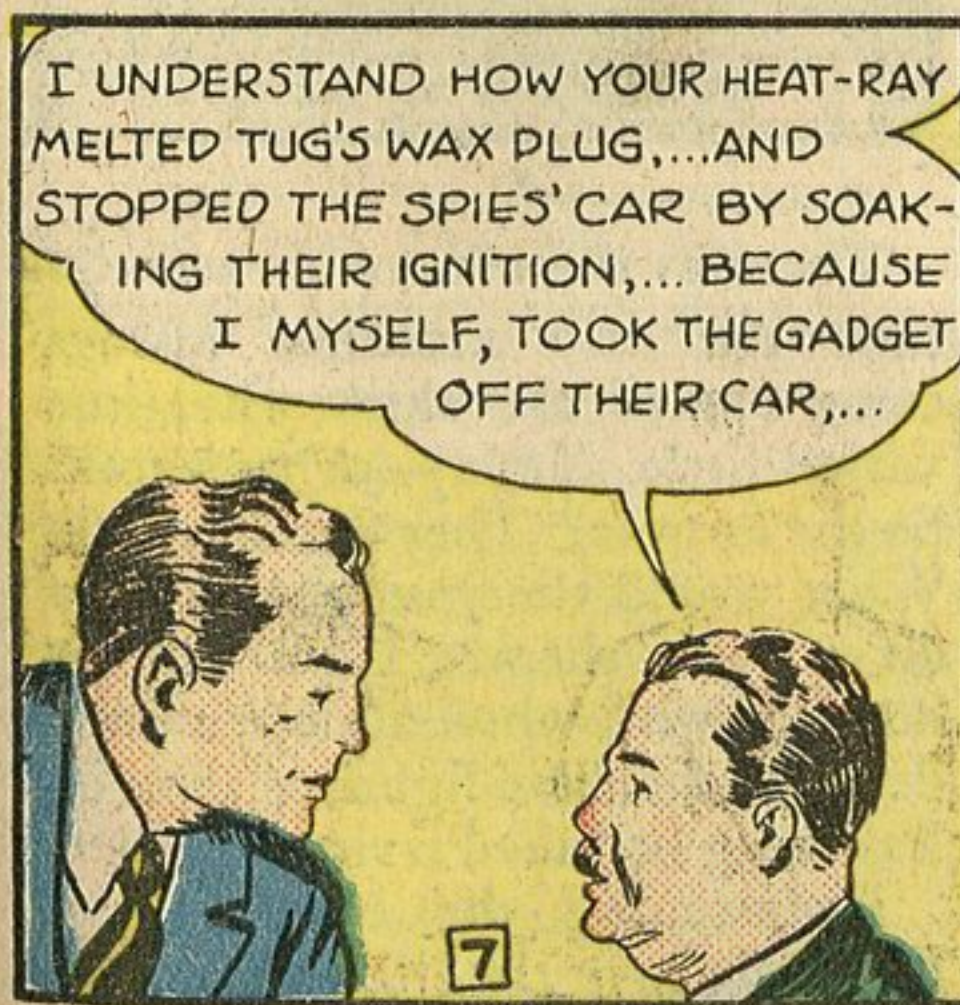
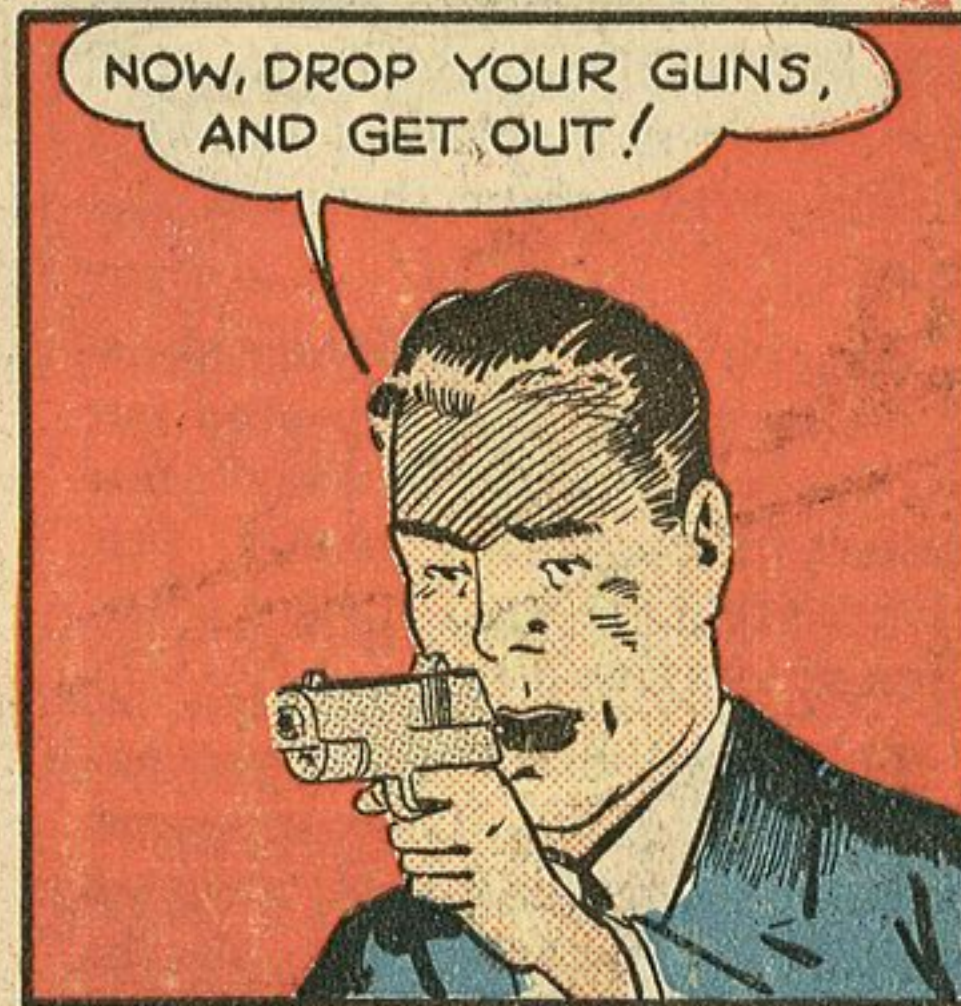
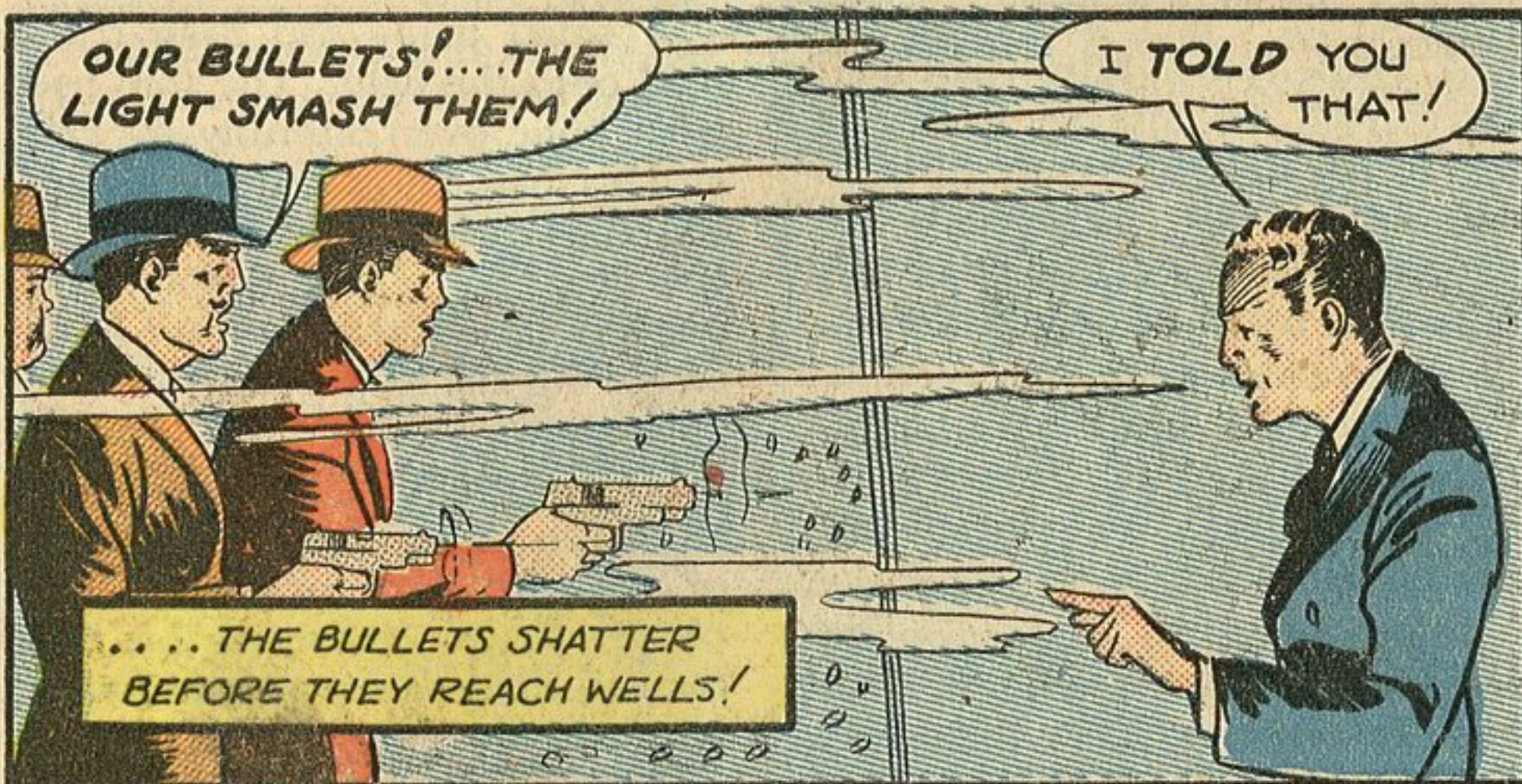
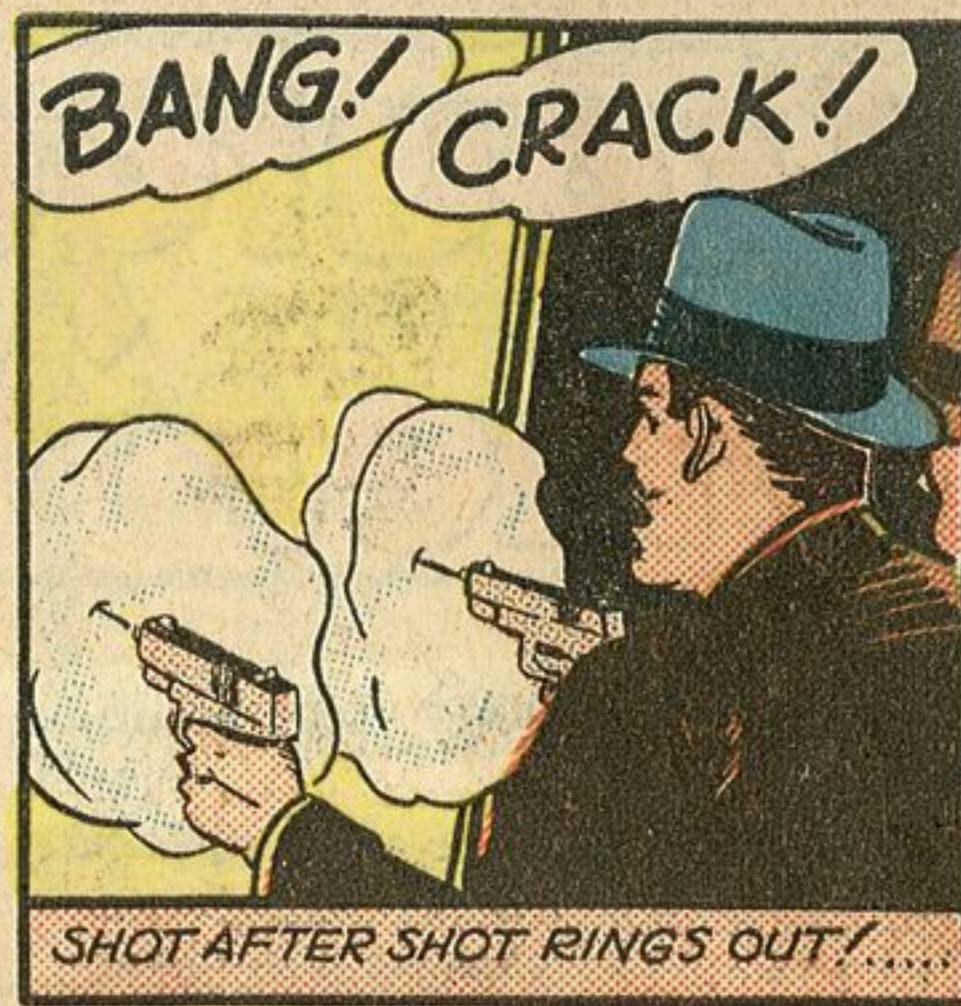
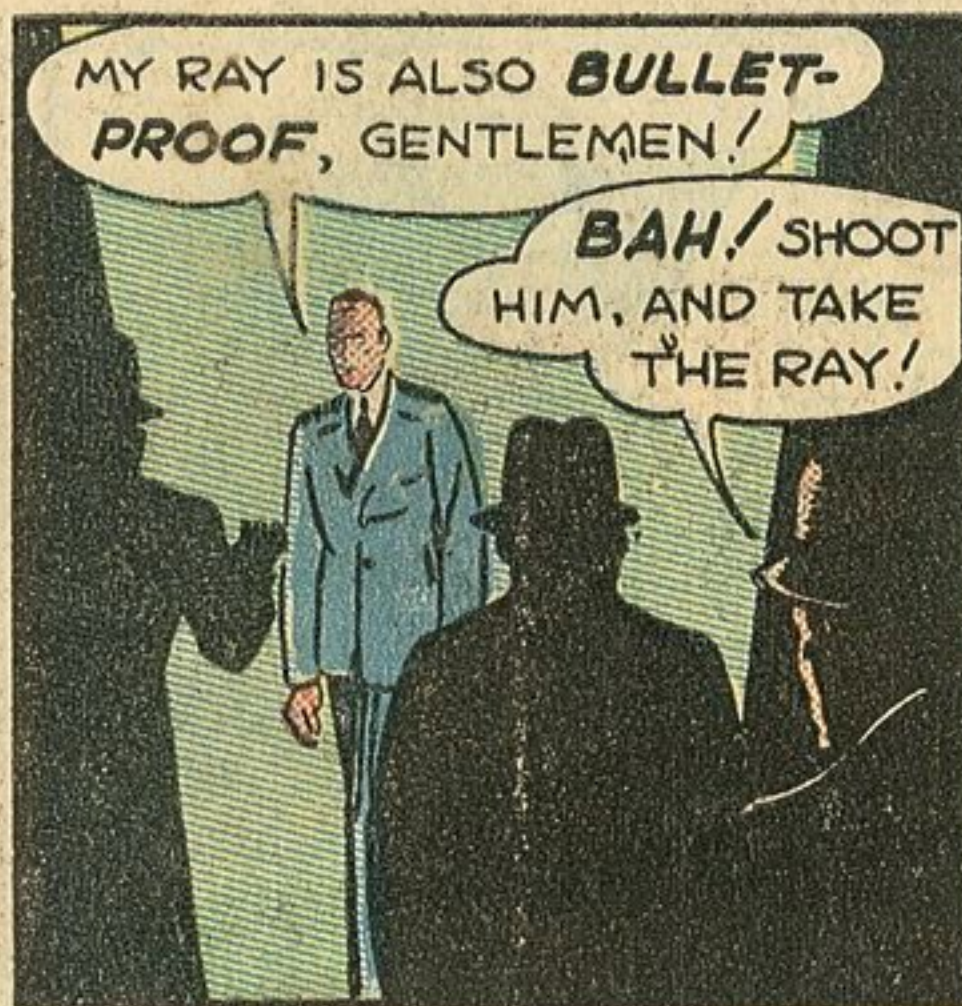


AS THE SPIES' COUPE APPROACHES, A BLINDING RAY STABS TOWARD IT!




INSIDE THE COUPE.





Scourge OF THE Skies

by Larry Spain



"Run—run! They come again, the devil birds!"

With cries of mortal terror the harried people of Tai-wang scurried for cover in the shell-pocked streets of their city. Those working in the rice paddies dropped their tools and splashed in every direction to safety that did not exist.

Far above, in the sapphire skies, two tiny shapes had appeared out of the west. Quickly they grew larger; though at 20,000 feet planes are mere specks, even when directly overhead.

The 'devil birds' the poor natives called them. They appeared each day, dropping their cargoes of screaming exploding death. Hundreds of people in Tai-wang had been slaughtered; almost the whole of the city was in smoldering ruins.

From the modest flying field near the city, two small, fleet pursuit planes took off. Two more sturdy sons of China going to their doom!

For weeks this had kept up. Always the twin specks came out of the west, unleashed their lethal cargoes, and flew on, unscathed. Tors went up to give battle. Not one ever came back.

The mysterious thing was that attacker and defender never came near to one another. Never had the courageous fighters of Tai-wang got anywhere near machine-gun range of their enemies. Maintaining their great height, they would simply turn about and fly—far above—the pursuing ships. Always the same uncanny thing would happen: without a shot being fired, without a bomb being dropped, the little fighters would burst into flames and fall. The 'devil birds' would swoop away...

General Ksai-chang had called

a special meeting of his ministers in the field headquarters. He was not agitated as he faced his men, the very brains of his army.

"Gentlemen," he intoned heavily, "we have almost reached the end. Our city is in ruins. Our land lies barren, because we have few left to till it. Our fighting planes are nearly all destroyed." He paused to let the enormity of this statement make its impression.

"I don't blame you," he went on. "But the 'devil birds' have practically annihilated us. They are using some infernal evil magic—not the honest weapons of war.

"Gentlemen, we as a nation are lost unless we stop these raids. We have failed to do so . . . and so I have enlisted the services of a young American. May I introduce—Eric Vale!"

There was an instant hush as this famous name fell from the general's lips. Then every head turned toward the tanned youth who had got up, smiling.

"It is more than an honor," said Eric Vale with feeling; "it is my duty, and that of my countrymen to help in the hour of need. I promise my very best. I have a theory that may rid your country of this menace."

His words were answered by a ringing cheer from the group of officials and aviators.

Early next morning, Eric Vale began a series of strange duties. First, he held a consultation with his three assistants who always accompanied him in the sleek, powerful plane. Then he ordered a power line run from the city generating plant to the airport.

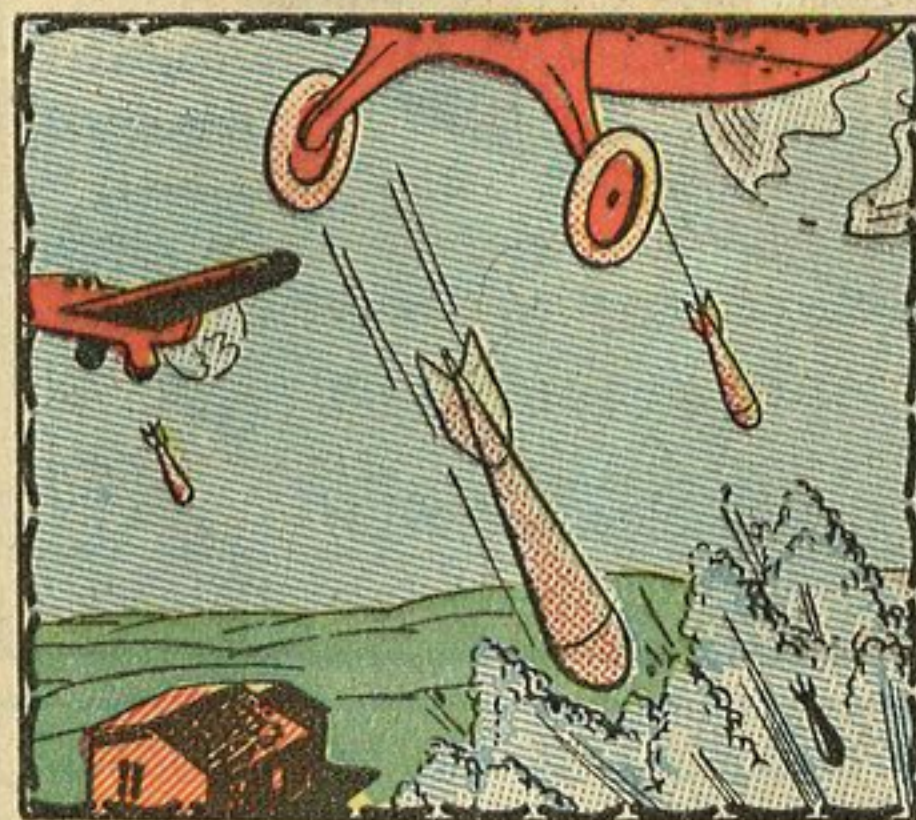
The poorly equipped workshop at the flying field offered little help. Nor did the corps of mechanics, though perfectly willing, lend much in the way of assistance.

But these things made no difference to Eric Vale; his great plane was a flying laboratory and he seldom required help from outside sources.

By noon, most of the preliminary work was done. And to the eyes of the native airmen it was indeed a strange work. The power line had been strung to the airport; and now some 10,000 feet of heavy copper wire lay in a huge coil at one side of the field. What this was for nobody knew, except Eric Vale, his assistants, and General Ksai-chang.

A small plane had been trundled onto the field. The ship had been gone over carefully by Eric and his men. Long strips of gleaming copper had been fastened to the cowlings. These strips stood out like the petals of a huge flower, giving the ship a most bizarre appearance.

Next, the end of the power line had been attached to the cockpit of the ship, in contact with the copper strips. What all this was for had the aviators tremendously puzzled. By two o'clock, nearly everybody in the city lined the flying field boundaries; they had all heard that a strange young American was going to free them from the terrible enemy.



Three in the afternoon was the time the two attackers always came out of the skies; the time varied little. Today—what would be the answer? They would come. What would the young American do against them? How did he hope to win, when almost a hundred of the best fighting men of Tai-wang had died trying?

Unfastening the copper line, Eric Vale took the little ship for a

trial hop. It was a modern plane and fairly maneuverable. He ascended to fifteen thousand feet, and before he came down the populace spotted the two dark shapes coming out of the west.

Landing, Eric Vale held a brief conversation with his men, and ordered a cordon of police thrown around the great coil of wire, to keep the people from touching it. Then he stepped into the small ship. When the enemy was still a good three miles off, he gunned the motor and a moment later he was spiraling upward, the thick copper wire rapidly uncoiling on the ground.

As the roar of his motor faded into the blue skies, a great hush fell over the people of Tai-wang. Every eye was turned aloft. In their hearts few of those simple souls had any hope that this brave young man from across the sea would be successful. He too would fall, a charred, ghastly thing, when those two dark shapes passed over him.

When most of the huge coil of wire was paid out, Eric leveled off and headed straight for the oncoming craft. He was still more than a mile away from them and several hundred feet below them. He glanced through his powerful binoculars and nodded. "Just as I thought," he said to himself. "What a clever trick!" He snapped on the two-way radio and called his ground operator.

"Keep an eye peeled," he told him: "It's just like I said. But we can't take chances. Wait about ten seconds and then give her the works. That's all!"

Eric's ship was less than a thousand yards distant from the thing he had seen in his glasses when he crawled over the cowlings. He pushed the throttle clear down.

A gasp from thousands of throats rose upward as the populace saw the young American leap outward. His body fell like a bullet . . . then a great white parachute snapped open and he floated downward. His pilotless ship sped onward . . .

It was passing beneath the twin enemy ships—A terrific explosion shook the skies. A giant sheet of

solid flame enveloped everything for a moment, blotting out the two high-flying ships. Both were wobbling out of control, falling toward each other.

Suddenly from each of them a white parachute ballooned—above, not below the hurtling ships. Their downward dive had literally jerked the pilots out of the cockpits, and now they floated



high above the blazing wreckage of their planes.

Eric Vale landed a mile from the field. The entire populace was running, yelling, toward him. He scrambled out of the riser straps and shroud lines, ran toward them, waving them back.

The two enemy planes crashed five hundred yards off, their bombs exploding with a deafening roar.

Old General Ksai-chang was the first to reach Eric. He threw his arms around the youth and there were tears of gratitude in his eyes.

"My son," he cried, "you have saved Tai-wang! You have brought liberty to my people! Name what you wish, and it is yours!"

"First," said Eric, "dispatch men to capture those two flyers." The enemy aviators were coming down, a half mile away, and already soldiers were running to nab them.

"How did you do it?" cried the flyers. "What happened? It was like magic!"

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Eric grinned. "Not at all," he said. "It was very simple. Come. The wreckage of their planes will tell the story."

There was not much left of the planes, but scattered over a vast area there were many strands of piano wire, burned a deep blue by the ten thousand volts of electricity which had been hurled through them.

"It was a net they carried between them," Eric explained. "A net of piano wire, each strand more than a mile long. They flew about three hundred yards apart, carrying a cable to which was attached the wires. All they had to do was fly over your planes, dangling those wires. The props became entangled . . . and that was the end. Simple, eh?"

General Ksai-chang scratched his grizzled jaw. "But how did you know?"

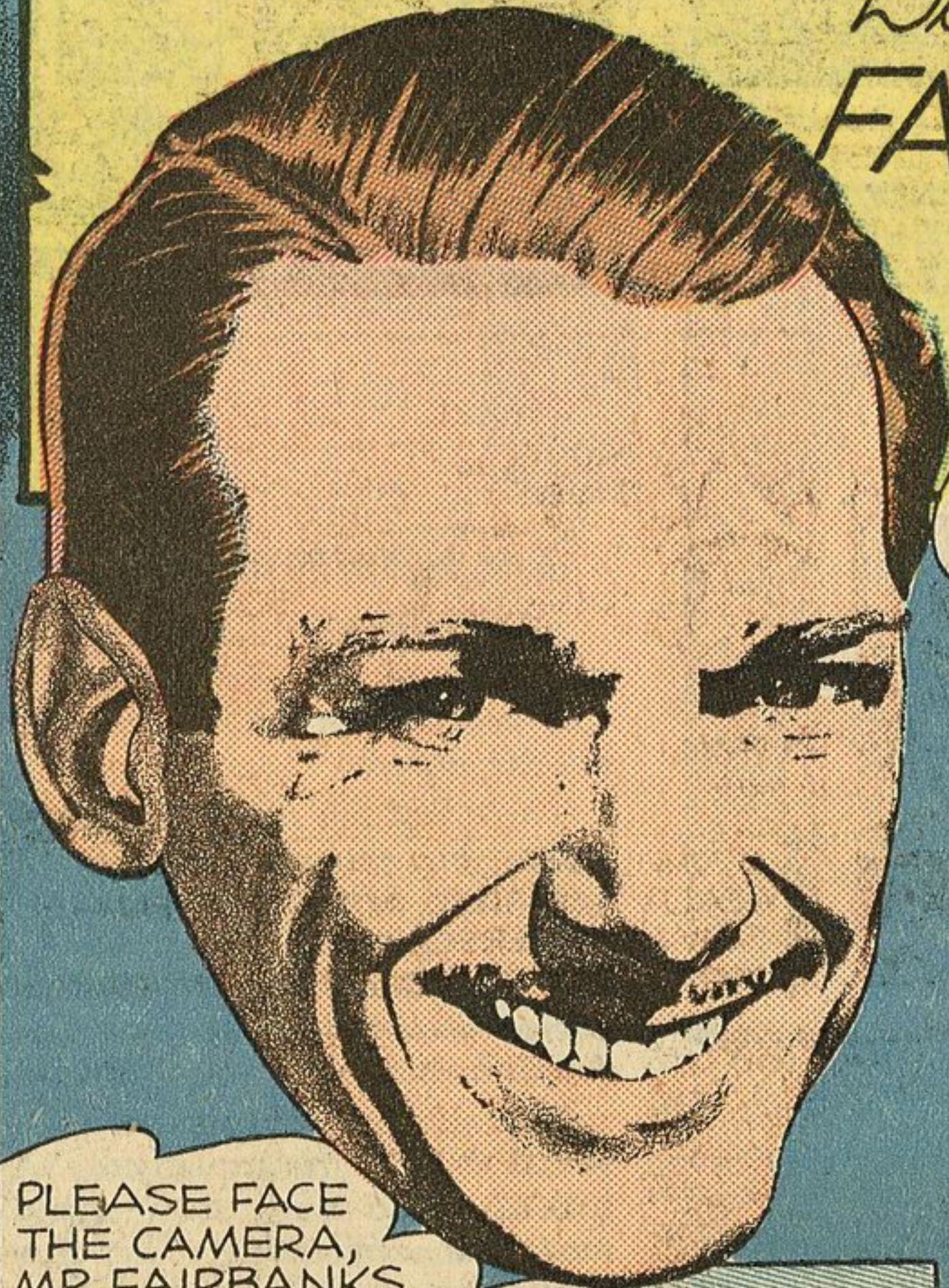
"I didn't—for sure," Eric replied. "I just had a theory that's what they were using. I knew, of course, when I got close enough to see the wires through my glasses. For the rest—well, I merely instructed my assistant to throw in the switch after I had jumped; the rest is history!"

**Read SMOKE JUMPER in
the August issue of CRACK
COMICS - on sale June 28th.**

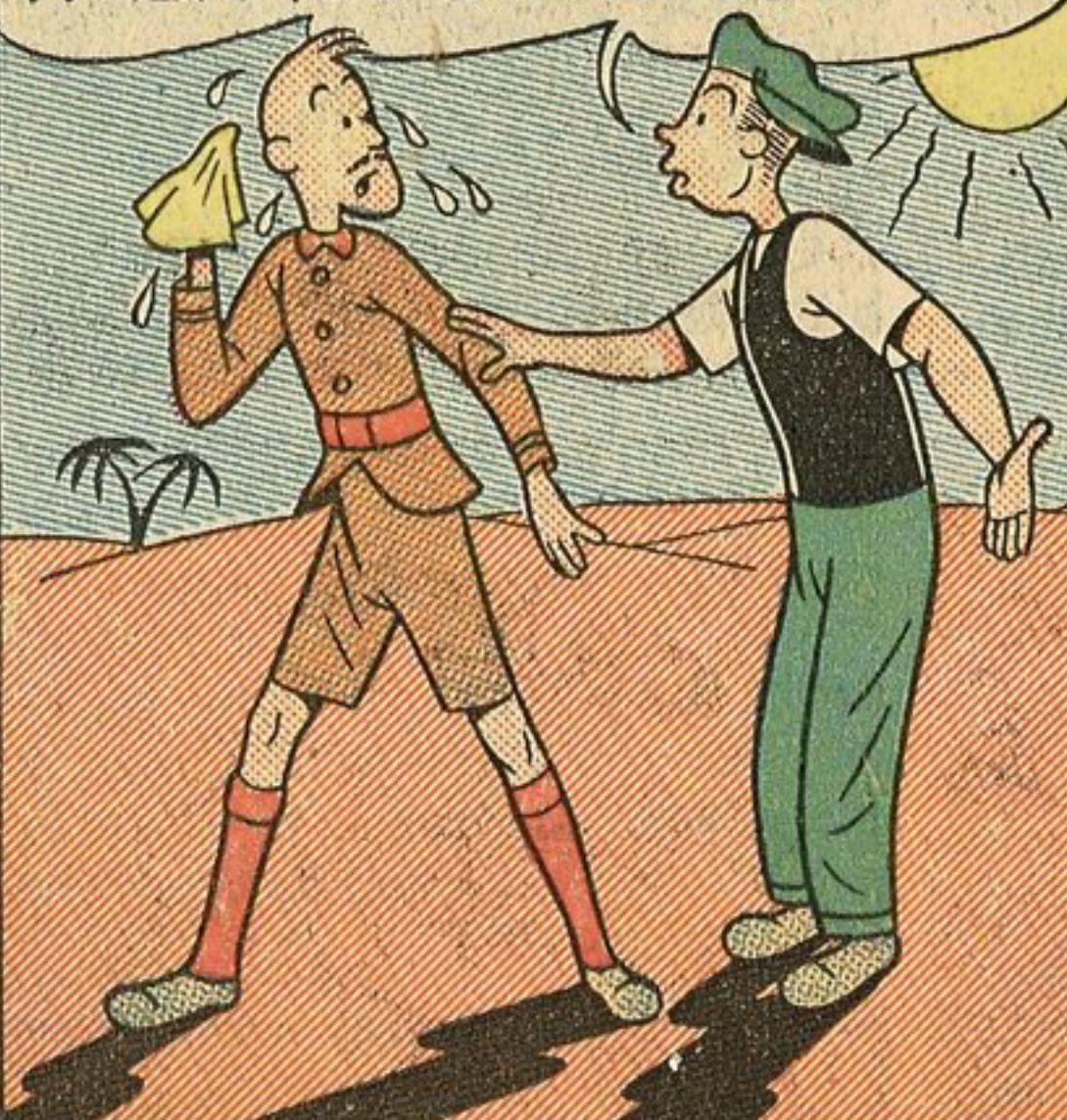
Screen Snapshots

Douglas
FAIRBANKS JR.

WHO TAKES UP WHERE
HIS COLORFUL MOVIE
STARRING DAD LEFT OFF...

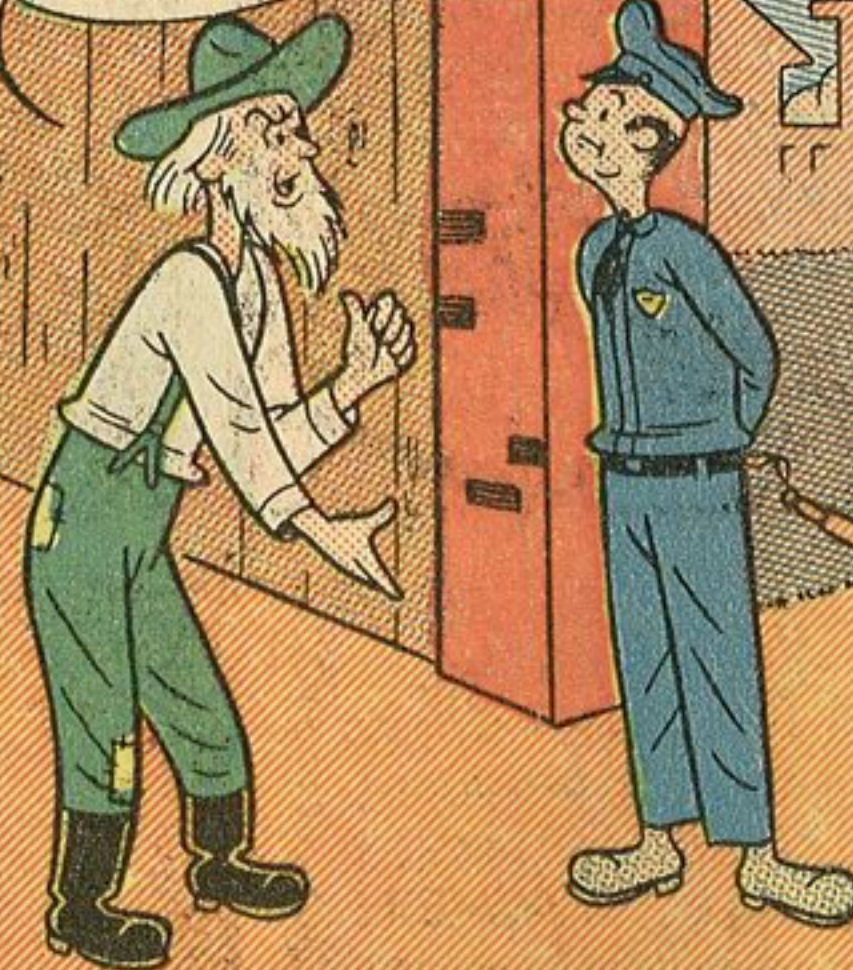


PLEASE FACE
THE CAMERA,
MR. FAIRBANKS...
YOU'RE SO THIN THAT
YOU DON'T PHOTOGRAPH
WHEN YOU STAND SIDWAYS!



FAIRBANKS LOST 10 LBS. WHILE
WORKING ON THE "GUNGA DIN" SET
IN A BOILING 100 DEGREE HEAT...

DON'T YA
REMEMBER ME,
I'M DOUGLAS
FAIRBANKS JR.!



DURING THE "GUNGA DIN" FILMING IT
WAS NECESSARY FOR DOUG TO LIVE
5 MONTHS ON THE DESERT, HUNDREDS
OF MILES FROM CIVILIZATION!!

IF THE STUDIO DON'T
BOTHER ME ABOUT
THAT \$500,000 CONTRACT
I CAN FINISH THIS
STORY AND GET
\$8.50 FOR IT!



-GILL
FOX-

BESIDES HIS ACTING ABILITY, HE ALSO
POSSESSES A NOTABLE WRITING
GIFT, WITH PUBLISHED FICTION TO
HIS CREDIT...

MADAM FATAL

by
ART
DINAGIAN



LADEN WITH GOLD BULLION, THE STEAMSHIP 'IRIS' PASSES THE COAST OF MAINE, BOUND FOR NEW YORK... SUDDENLY THERE IS AN EXPLOSION AND THE SHIP LURCHES TO ONE SIDE....

ON BOARD...

MATE—LOOK! PART OF THE CREW HAS TRANSFERRED THE GOLD TO A LIFEBOAT AND THEY'RE MAKING A GETAWAY!

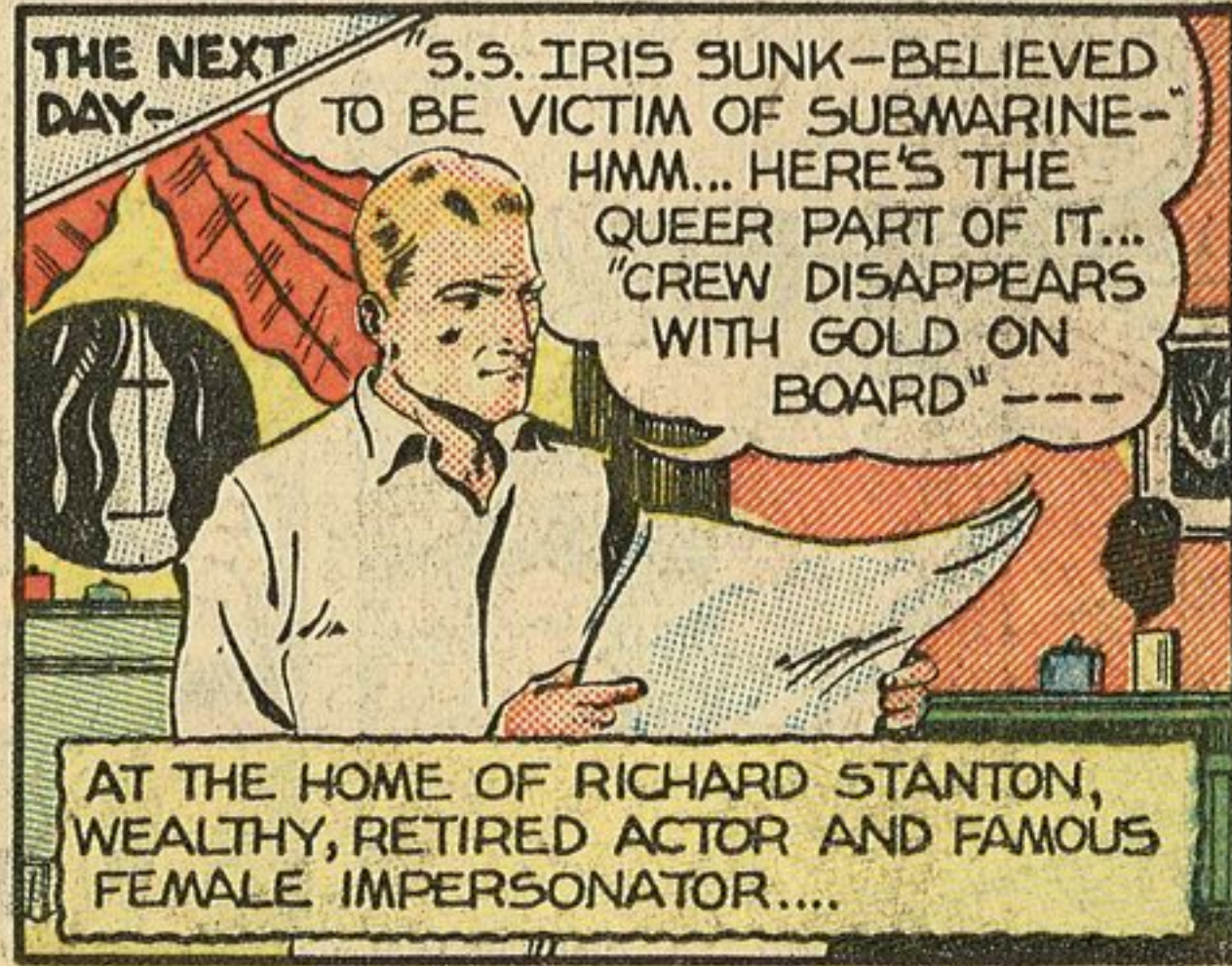


WE GOT IT, BOYS... LET'S GO—HA-HA!!



THE NEXT DAY—

"S.S. IRIS SUNK—BELIEVED TO BE VICTIM OF SUBMARINE—HMM... HERE'S THE QUEER PART OF IT... 'CREW DISAPPEARS WITH GOLD ON BOARD' ---"



AT THE HOME OF RICHARD STANTON, WEALTHY, RETIRED ACTOR AND FAMOUS FEMALE IMPERSONATOR....

THAT'S THE THIRD SINKING THIS MONTH AND EACH TIME THE GOLD'S BEEN TAKEN OFF BY THE CREW...IT CERTAINLY LOOKS LIKE SOME PLANNED RACKET!



WITH MAKEUP AND A FEW DEFT TOUCHES, STANTON'S APPEARANCE CHANGES TO THAT OF MADAM FATAL—CRIME'S GREATEST ENEMY.

LATER—AS MADAM FATAL WALKS DOWN THE STREET...



GREAT SCOTT!! LOOKS LIKE A COUPLE IN DANGER!

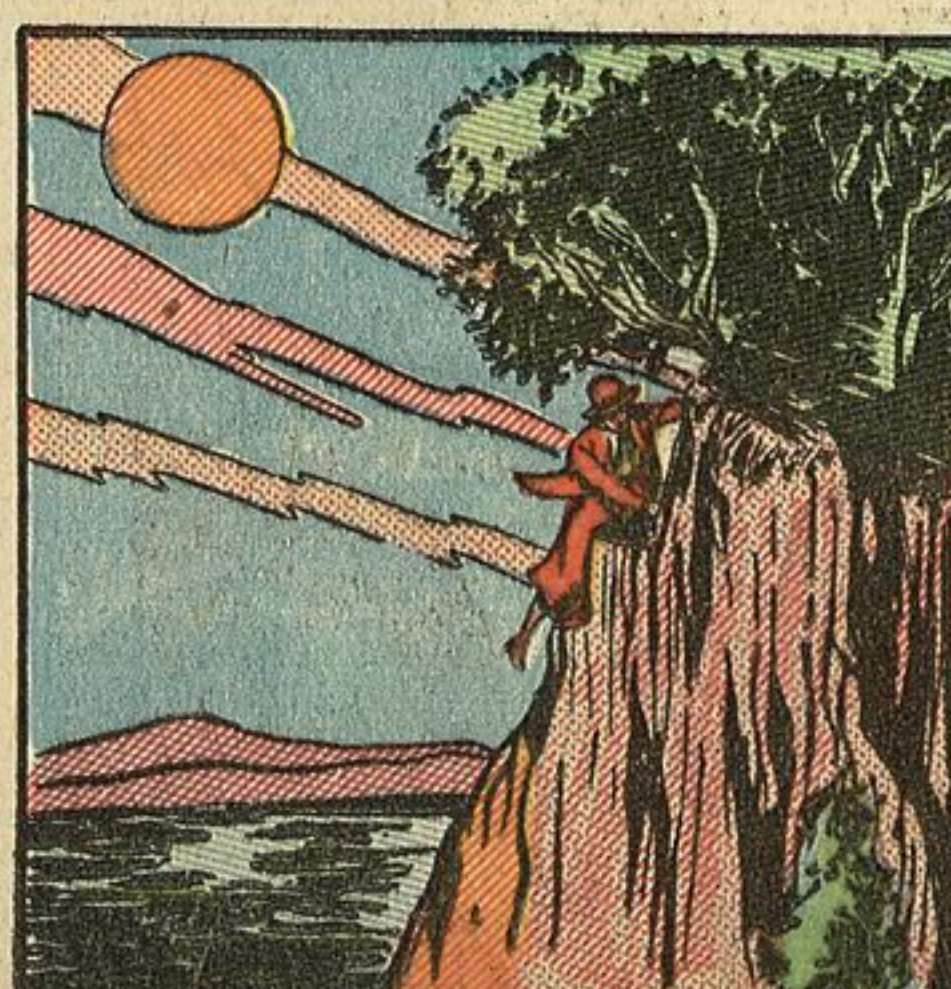
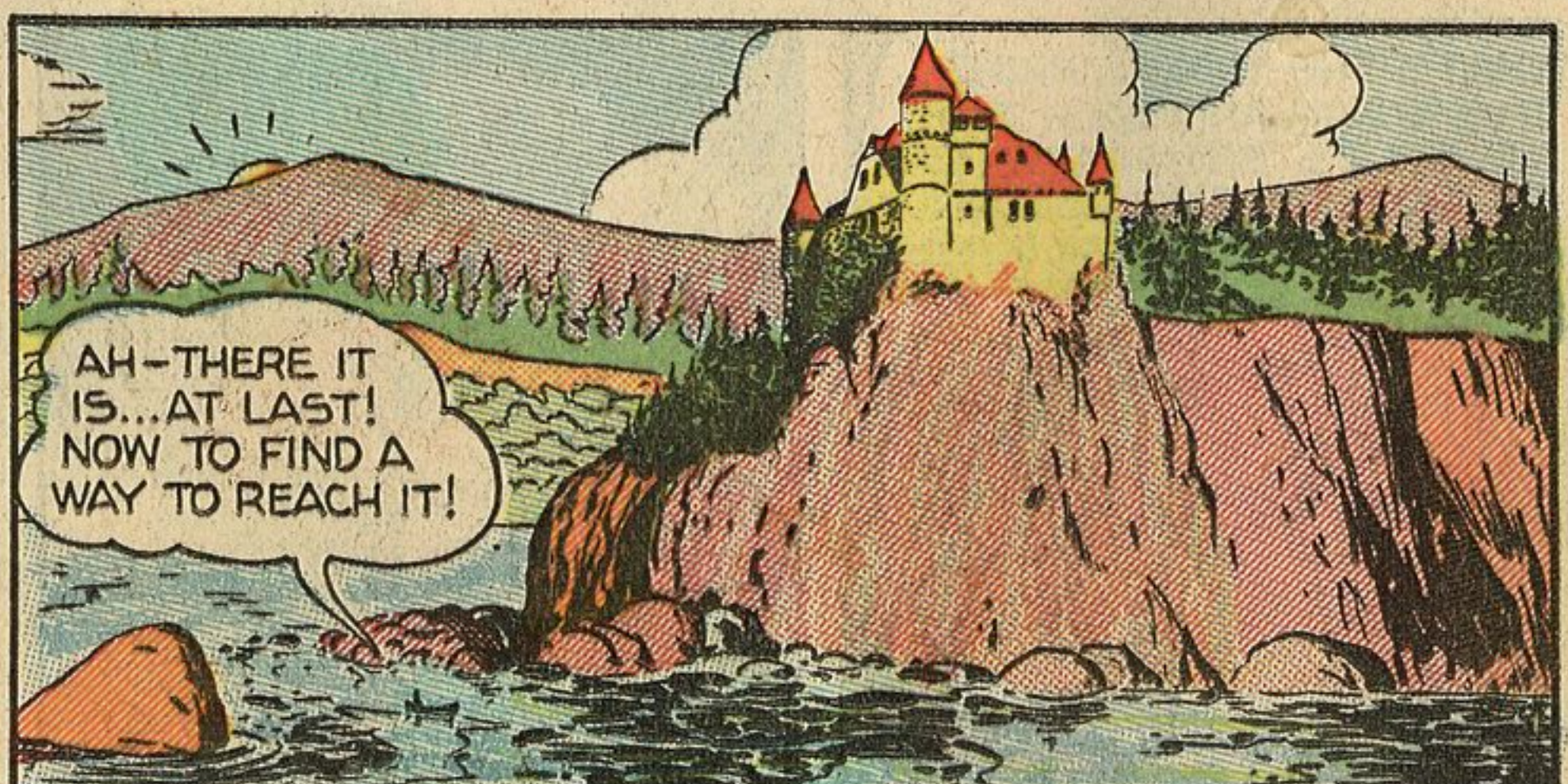
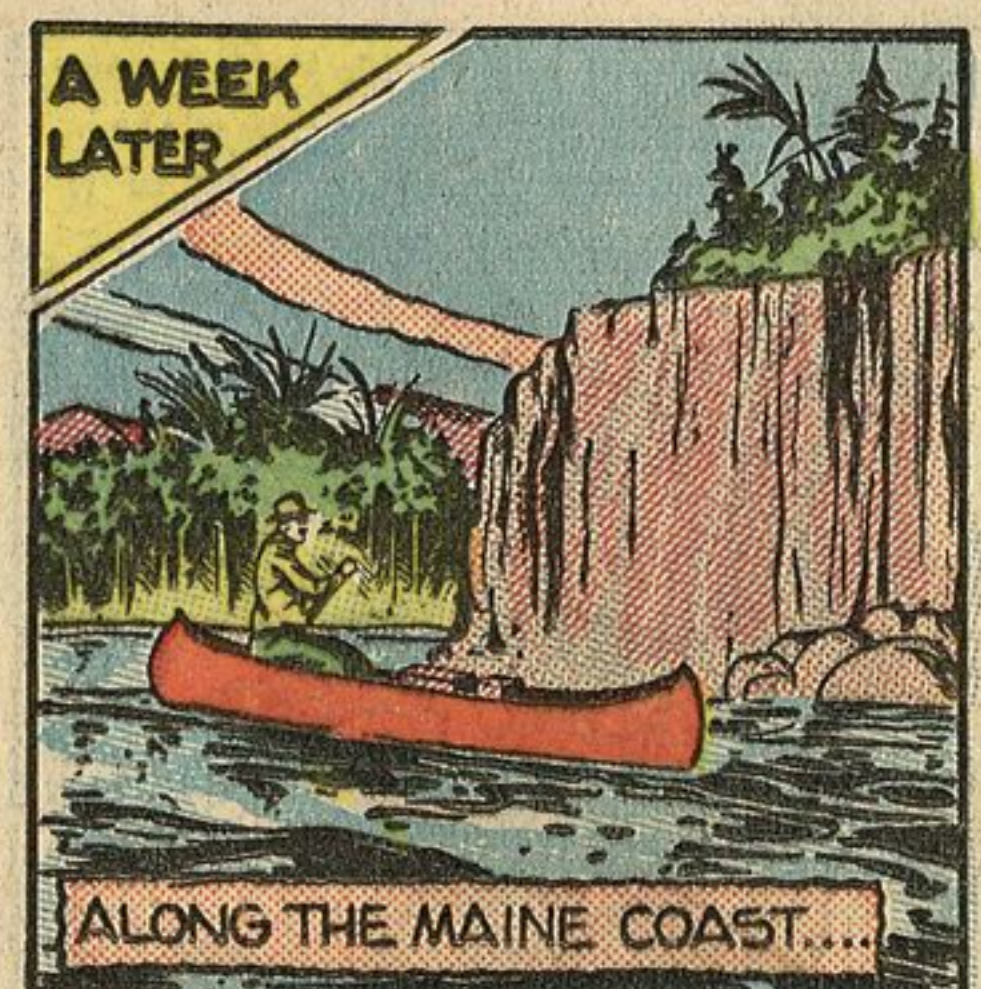
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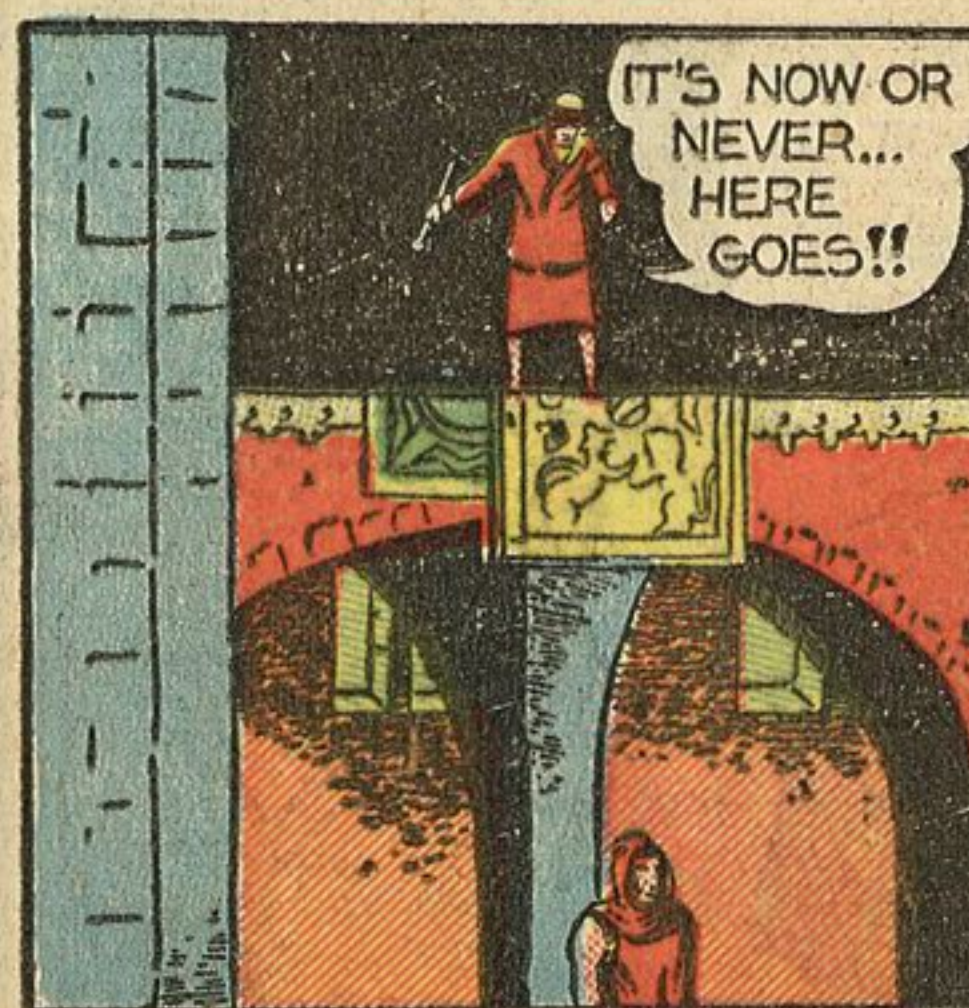
H-HELP--!!
OH--

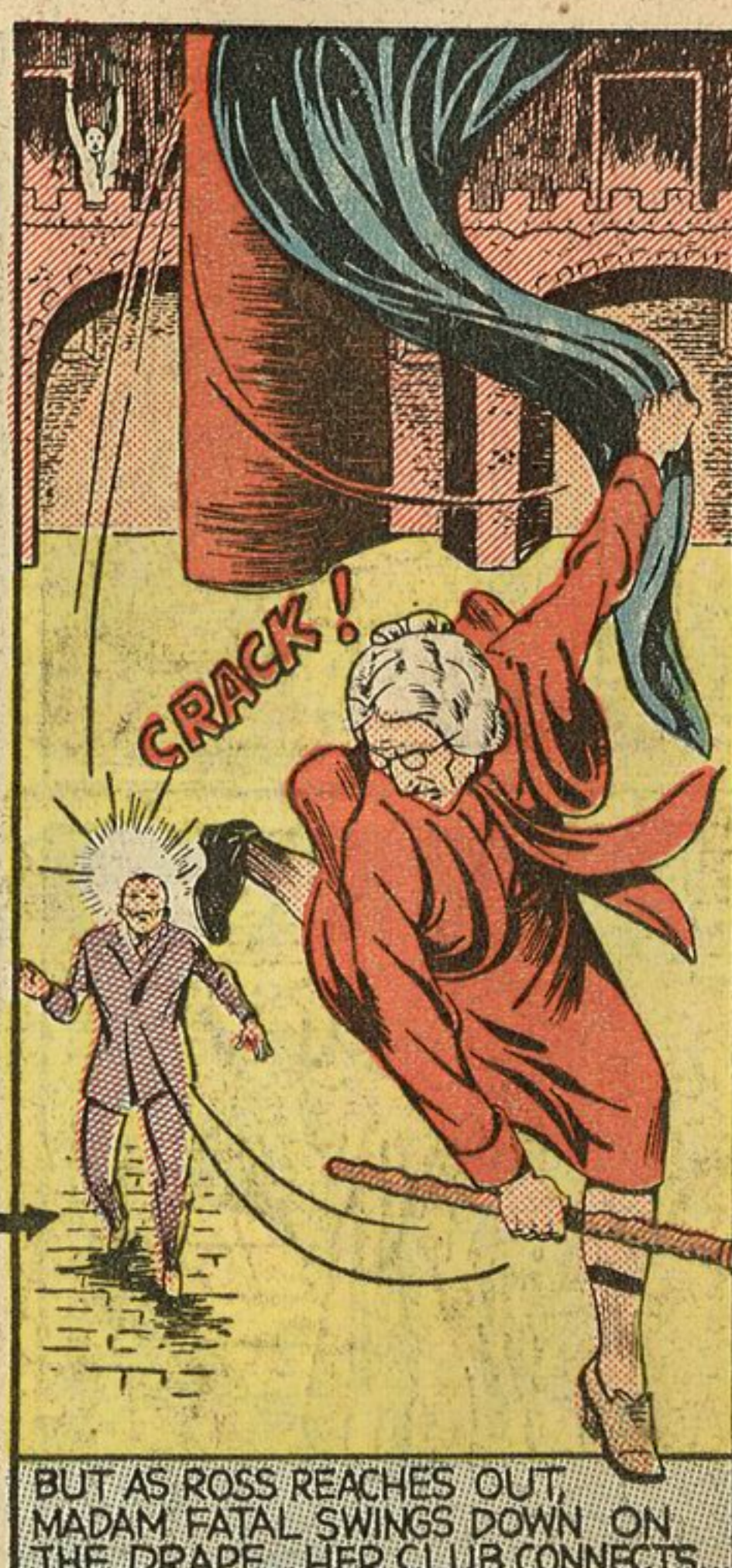
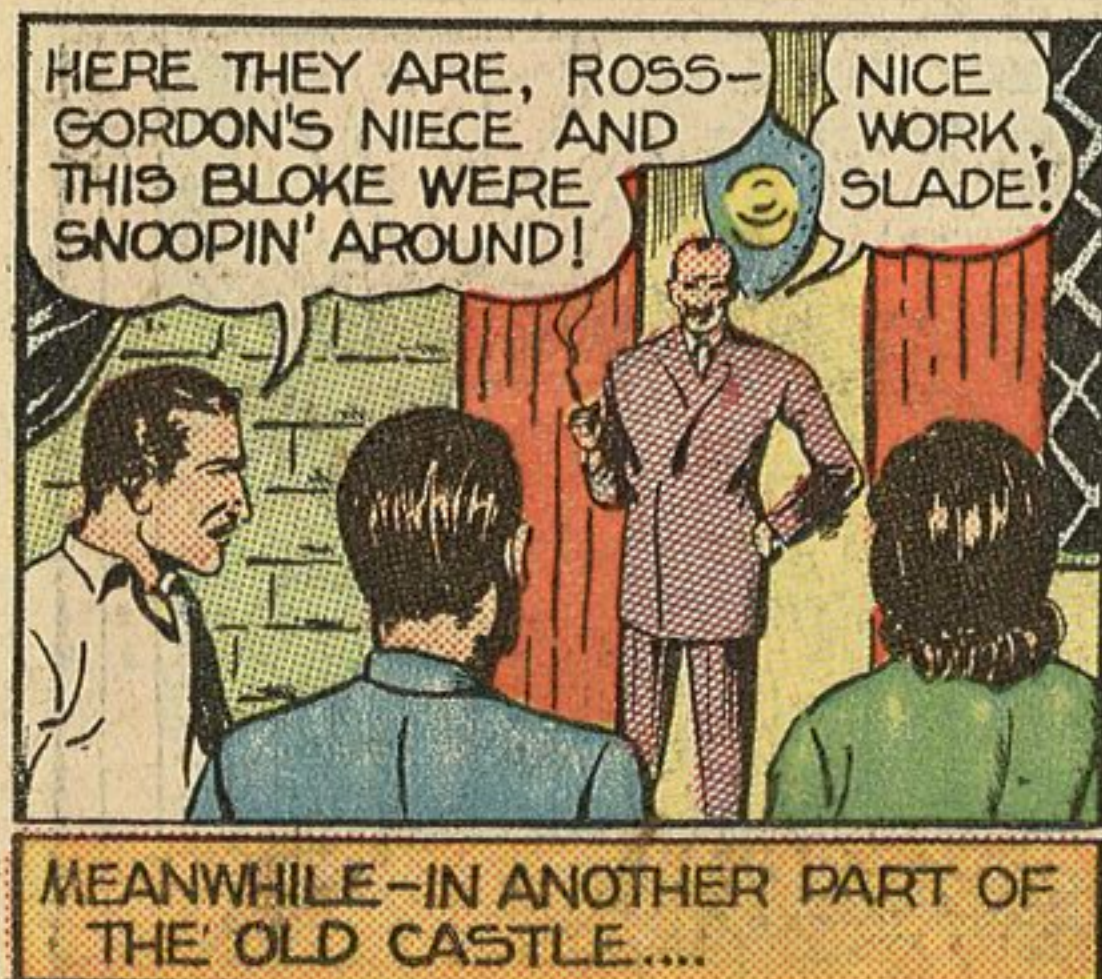
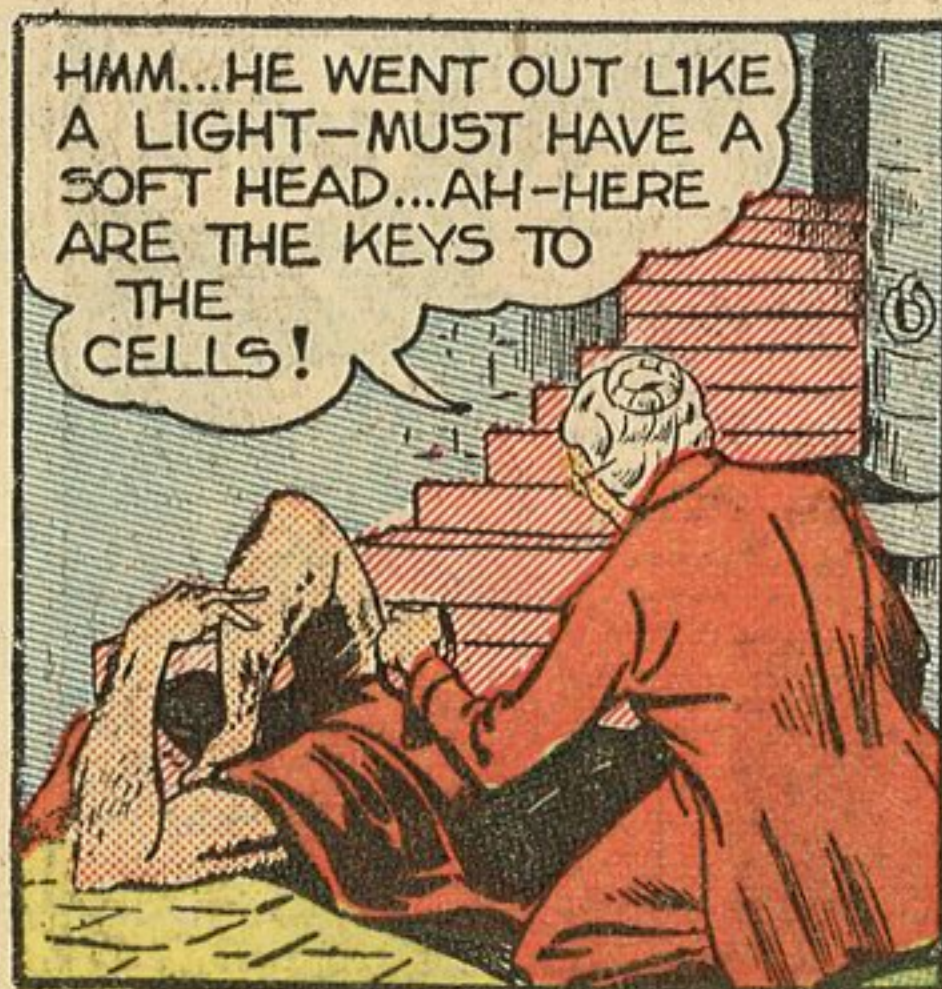


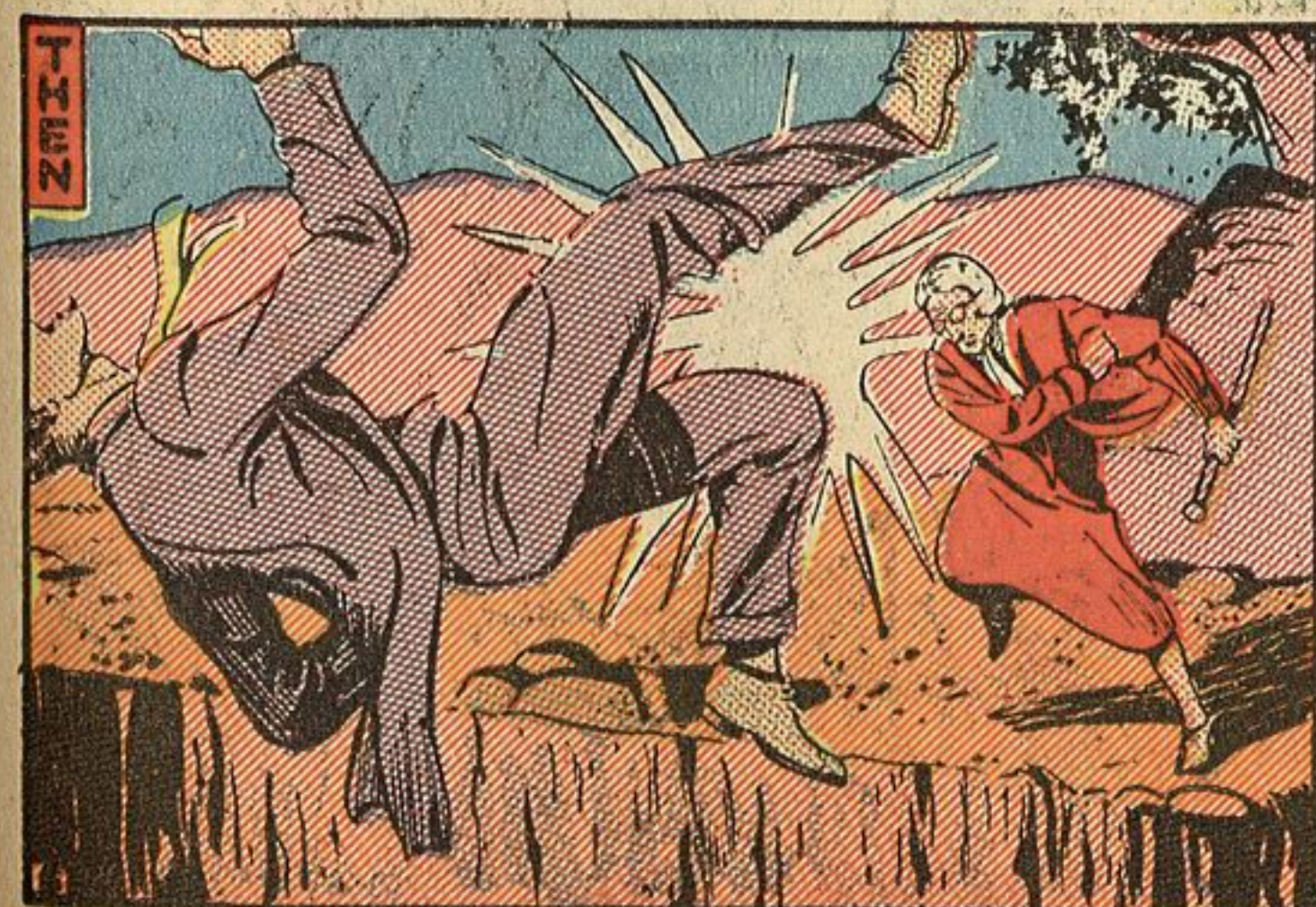
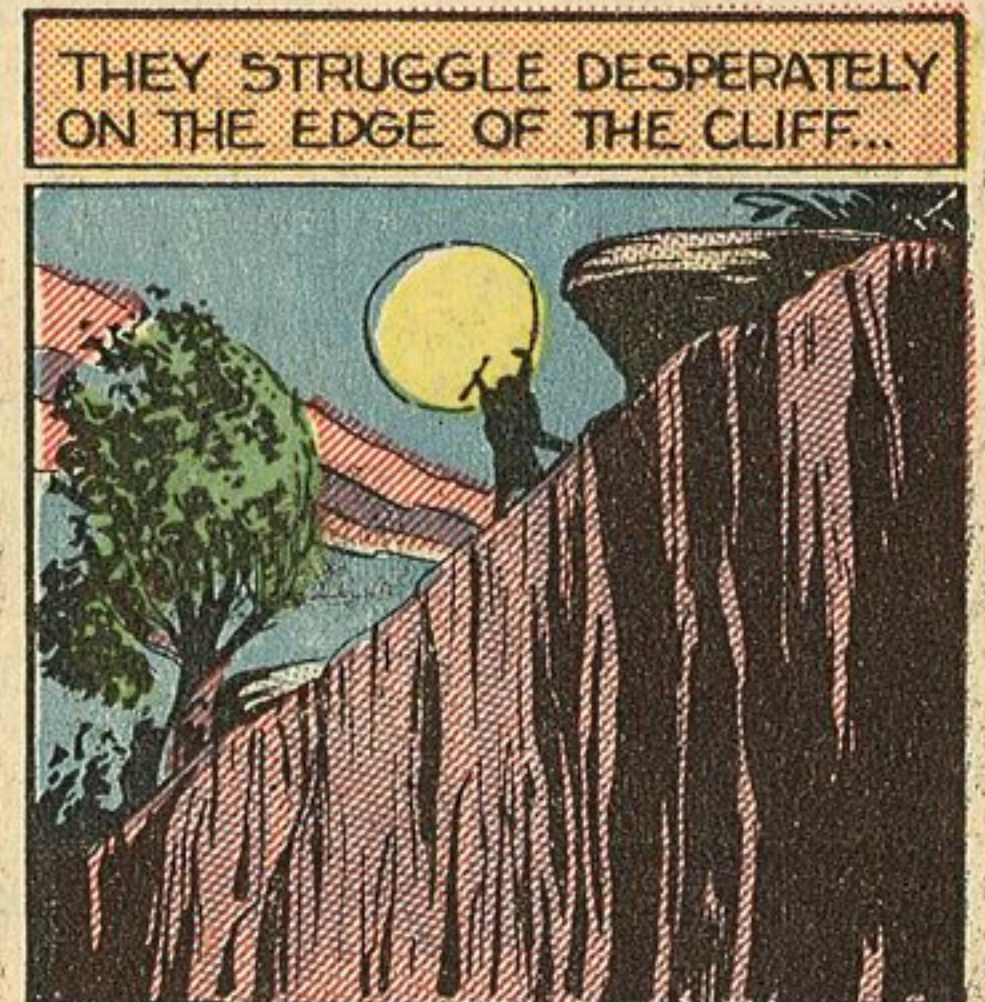
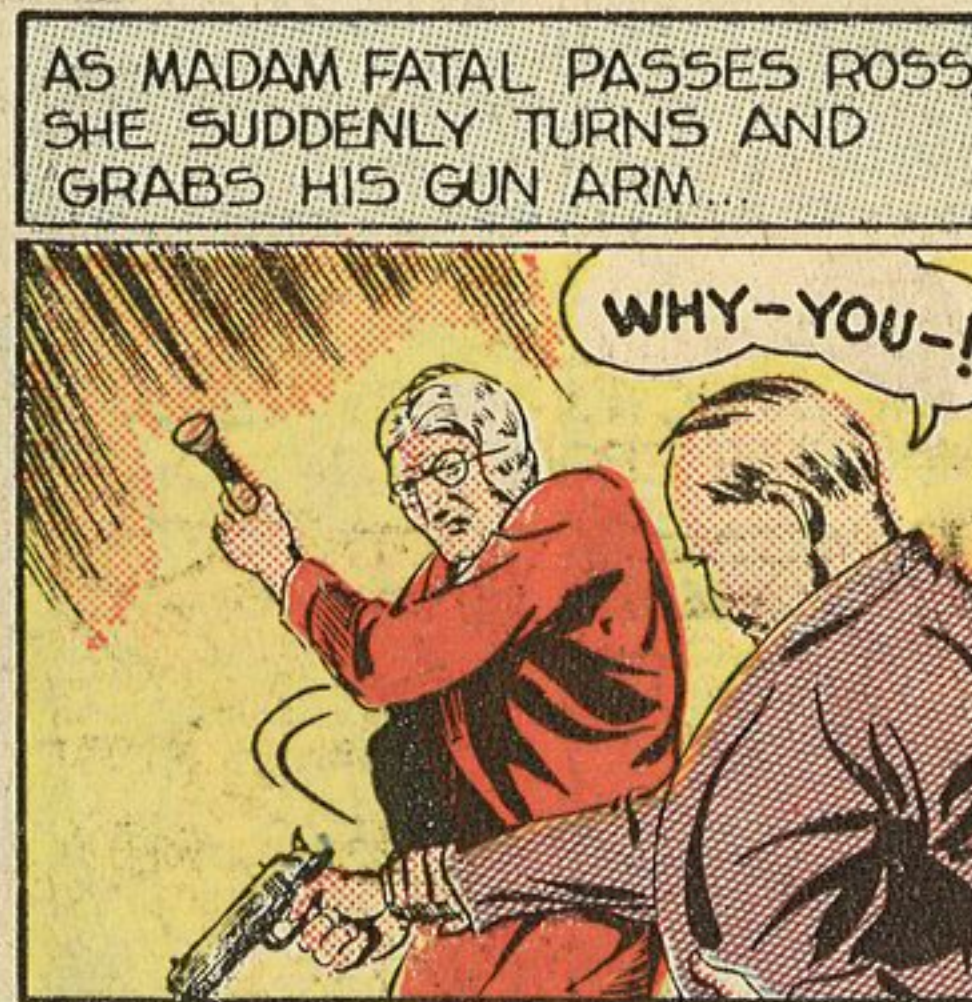
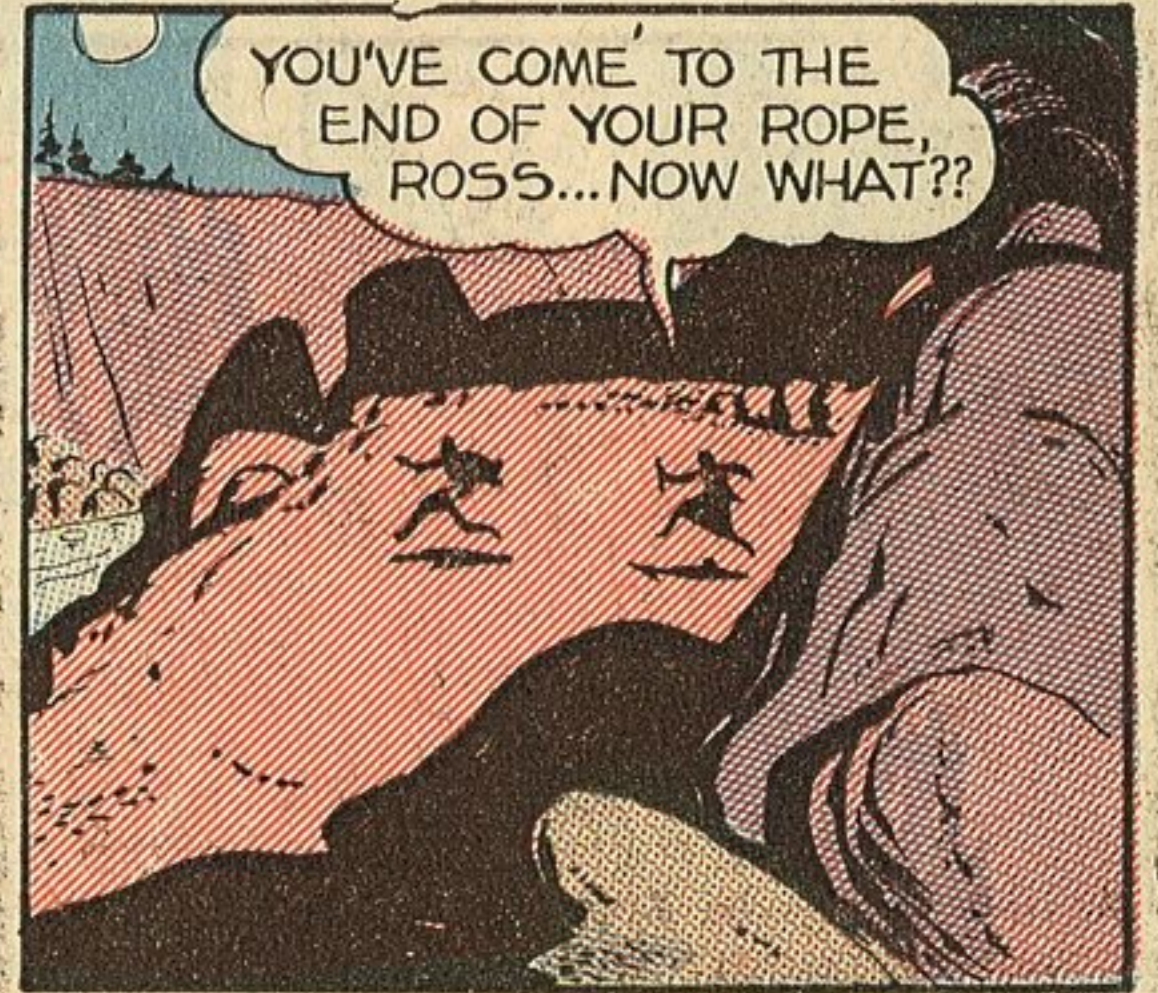
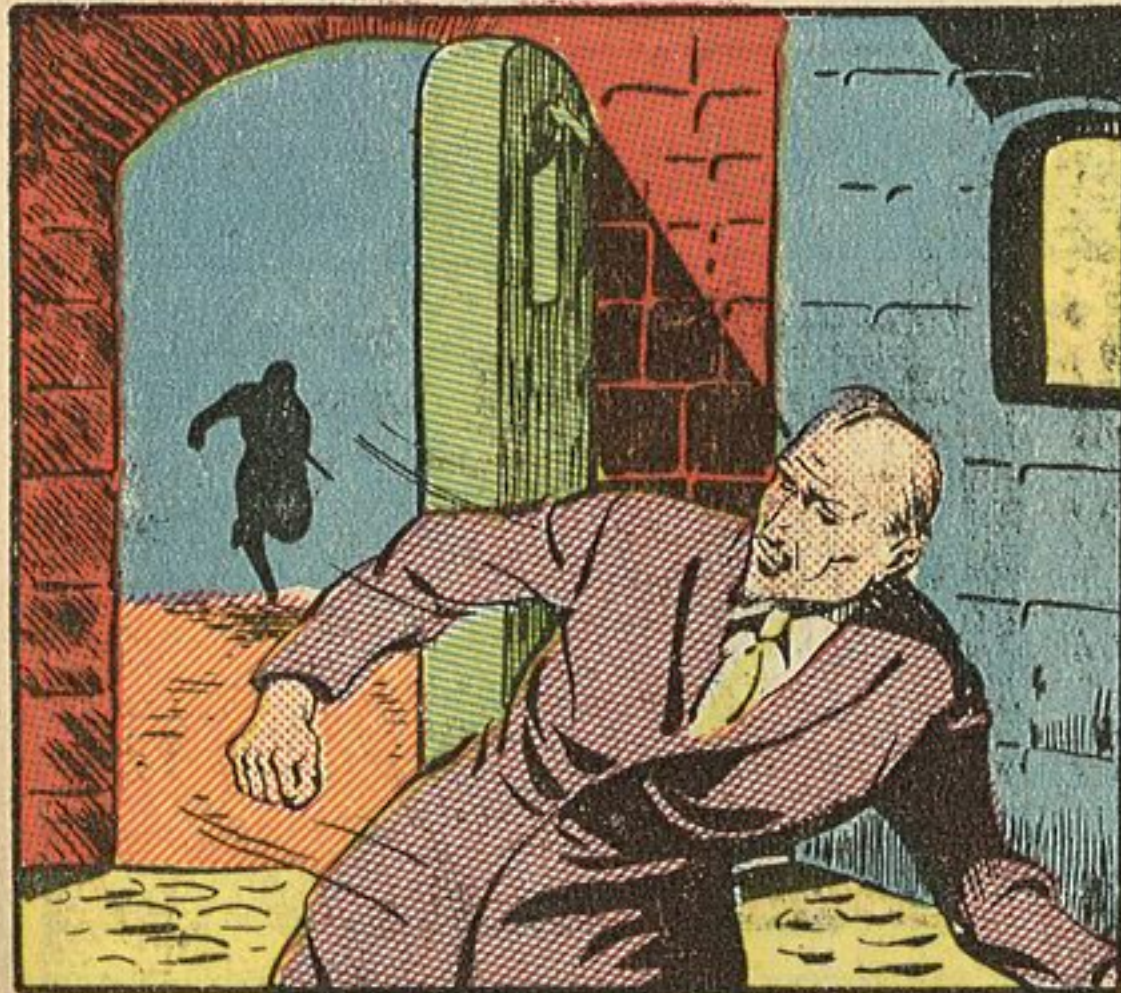
CRACK!











JANE ARDEN

by Monte Hart and Russell E. Ross

AFTER ALICE FURZE GETS RID OF THE MAN WHO HELPED TIE UP JANE...

I HURRIED BACK AS FAST AS I COULD... DIDN'T WANT TO BE BEATEN BY ANY-ONE--

I WAS WRONG ABOUT YOU-- WHEN YOU GOT AWAY WITH THE ARMY PLANS I THOUGHT YOU WERE WORKING FOR FELIX GALT, BUT--

WHAT?? ME WORK FOR THAT BUM!!

HMM! IF I "BAIT" THIS DAME SHE'LL TELL ME WHAT SHE KNOWS OF THOSE PLANS SHE HOOKED FROM ME!

I'M TELLING YOU FOR YOUR OWN SAKE.. IF THE "BIG SHOTS" THOUGHT YOU SAW THE PLANS, THEY'D "RUB YOU OUT!"

WHAT PLANS?

I DON'T GET ALL THIS PLAN STUFF AT ALL-- WHAT IS IT?

I'M REALLY A FEDERAL AGENT-- I CARRIED PLANS ON THE TRAIN WHERE YOU MET ME---

--THE ARMY CAPTAIN WHO WAS KILLED FOR THE PLANS WAS ONLY A DECOY!!

OH!!

BUT WHEN YOU HELPED ME OFF THE TRAIN, OUR BAGS GOT SWITCHED--- YOU TOOK MY BAG THAT HOLDS THE PLANS--- WHERE IS IT?

MY ROOM-MATE TOOK THE BAGS HOME WITH HER-- THE PLANS ARE THERE--

I THINK SHE TRUSTS ME-- BUT I'LL JUST FOLLOW HER TO MAKE SURE

HMM! THERE'S SMART ALICE NOW! SHE WON'T SHAKE OLD FELIX GALT OFF AGAIN! I'LL TRAIL ALONG!!

OH, DAN'L! YOU'RE WOUNDED! DID YOUR FEUD WITH THE FUDDYS BUST OUT AGAIN?

YEP! Y'CAIN'T TRUST A FUDDY ANY FURTHER THAN Y'KIN TOSS A HOSS! DID THEY AMBUSH YOU?

MEBBE -CUZ THIS FELLA WERE BEHIND A BUSH!!

HMMF!! TELL ME ABOUT IT---

WAL, I WAS JIST HUNTIN' ON TH' RIDGE WHEN I SPIED A FUDDY GOIN' 'LONG AN--

YES-- GO ON--

SO I JIST DRAWS IN BEHIND A TREE AN' GITS A "BEAD" ON 'IM---

HOW WERE YOU SHOT?

THAT'S WHERE TH' SNEAKY PART COMES IN! B'FORE AH CUD PULL TH' TRIGGER ANOTHER FUDDY GOT ME FUM TH' BACK!!

OHHH!

JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE



JANE ARDEN

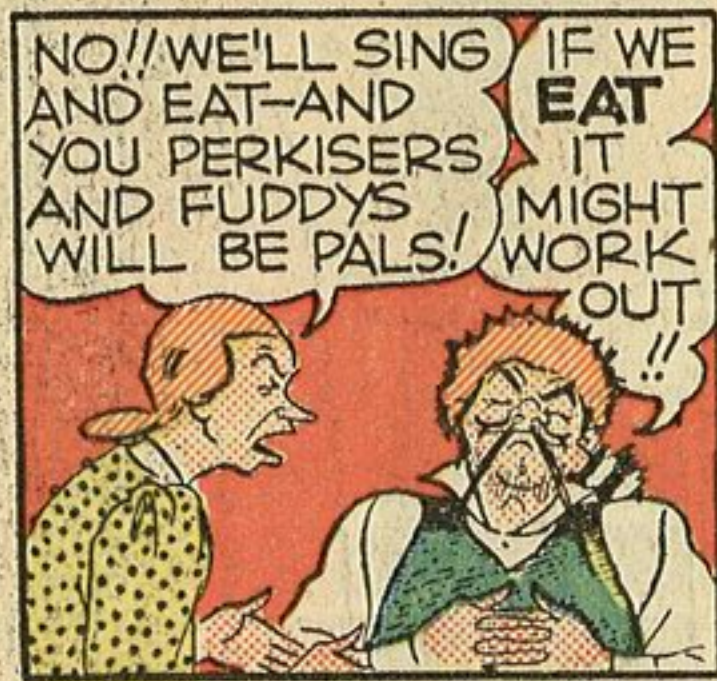
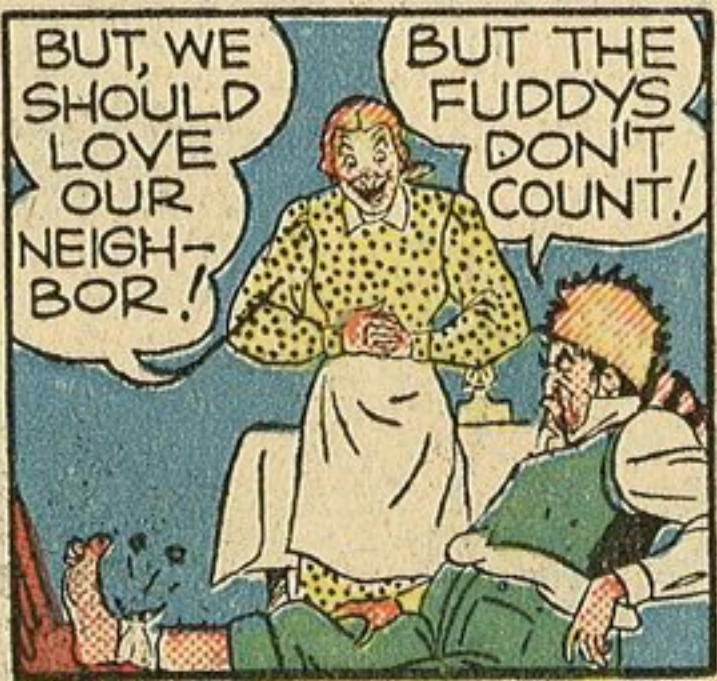
by Monte Barrett and Russell E. Ross

AS JANE REACHES HOME AND ASKS SUE ABOUT THE BAG HOLDING THE ARMY PLANS



JANE ARDEN

by Monte Barrett and Russell E. Ross



JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE



JANE ARDEN

by Monte Barretti and Russell E. Ross

JANE'S ROOM-MATE SUE, HAS TRAILED THE ALIEN AGENT ALICE FURZE TO A HOTEL...



SHE GOT HER KEY AT THE DESK!

BOY, I USE TO KNOW THAT LADY YOU JUST TOOK UP-SHE'S MARRIED NOW, ISN'T SHE?



NO MA'M-- SHE'S MISS ALICE FURZE---



HOT DOG!

WAIT TILL I TELL JANE THIS!



HMF!! ALICE SURE PUT IT OVER ON US BOTH, GAL!

THERE GOES THE PHONE!

WONDER WHO IT CAN BE--



ANSWER!! AND NO TRICKS-- I'LL TELL YA WHAT TO SAY!

HELLO?



JANE! THIS IS SUE---I TRAILED ALICE TO THE HOTEL SPLENDE---



SHE'S KNOWN HERE AS ALICE FURZE TOO!



HMM--TELL YOUR PAL SHE DID A FINE JOB!



OH--THANKS A LOT, SUE!!

WELL! ALICE FURZE IS AT THE SPLENDE, AND SHE HAS THOSE ARMY GUN PLANS! IT WAS A NICE DAY FOR FELIX GALT!

CONTINUED



NOW DON'T FORGET, I WANT YOU FUDDYS TO BE AT MY PARTY-- I'LL END THIS FEUD WITH THE PERKISERS!! WE'LL BE ON DECK, LENA!



AND BE NICE TO THE PERKISERS BY ALL MEANS--BURY THE HATCHET!

WE'D LIKE T'BURY IT IN 'EM!

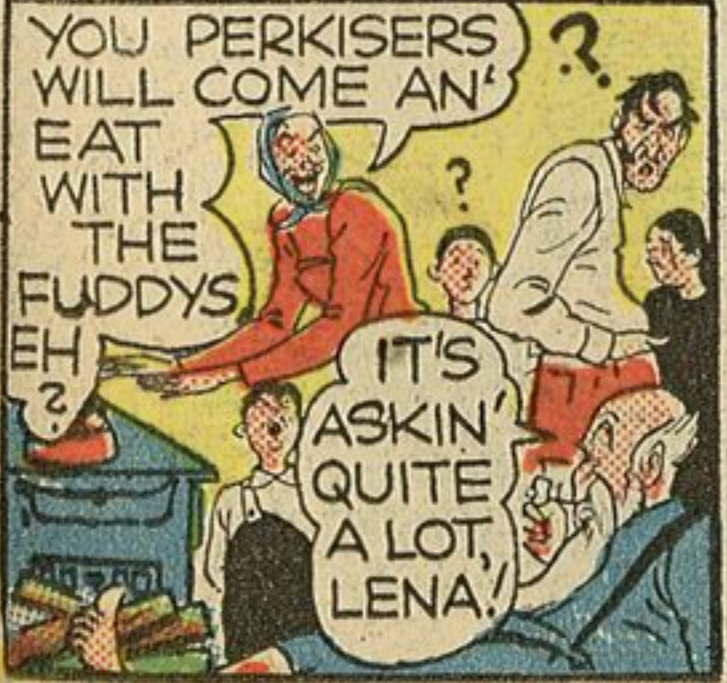


WELL, NOW TO GET THE PERKISERS TO COME---



TELL ALL TH' FUDDYS T'BE ON GUARD AT THIS "PEACE" PARTY, SAM'L!

OKAY, PAPPY!



YOU PERKISERS WILL COME AN' EAT WITH THE FUDDYS EH?

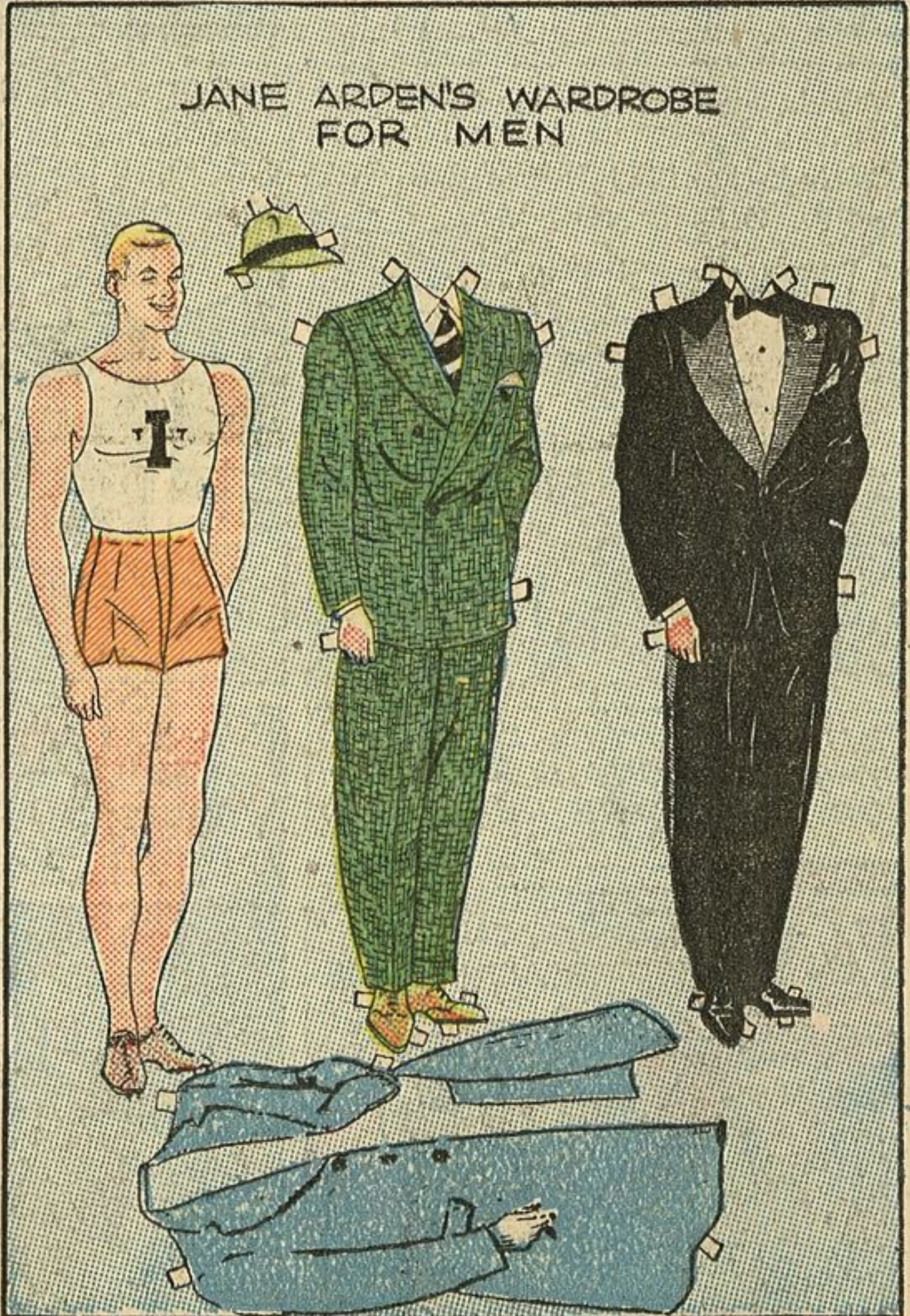
IT'S ASKIN' QUITE A LOT, LENA!



WE'LL TAKE OUR GUNS-- ANYWAYS--

AN' MEBBE IT'S A TRAP PAW!

AN' THEY'LL BE CLOSE!



JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE FOR MEN

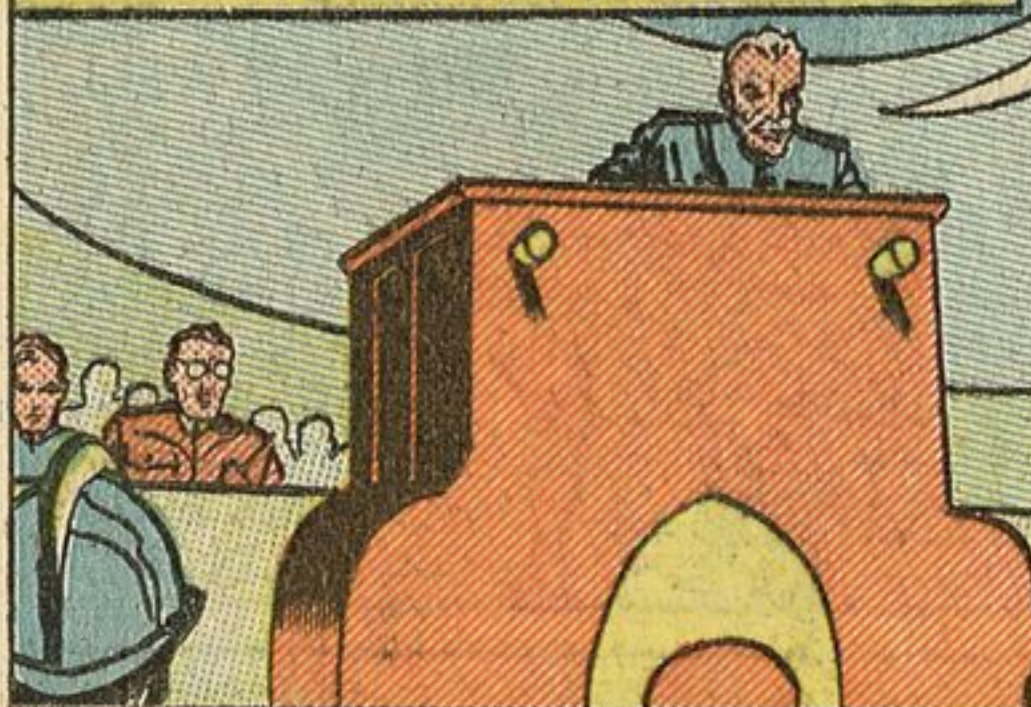
THE SPACE LEGION

FEATURING
**ROCK
BRADDON**

by
VERN

LATE IN THE 21ST CENTURY SPACE TRAVEL BECOMES A REALITY, CREATING A NEW FRONTIER..LAWLESS, MERCILESS, BUT ALWAYS ADVENTUROUS. THE PROTECTION OF THIS FRONTIER LAY IN THE HANDS OF THE SPACE LEGION!

AT THE HIGH COURT OF THE SPACE LEGION ON EARTH..A PUBLIC ENEMY IS BROUGHT TO JUSTICE...



"LUCKY" LARGO, THE EARTH HAS NO PLACE FOR A VICIOUS CRIMINAL SUCH AS YOU-YOU ARE SENTENCED TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT ON THE MOON!

LISTEN! THE PRISON. AIN'T BEEN BUILT THAT CAN HOLD "LUCKY" LARGO...I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS... I'LL GET ALL OF YOU!!



WELL, BRADDON-SO THEY FINALLY GOT THAT KING OF CRIME! HE'LL NEVER ESCAPE FROM THE MOON!



ONLY TIME WILL TELL THAT!

OH, ROCK! OUR PATROL SHIP "MERCURY" IS DETAILED TO ESCORT LARGO'S PRISON SHIP-NOTHING EXCITING EVER HAPPENS ON THAT JOB!



WELL, WE'LL MAKE THE BEST OF IT, DUTCH!!

LATER... THE CONVICT SHIP IS ON ITS WAY TO THE DREAD PRISONS OF THE MOON...



IN THE CONTROL ROOM OF THE MERCURY, FLAGSHIP OF THE SPACE LEGION PATROL...

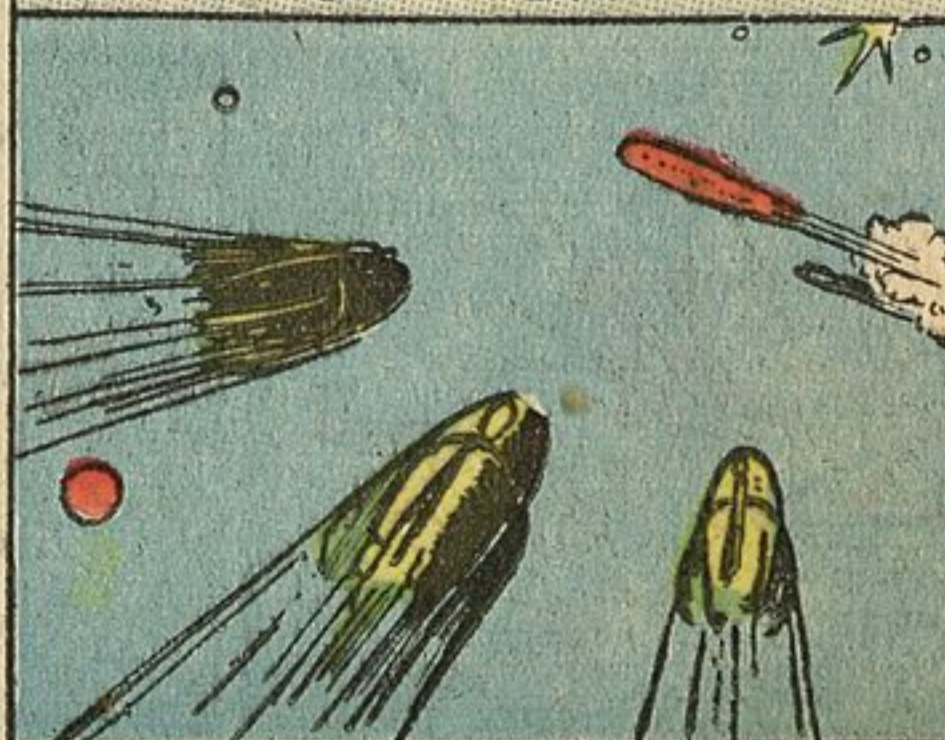


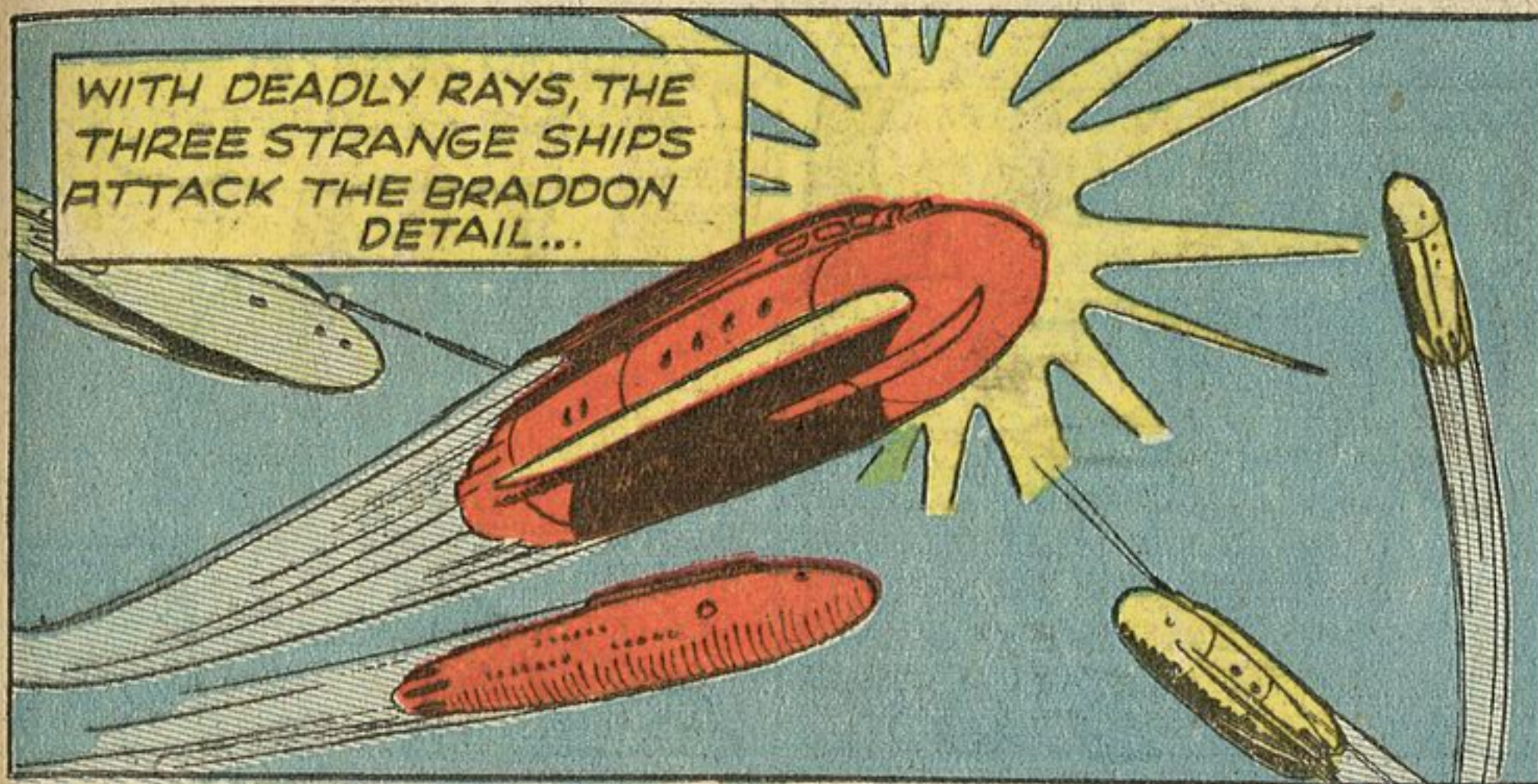
CAPTAIN BRADDON! STRANGE ROCKETS ARE APPROACHING US!

ARE YOU SURE? THERE SHOULD BE NO OTHER SHIPS CHARTERED ON THIS SPECIAL ROUTE!



BUT THREE BLACK ROCKET SHIPS DO SWIFTLY APPROACH THE PRISON DETAIL..





ELECTRONIC RAYS BLAST THE PRISON SHIP IN TWO—THE BUOYANT AIR RUSHES OUT INTO SPACE...



IN ONE SECTION OF THE SHIP ONLY TWO FIGURES SURVIVE...



BOSS, WITH THESE SPACE SUITS I SNEAKED ABOARD, WE'RE ABLE TO LIVE... THE OTHER GUYS HAVE ALL "CHECKED IN!"



USING MAGNETIC GRAPPLES, THE ALIEN ROCKET SHIP MOVES CLOSE TO A PRISON SHIP SECTION...



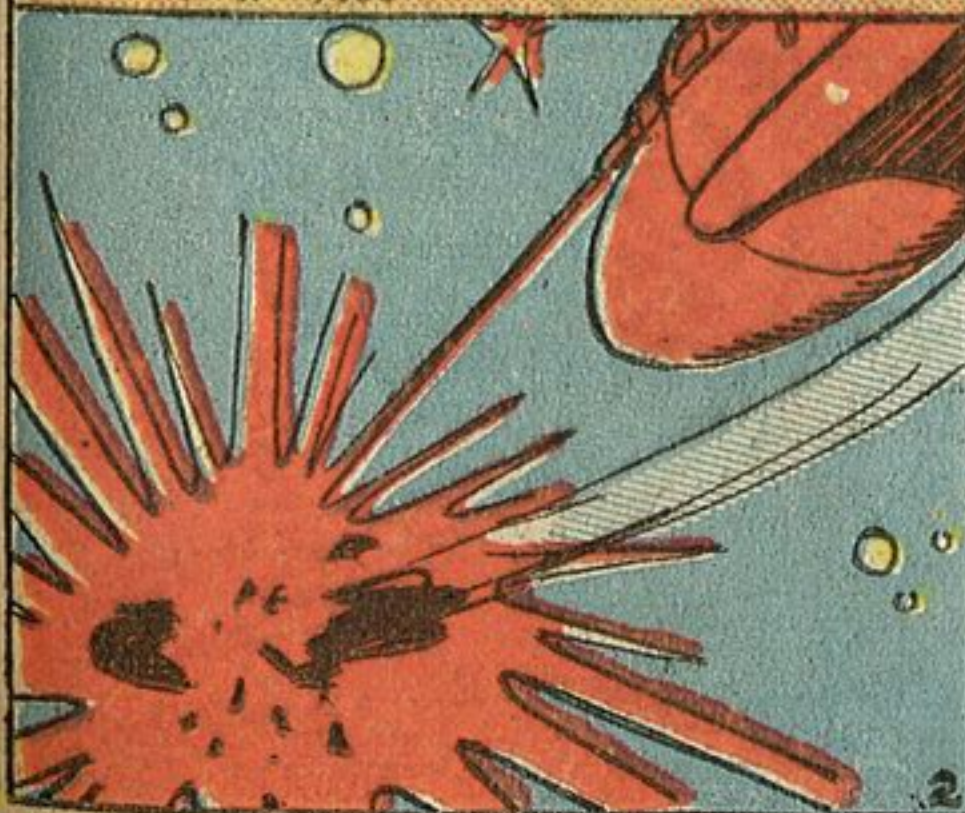
NICE WORK, GUYS! CUT LOOSE AND BLAST AWAY QUICK!



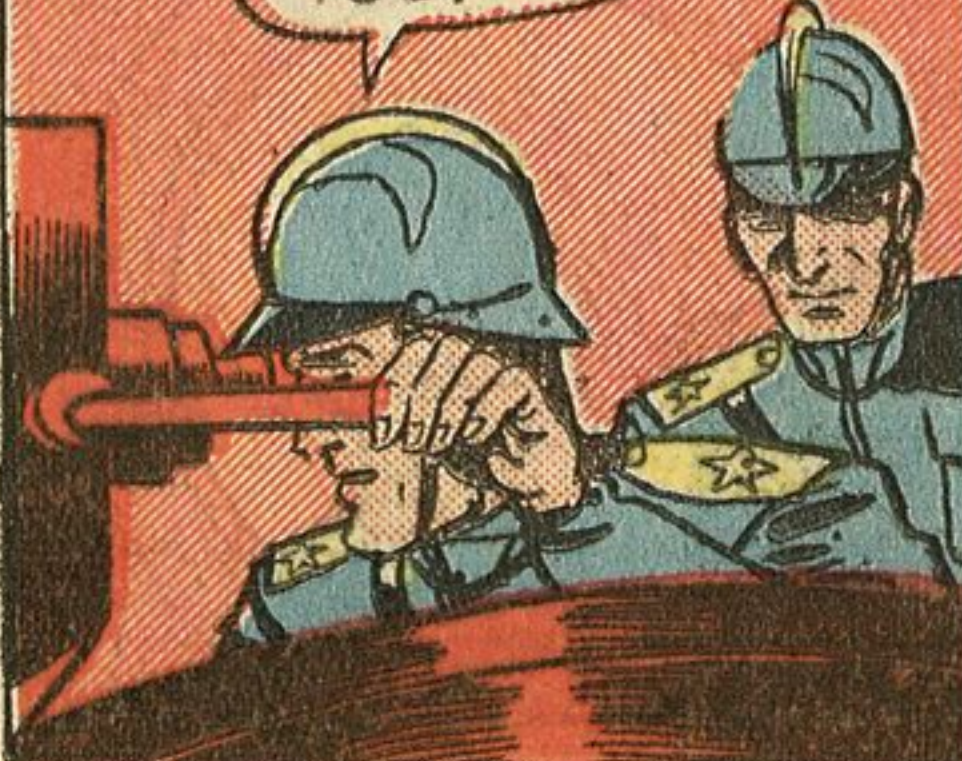
BUT HOW ABOUT OUR OTHER TWO SHIPS?



MEANWHILE... BRADDON'S SHIP DESTROYS AN ENEMY CRAFT...

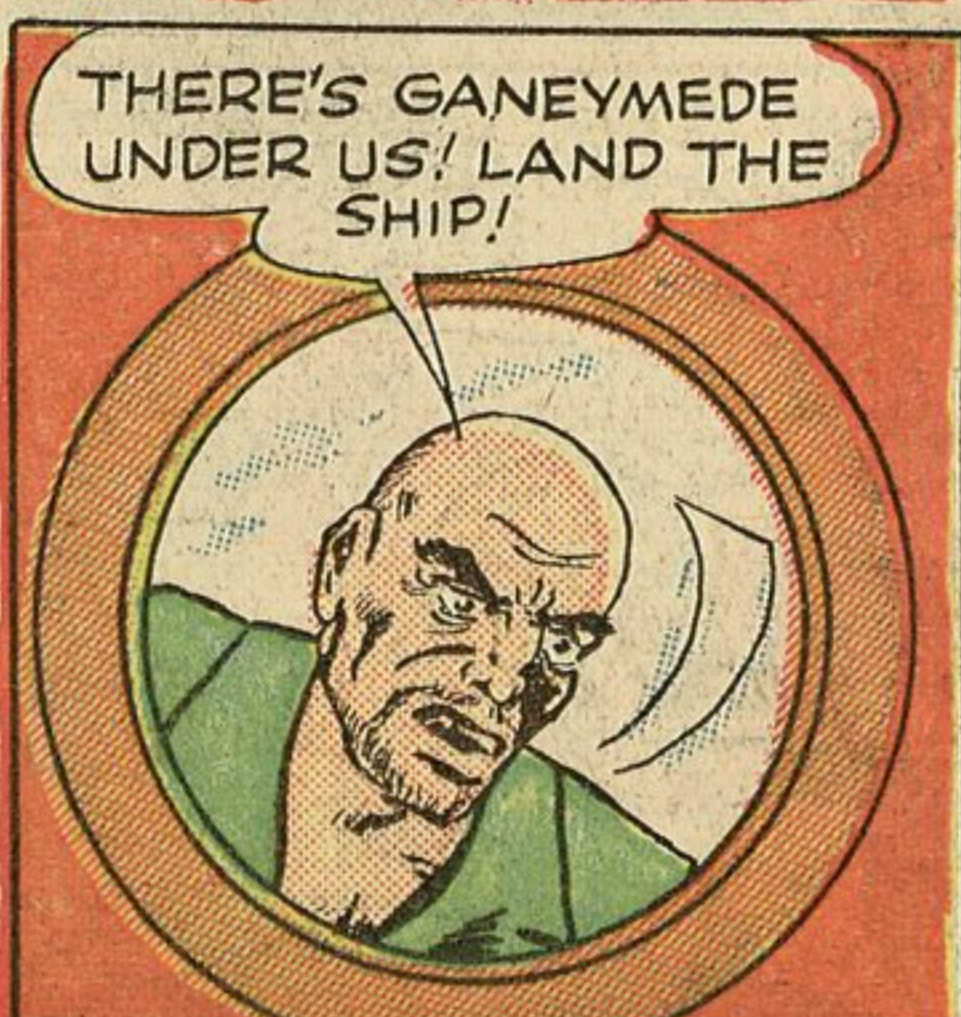
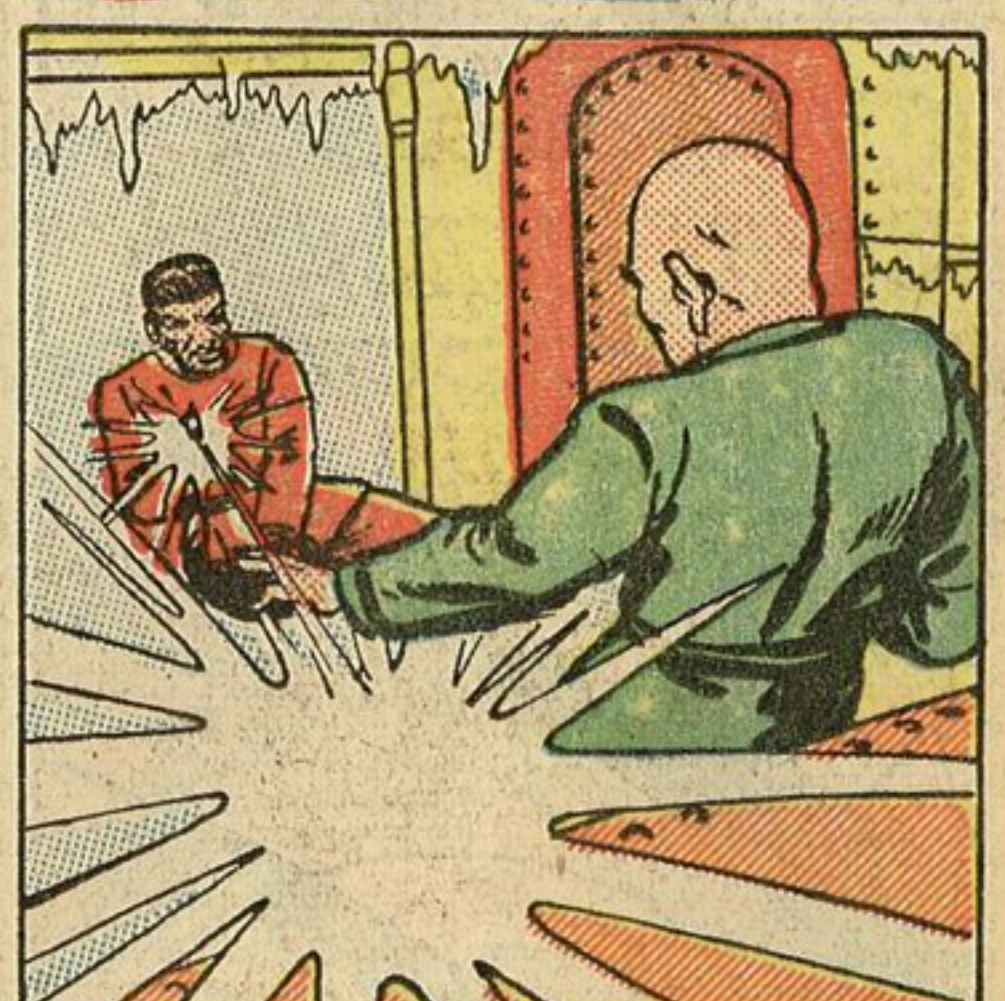
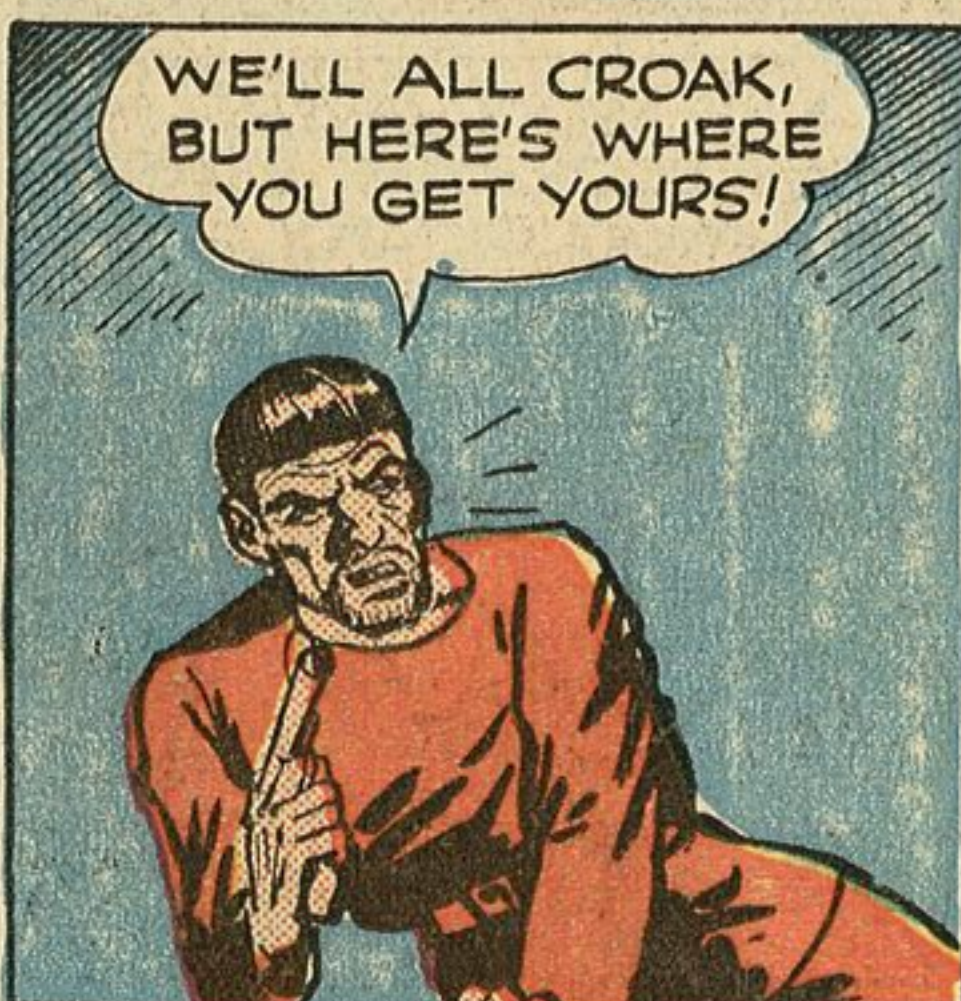
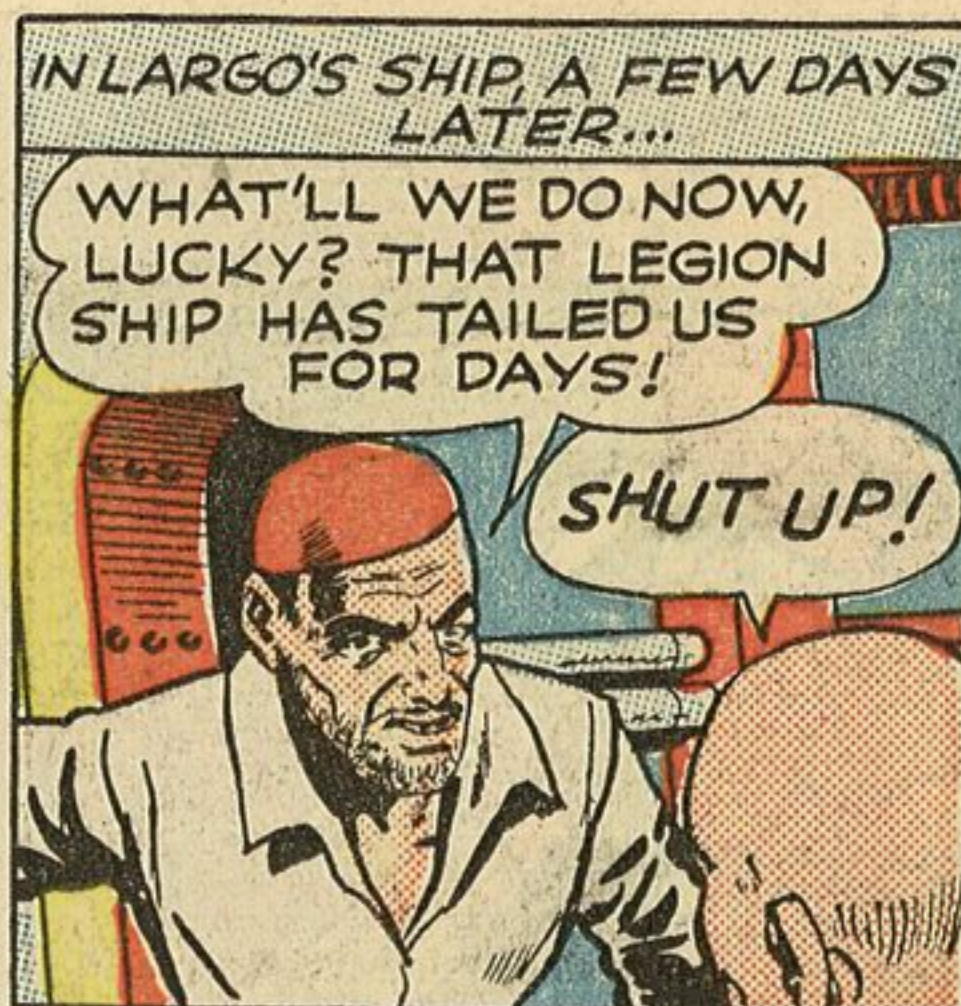
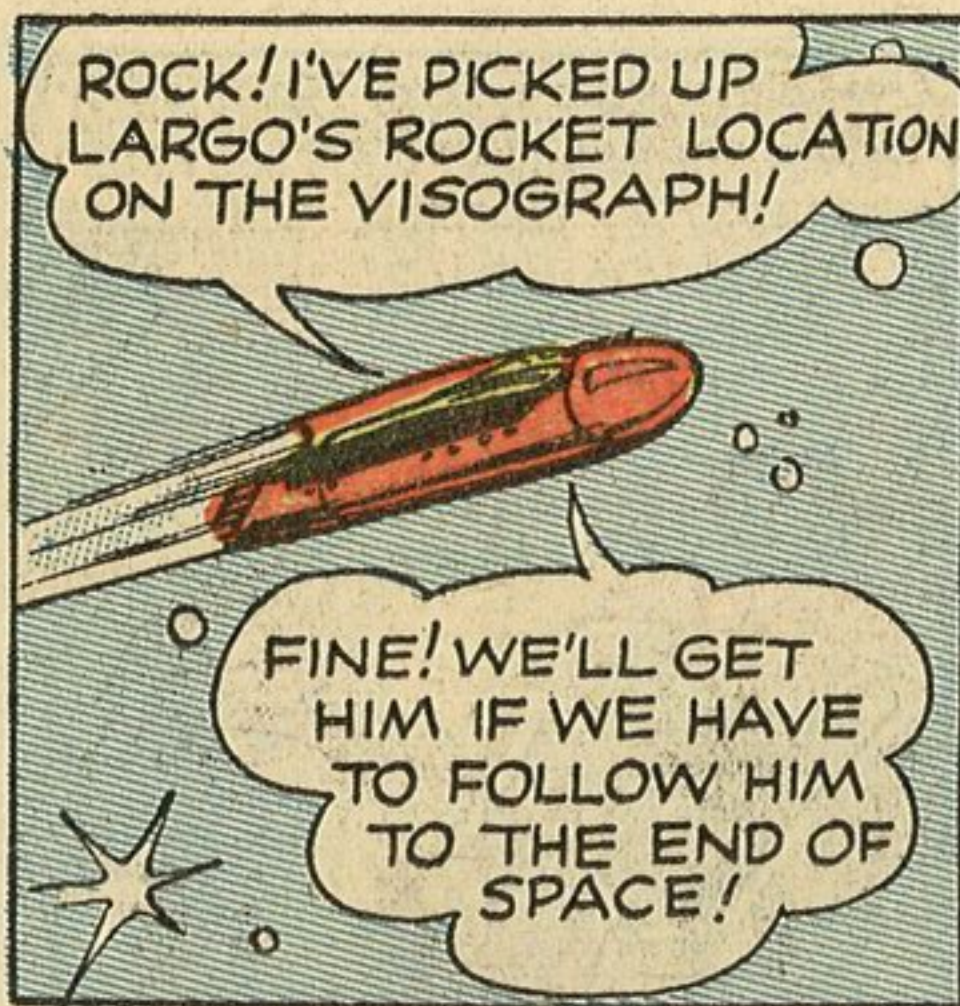


THAT'S. ONE LESS! ZOWIE! THERE—WE GOT THAT SECOND ONE TOO!



BUT THE THIRD SHIP HAS ESCAPED. AND LUCKY LARGO. WITH IT! BUT HE WON'T BE FREE FOR LONG!



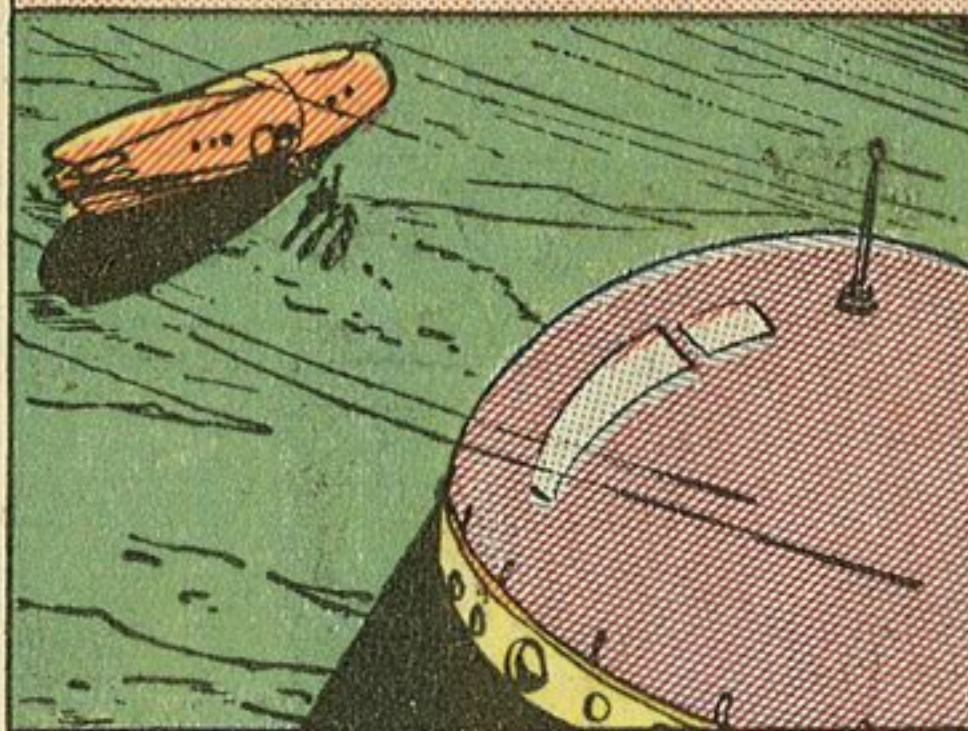


AS LUCKY LARGO OPENS ONE OF THE CRAFT'S AIRLOCKS..

LOOK, BOYS!...A BUILDING!



THE MEN LEAVE THE SHIP AND WALK TOWARD THE STRANGE DOME-SHAPED STRUCTURE...



THROUGH A CRYSTAL-CLEAR DOOR, LARGO SEES AN OLD MAN...

OPEN UP, POP! OR WE'LL BLAST THIS THING APART!



BUT, WHO ARE YOU MEN?

NEVER MIND! WE'RE TAKIN' THIS JOINT OVER, POP-AN' RIGHT NOW WE WANT FOOD!



THEN A GIRL APPEARS...

WHO ARE THESE MEN, FATHER?

WELL! LOOK WHAT WE GOT HERE! A DAME!!



IMAGINE A NICE DAME BEIN' IN DIS DUMP! C'MERE, SISTER!



HEY, LUCKY! THE LEGION SHIP IS BLASTIN' IN HERE!



SAY, POP... HOW YA FIXED FOR WEAPONS?

WEAPONS? I HAVE NONE, I'M A SCIENTIST AND A PEACEFUL MAN!



BAH! COME ON, GUYS! WE'LL LAY A TRAP FOR THEM SPACE COPS!



THERE'S LUCKY'S SHIP, MEN- AND TRACKS LEADING TO THAT DOME-LIKE STRUCTURE! LET'S GO!



THEY'RE IN HERE ALRIGHT!



LARGO WATCHES FROM INSIDE.

HERE DEY COME! WE CAN'T MISS THE FOOLS!





SO LARGO WANTS TO PLAY ROUGH, EH? OKAY! DROP LOW, MEN-AND KEEP FIRING!



COME OUT, LARGO! WE'LL GET YOU IN THE END, AND YOU KNOW IT!



OH YEAH? TAKE DAT!- WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF LUCKY LARGO!



THEY HAVE THE ADVANTAGE...I'LL HAVE TO USE STRATEGY... KEEP UP THE RAPID FIRE, MEN!

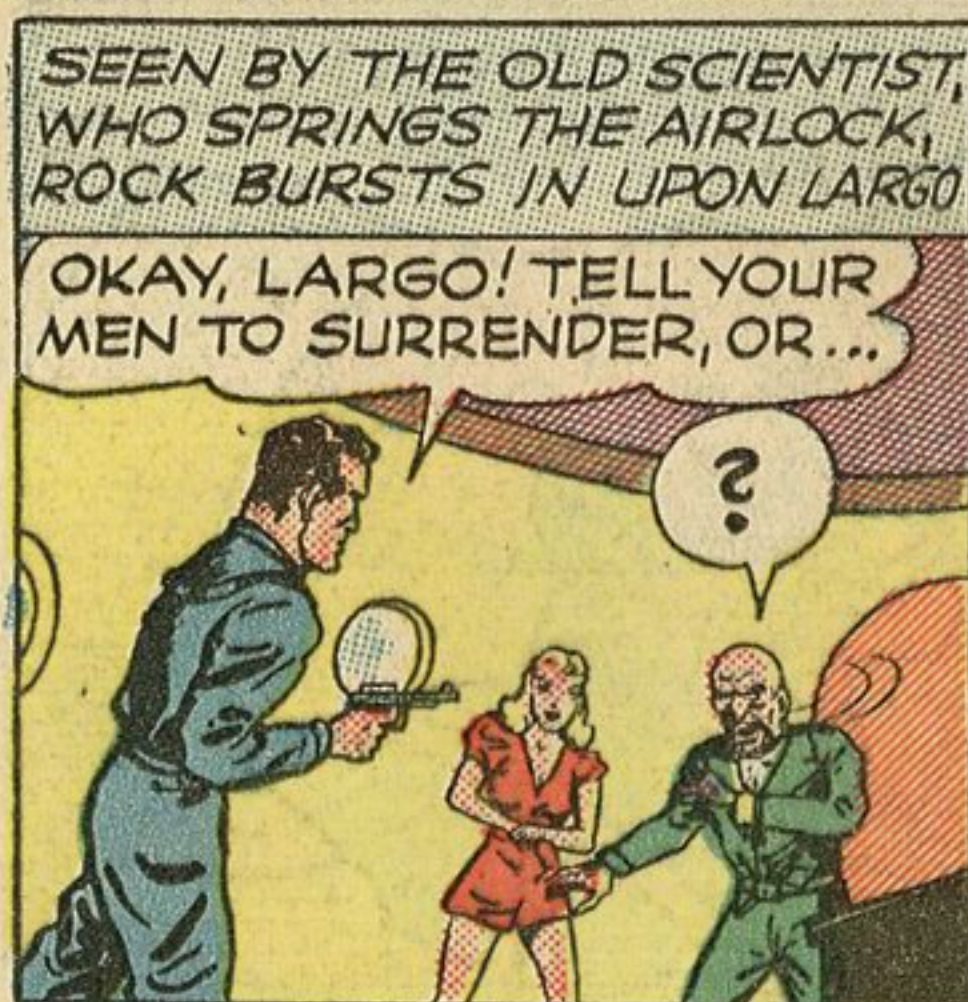


UNDER COVER OF THE LEGION'S FIRE, ROCK SLIPS AWAY...



HE CIRCLES LARGO'S REFUGE, APPROACHING FROM THE REAR...

AH! ANOTHER AIRLOCK! NOW, IF I COULD ONLY OPEN IT...



SEEN BY THE OLD SCIENTIST, WHO SPRINGS THE AIRLOCK, ROCK BURSTS IN UPON LARGO

OKAY, LARGO! TELL YOUR MEN TO SURRENDER, OR...



OR WHAT?

LUCKY GRABS THE SCIENTIST'S DAUGHTER FOR A SHIELD...



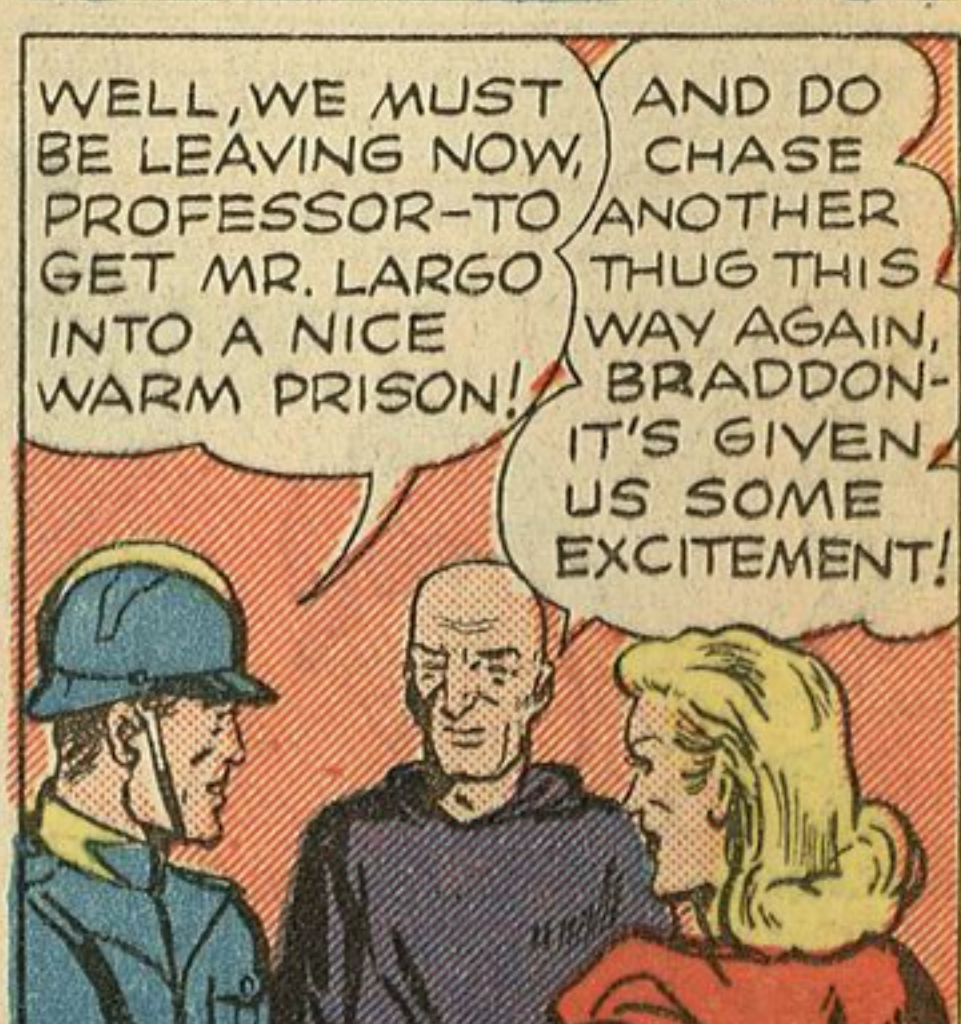
UNABLE TO USE HIS RAY-GUN, BRADDON MAKES A VICIOUS FLYING DIVE AT LARGO...



YOUR NUMBER'S UP, LUCKY! THIS TIME YOU'LL DIE FOR YOUR CRIMES!



WITH LARGO CAPTURED, HIS MEN SURRENDER TO THE SPACE LEGION...



WELL, WE MUST BE LEAVING NOW, PROFESSOR-TO GET MR. LARGO INTO A NICE WARM PRISON!

AND DO CHASE ANOTHER THUG THIS WAY AGAIN, BRADDON-IT'S GIVEN US SOME EXCITEMENT!

WATCH FOR THE NEXT ISSUE OF

SMASH COMICS

Starring Espionage with The Black X, Bozo The Robot with Hugh Hazzard, Wings Wendall, Invisible Justice, The Purple Trio, Chic Carter, Magno, Archie O'Toole, Clip Chance, Wun Cloo, Abdul The Arab, Captain Cook, Philpot Veep, Sportraits and Small Stuff. Buy **SMASH COMICS** each month from your regular newsdealer.

WHEN YOUR GRAND-DAD,
WAS JUST A LAD,
THE BIKES WERE HIGH AND SCARY.
THERE WERE NO MAKES,
WITH COASTER BRAKES
AND FALLING WASN'T MERRY!



BUT DAD'S FIRST BIKE,
WAS VERY LIKE,
THE ONES WE RIDE TODAY ON,
AND HUSKY-CHESTED,
FANCY-VESTED,
GENTS CONTRIVED TO STAY ON



ITS MORROW BRAKE,
WAS BUILT TO TAKE,
THE HARDEST KIND OF ROUGHING
TO SPEED, AND STOP,
AND CLIMB THE TOP,
OF HILLS THAT GOT THEM PUFFING



SO SHOW YOUR PA,
OR UNK OR MA,
THIS BRAKE ADVICE I'M TELLING—
YOUR SHOP CAN GET,
THIS BRAKE, YOU BET,
ON ANY BIKE THEY'RE SELLING!



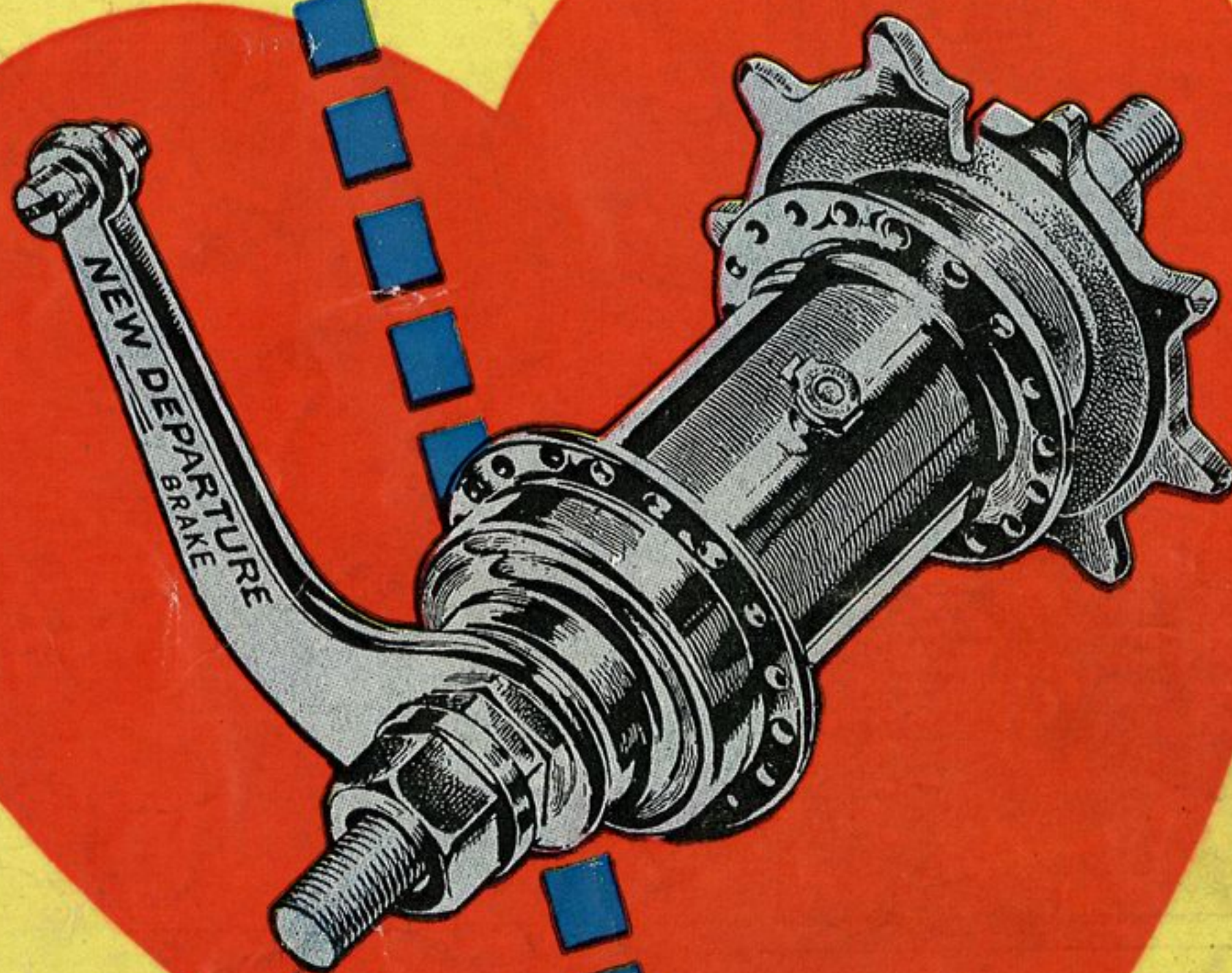
**BE SURE YOUR NEW BIKE HAS A
MORROW COASTER BRAKE**

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